Outdoor America

SEPTEMBER
1929

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FAREWELL ROMANCE? By STRUTHERS BURT

WINCHESTER

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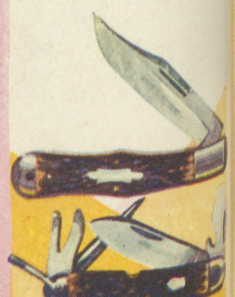

Winchester pocket knives offer many patterns for out-of-door purposes. Typical are the 3⅝ inch Regulation Camp Knife (bottom) and the 5¼ inch Swell Center Hunting Jack with its big, useful sabre clip blade (top).

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May 17, 1929

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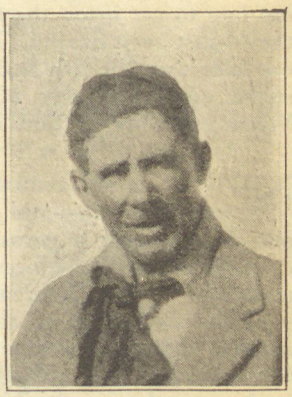
Enclosed find a list which I made out from your catalogue while I was in the South Seas. Your catalogue is the best of the fishing catalogues—a book in itself.

Yours truly,

Zane Grey.

Captain L. D. Mitchell, with one of his favorites—a Pflueger Swordfish Hook.



Zane Grey, as famous in the field of sport as he is in authorship, depends on Pflueger Tackle.

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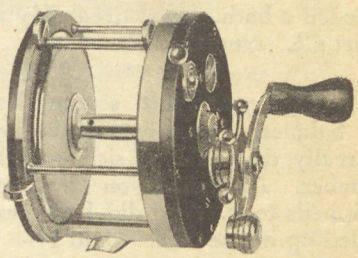

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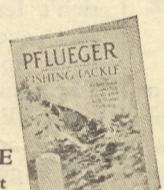

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Tells all about big game fish—what they are—where they are—and how to catch them. A necessity for the beginner and a good index book for the experienced angler.

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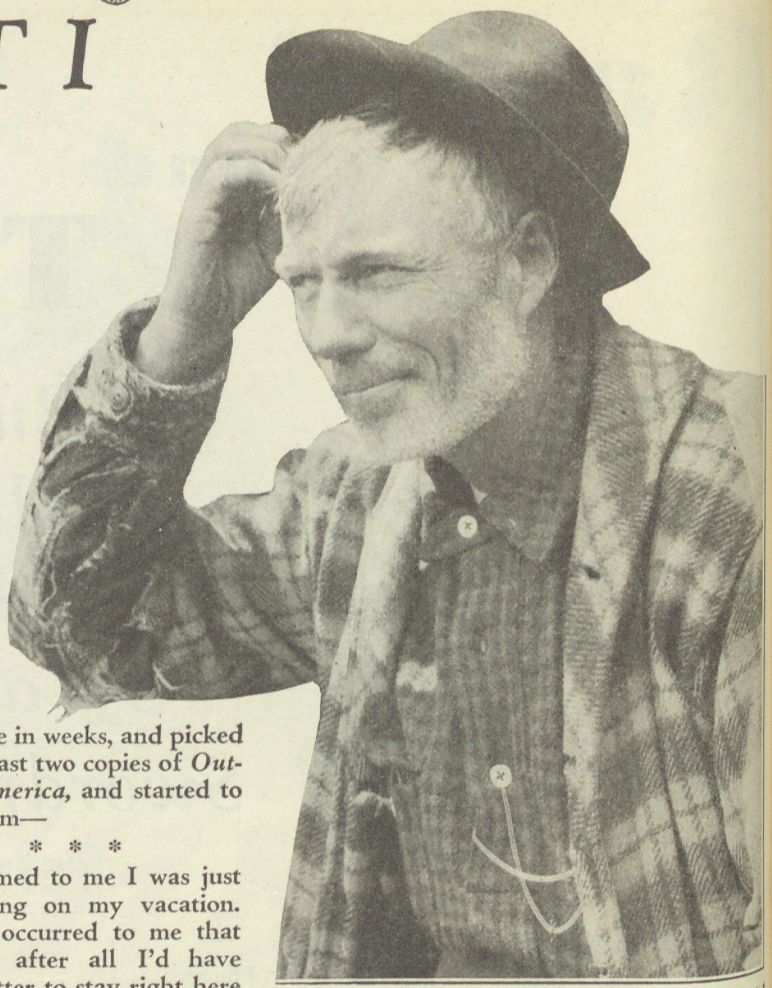
NOW THAT I THINK IT OVER—



WAS it worth while? Of course a fellow's got to get out at least once a year—but when I get home and look back at the net results, I sometimes think this business of a vacation is greatly over-estimated. It seems to me—

* * *

NOW look at me. I was bitten by countless mosquitoes, I slept on beds that honestly were — well, they weren't half as soft as I liked to think they were. The fish didn't bite in the savage manner advertised in the folder. In fact, the only decent one I got hold of got away. Or it might have been a bunch of weeds, at that. It seems I got there one day too late to get in on the fine fishing they'd just been having. They wrote me later that the fish had started to strike again the day after I left. When you come to think it over—

* * *

NOW take my return home. I was unshaven—and going without shaving isn't a gesture of freedom (or of hardboiledness) at all. It makes your face itch, and in hot weather it's not up to the advance notices. My clothes were torn. My face smarted from a combination of sunburn and mosquito bites. I had cut two fingers and burned one and pricked another with a hook. I needed a bath. I was tired. My feet hurt me. Now that it's over—

* * *

I WISH you could see my bank balance. I wish you could see it. I really do. It'll be sick until December. And then you know what happens to it. And did I find work piled up at the office! Did I—

* * *

WHEN I'd had a bath and a shave and put on some clean things and stretched out on the porch and was comfortable for the first time in weeks, and picked up the last two copies of *Outdoor America,* and started to read them—

* * *

IT seemed to me I was just starting on my vacation. And it occurred to me that perhaps after all I'd have done better to stay right here and just read *Outdoor America* and let the other fellow take the mosquito bites and let me read about it and laugh at him. And let the other fellow catch the big fish that always gets away from me, and let me share his thrills. Now I could stretch out on the front lawn and read an article in *Outdoor America* each day, and take part in all the thrills and fun, and then get up, take a cool shower, make myself a tall cool drink of lemonade, and return to civilization that way—quick and painless. Yes sir—

* * *

NOW listen. You know what I'm going to do next year? I'm going to take my vacation in the front yard with *Outdoor America.* Still—don't let me fool you, old timer! Not even *Outdoor America* can make up for a vacation. Next year I'm going into the woods, just the same—I'm going to get mosquito bitten and sunburned, and the big one is going to get away.

NOW look here. Here's what I'd like to get across. I had two vacations. One out in the woods and one out on my porch, just like I said. The second vacation came when I caught up on *Outdoor America.* Did I enjoy it! Baby, you tell 'em, to use a slang phrase. It wasn't as swell as the first vacation, but it was worth ten times the subscription price.

* * *

AND here's something else. I'm going to send to the editor of *Outdoor America* a list of my friends to whom I think the magazine would be interesting.* The editor will send them sample copies, with my compliments. It's the least a fellow could do for the magazine—and for his friends.

* * *

I SUGGEST you do the same thing. I really do.

* *Will as many readers as possible send names of their friends who would like sample copies?—Editor.*

Official Organ I. W. L. A.

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Outdoor America

Three Dollars Per Year

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IMPORTANT—If you move, send in your new address at once. Second-class mail will not be forwarded.

White Water Falls of the Rosebud—Beartooth Mountains, Montana. Photograph by Bert Brown

Where Midsummer Heat Holds No Terrors

Farewell Romance?

By

STRUTHERS BURT

Drawings by Tom Morton

MY good friend, and a fascinating fellow he is, slim, hard, with a look of wind, distance and desert sunrises in his face, balanced a little backward and forward on the heels of his forty dollar cow boots. His eyes, widened to hide his emotion, were fixed on the distance where, beyond the door, a gray butte cut off the foreground from snow peaked mountains, and his voice was soft with the southwestern drawl that years of living in the northwest have not altered.

He asked me if I knew Bat Masterson, and from that we got to talking about old times, and—well—that night I couldn't sleep. No, I couldn't sleep. You see, I was born into the tag-end of the old West, and I held on to it just as long as I could—punching cows, United States marshal, a cow-ranch in Nevada—and now . . . . well, here I am up in this country running a dude outfit. No, I couldn't sleep. Me, a "dude wrangler"!

Across the wide dusty street from us was an open space, the yard of a garage, filled with cars in various stages of their histories; some utter wrecks to be dismantled for their still workable parts; some still good enough to be repaired; some still in the first vigor of their youth. Big trucks to carry gasoline, big trucks to carry other supplies, a yellow touring bus, like the big yellow buses up in Yellowstone Park, another long black bus marked "Victor, Moran and Dude Ranches" and various pleasure cars. Every now and then down the wide dusty street came a car driven with the freehearted insouciance of the Far-Westerner, turned a corner, and disappeared.

A wind was blowing, catching up the dust in fantastic little whirls, and the wind had come from the great desert to the south; across thousands of miles of desert unimpeded until, suddenly, it had struck the granite rampart of the mountains, where forests slept along the foothills and glaciers lined the upper canyons.

It was a large world, empty except for mountains, buttes and an occasional car.

To the north of the yard where the cars were, stood a large barn—or what had once been a barn—on the roof of which had been painted in white letters ten feet high: Garage: Gas and Oils. Before it a car had stopped, and a couple of sage-brush tourists, man and woman, clad in the curious costumes sage-brush tourists wear, were descending. The man had on brown canvas coveralls, above which showed a dirty starched collar and a black bow tie, white with dust, and the woman wore a pleated khaki jacket and khaki breeches, beneath which appeared stout legs clad in black silk stockings. Yet they were adventuring . . . . their car license showed they came from Ohio.

I remembered that barn before it had been a garage. I remembered it for twenty years back. On winter dusks when I had ridden in from red sunsets flaring along the west to find it warm with closely stalled cow ponies and work horses. A pungent, munching darkness, filled with steel muscled, suspicious presences. But if you spoke softly the suspicion relaxed.

And I remembered the barn on hot summer nights when the aspens rustled along the watering ditch. I had roped many a recalcitrant horse in the yard where the cars stood. The yard had been a corral then, and the town had been a cow-town, and where now every make of car was parked in the square where the stores are, saddled ponies had yawned hitched to the racks.

The town was part of my life. I had grown up with it; not that either of us had grown so large. But I had first seen it as a young man, and now I was no longer very young. Well, it was still a cow-town, although with a difference. There were two new elements, or rather, three—the cars, the dudes and the sage-brushers. That is, sage-brushers in automobiles, for sage-brushers in wagons are as old as the West itself.

Just then one of my partners came for me in a ranch car, and I said goodbye to my reminiscent friend and started up the valley—we had twenty miles to go. Across the huge sage-brush flats stretched, straight as a die, a modern gravelled highway. On warm days the dust from it cut the valley diagonally across in a continuous line. Here and there along it, little hot-dog stands and filling-stations were beginning to appear, and some of these had gone in for signs such as "Come and gas with us?"—"Last Chance Filling Station," et cetera. We dipped down to the river and crossed a brand-new steel bridge where, until recently, a creaking ferry had run by what, to the old-timer, is known as "god power," in other words, the current of the river itself.

"A cowboy is a cowboy and nothing else—a cowboy is a cowboy in rodeos and out of them, on dude ranches or off them—"

To the north of us and the south of us, hidden in the cottonwoods and aspens, lay some ranches now owned by Eastern millionaires and used as summer homes. The road ran up a dugway and skirted the sombre forests to the west, and presently we came to the three mile lane that led back to the river and our home ranch.

At the corner where the fences began, rested a shining airplane attached to a log so that no wind could blow it away. Two mornings before a motion-picture star—male—had flown in from Los Angeles in nine hours and had landed in a neighbor's pasture. Yes, I was low in my mind. Not once had I raised my eyes to the aloof, unchangeable evening peaks.

I was particularly low in my mind because everything I had seen or heard that afternoon seemed to bear out the contentions of what might be called the Luncheon-Busters' clubs of New York. You know what I mean. They exist in every great Eastern city, these Luncheon-Busters' not gathered together into definite organizations, but as members of various organiza-

tions. If you live most of your life in the West, as I do, you are particularly subject to their assaults. They are men who have been in the West, or for awhile lived in the West, some of them, even, have in their youth, more or less punched cows—possibly; some of them even know what they are talking about, although what they are talking about dates back a good many years. Or they are men—mostly critics and writers—who have never been West, but know there isn't any West left, anyhow.

"The West had become nothing more than just a professional rodeo, gotten up for the benefit of Eastern dudes. Cowboys, cowgirls! Huh! Why there weren't any to be found—not real ones. A few circus performers that followed the shows around from place to place. That, and dude ranches and automobiles," and so on, and so on.

But you know how they talk, and if you don't, all you have to do to find out is to read the jacket of any new Western romance, or, subsequently, the criticism of it by any newspaper critic. To repeat, romance is dead, the cowboy is dead, glamour has departed, and all that is left is carefully devised stage scenery, erected and preserved for the steadily increasing tourist trade; sage-brusher, dude and millionaire dude. Worst of all, the modern descendant of the hardy frontiersman is a degenerate creature who works on dude ranches during the summer and in the movies during the winter, and wears piercingly colored silk shirts to please girl dudes. In short, the whole thing has become merely an uncomfortable sort of Adirondacks.

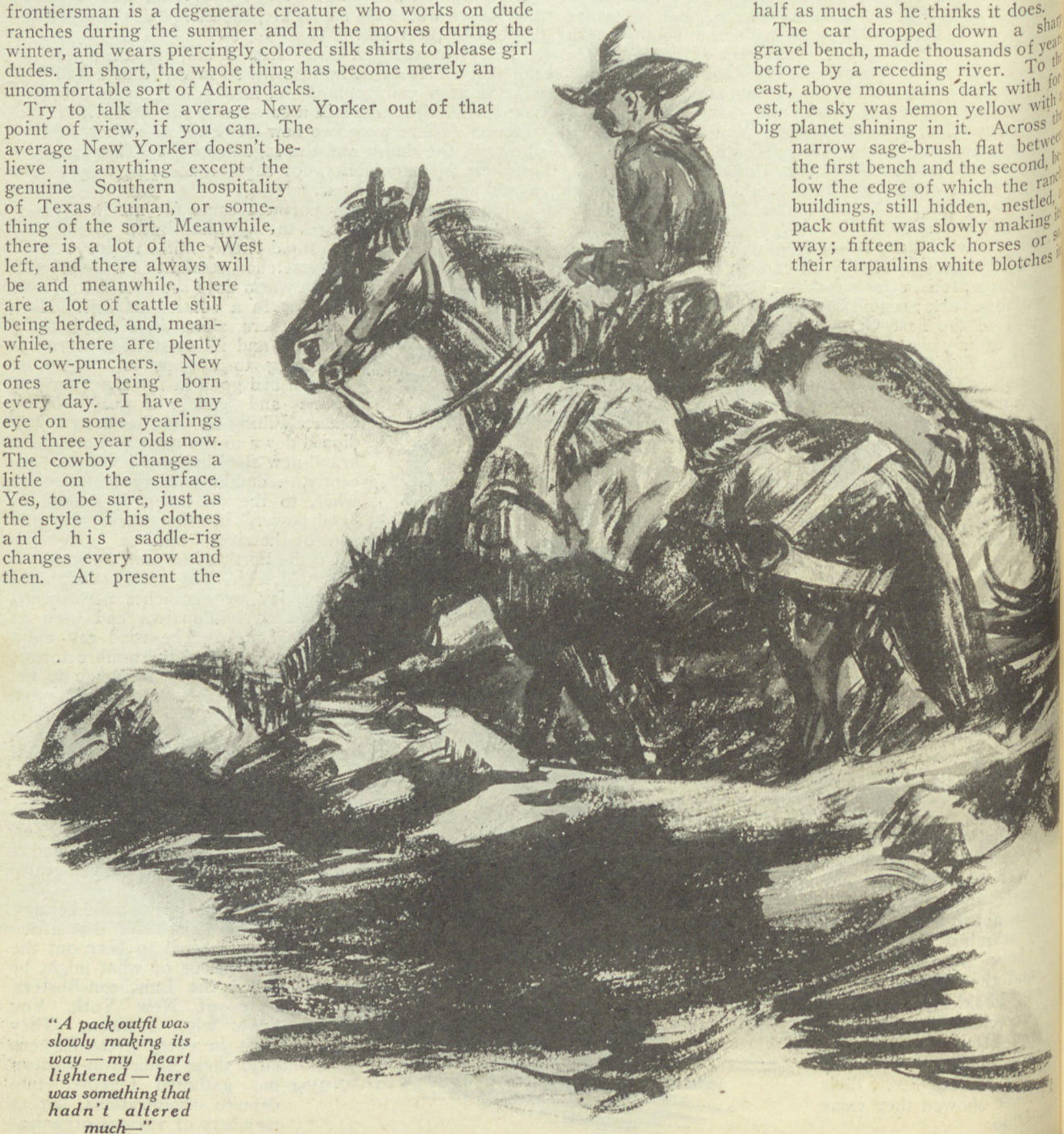
Try to talk the average New Yorker out of that point of view, if you can. The average New Yorker doesn't believe in anything except the genuine Southern hospitality of Texas Guinan, or something of the sort. Meanwhile, there is a lot of the West left, and there always will be and meanwhile, there are a lot of cattle still being herded, and, meanwhile, there are plenty of cow-punchers. New ones are being born every day. I have my eye on some yearlings and three year olds now. The cowboy changes a little on the surface. Yes, to be sure, just as the style of his clothes and his saddle-rig changes every now and then. At present the younger and more fashionable ones are wearing, for some unaccountable reason, smaller sombreros and foolish little short boots. Also the modern cowboy is more travelled and better educated than his forbears. He has to be the latter; there are school laws. But underneath a cowboy is a cowboy and nothing else.

A cowboy is a cowboy, in rodeos or out of them, on dude ranches or off them. And if he isn't a cowboy, he isn't no matter where he works. That's the long and short of it.

And yet . . . .

At the time, of course, I never much mind what New Yorkers say. By and large I am used to New Yorkers. But when I strike an old-timer. . . . . And here had been my friend of the afternoon, and he really knew. Or . . . well. . . . . No, he really didn't know. He knew facts and he knew his own history, also, bless his heart, he was past forty-five. What he didn't know, or at least, had forgotten at the moment, was that nothing is good or ill but thinking makes it so; indeed, that there isn't much of anything at all except the way you look at it. The hardest thing in the world for a man past forty-five to get into his head is the fact that life doesn't change half as much as he thinks it does.

The car dropped down a sharp gravel bench, made thousands of years before by a receding river. To the east, above mountains dark with forest, the sky was lemon yellow with a big planet shining in it. Across the narrow sage-brush flat between the first bench and the second, below the edge of which the ranch buildings, still hidden, nestled, a pack outfit was slowly making its way; fifteen pack horses or so, their tarpaulins white blotches in



"A pack outfit was slowly making its way — my heart lightened — here was something that hadn't altered much—"

the dusk, chaparajoed riders in front and behind, and four dudes scattered out in the curious, rudderless fashion in which dudes ride. The pack outfit was tired. It was creeping along in the way in which a fishing boat drifts home before an imperceptible evening breeze.

My heart lightened. Here, at all events, was something that hadn't altered much. Here was a form of travel whose beginning was lost in the dimness of history. People had travelled in Palestine this way, watching the immense desert stars; Moors had gone north into Spain this way; Coronado had brought the first horses into what is the United States in this way. In the links of this unending chain, the Canterbury Pilgrims had been late comers. As time is counted, they were almost of the same generation as these tired dudes and their tired guides.

"Those are the Kimballs," said my partner, "getting back."

He raised an arm. In the dusk the arms of some of the riders waved back. My partner drove the car nearer.

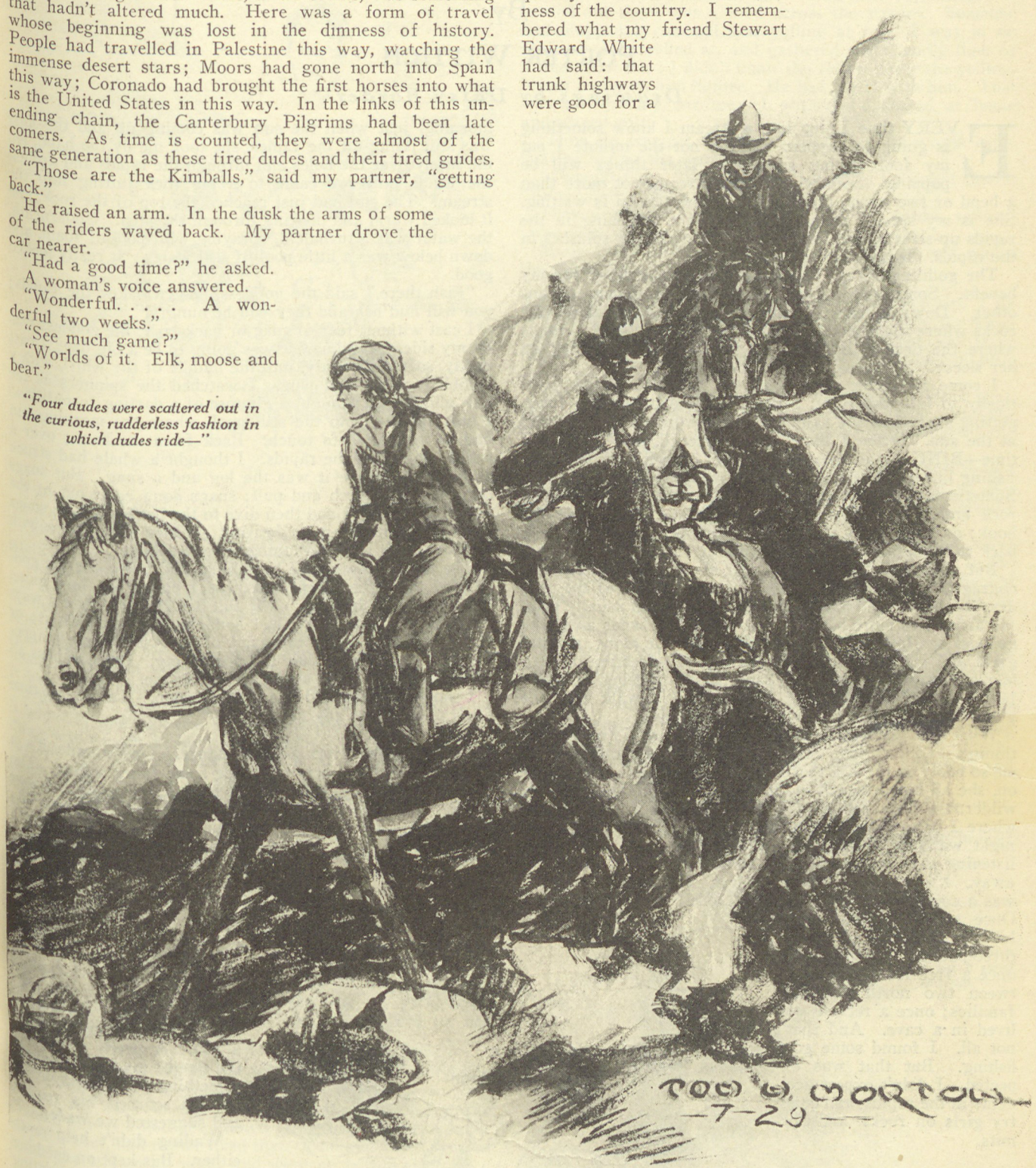
"Had a good time?" he asked.

A woman's voice answered.

"Wonderful. . . . . A wonderful two weeks."

"See much game?"

"Worlds of it. Elk, moose and bear."



"Four dudes were scattered out in the curious, rudderless fashion in which dudes ride—"

"Bear?"

"Yes. A grizzly, too."

"Really?"

"Yes, up near the Continental Divide."

The car slipped past, and down the last bench. The ranch, with its yellow lights, disclosed itself. Bounding it were the twisted silver coils of the river. Near the saddled sheds, stray horses, turned loose by late riders, sniffed aimlessly and shook themselves free from sweat.

It wasn't such a greatly changed world. Sound, touch and smell hadn't changed at all; sight had changed only a little. Here and there a car; in July and August a fair amount of them; but even then they confined themselves to a few roads and their smallness quickly lost itself in the vastness of the country. I remembered what my friend Stewart Edward White had said: that trunk highways were good for a wild country, so long as there had to be any highways at all. And that was true. The motorist kept himself to these trunk highways and the rest of the country was lonelier than it had been before. At first, when the cars had appeared, they had been everywhere. Now they were segregated; all you had to do was to avoid them. And by night you forgot all about them. I stopped for a moment by the corrals. In every direction, enclosing the valley to

(Continued on page 38)

Following the Goddess

By

PORTER WITTICH

Drawings by Daisy Border

EVERY time I step into a stream I know something is going to happen. Maybe not the minute I put my foot in but sooner or later things will be popping. Somewhere down-stream, not more than a bend or two away, the goddess of the stream is waiting. She is my special friend who hears me splashing in the rapids up-stream and waits for me. I make big splashes in the rapids. It is one of my chief faults.

The goddess always has something special fixed for my benefit. Sometimes it's one thing and sometimes it's another. Down where the current is strong, or along the rocks where the water is deep, or on the edge of the shoals where the dragon-flies fly, the goddess has something up her sleeve. She is almost infallible.

I come splashing along with the current, casting frantically to left and right, getting snagged on hidden roots, getting soaked to the skin, becoming wonderfully blistered in the sun. Often I become disheartened, and about that time—BING!—and something makes off with my two-fifty fishing line and in comes a fish. *Sometimes* in comes a fish. Sometimes the fish wraps my two-fifty fishing line around a rock and breaks loose; or jumps up and shakes out the hook; or waits until about ten feet away before swimming back to its hiding place behind the big rock.

But always the inevitable bing! about the time I'm discouraged enough to turn back. I think it's one of the goddess' tricks; a preliminary to lure me on. It's usually good for about two more bends. And about two bends away the goddess has her lines set out. Then I come along, making great and inaccurate casts in the general direction of both banks (sometimes with the same cast), cursing at backlashes, snags and buzzing insects, and I walk into the goddess' fishing place. Then things happen.

What the goddess hasn't led me into isn't worth mentioning. Last spring, early in the year, she embarrassed me so badly on the Elk that I haven't been back since. Later on, she all but drowned me in Indian Creek. Down in the wilderness I strayed off Big Piney and up a little stream where I became lost trying out a fly rod and stayed up all night watching lightning on the horizon and listening to a wailing wildcat about fifty feet away. I suppose it was a wildcat. Once it was a country girl on a rock on Little Sugar. Once a still hidden in the hills; once a hole of hungry three-pounders on the James; once a free-for-all scrap between two north Arkansas families; once a recluse who lived in a cave. And that's not all. I found some good fishing. But that was expected. I didn't expect accidents in the rapids, and country girls on rocks, and hermits.

IT'S as apt to happen to you one of these days as it did to me last summer. All you do is drop a fly, a plug, a live minnow or a worm into a swirl at the foot of some rapids, without hopes of getting anything, and make a cleaning.

The goddess of the stream had made a chump out of me enough to do me one good turn before the season was over, and that morning, just when the sun was coming up and the mist was still rising off the James, she took me by the hand, led me safely over the holes and through the rapids and around the bends until we came to a big rock jutting into the stream. The sun had just reached the top of the rock, and it looked warm and inviting through the mist. Underneath, the water was a turbulent, spraying whirlpool of foam, and down below was a little pool of still water. It really looked good.

"Fish there," said the goddess, "down below the rapids; you will find fish and they will be hungry."

I cast without fear of snag or back-lash; the goddess was on my side, and I knew it was going to be a big day. I cast deftly, softly, so softly, into the middle of the whirl, with a combination fly and plug. I watched the spinners as the bait glided back; caught a glimpse of a darting form below. I cast farther, into the still pool, where the morning sun had as yet failed to touch. Back from the bank; over a sunken log; into the rapids. I thought a whale had struck at first; or maybe it was the log and a snag. But snags don't tug and lurch and pull; snags don't come out of the waves and sparkle and then dive to the bottom again; snags don't set your heart to beating as does a big bass with vertical black stripes running down its sides.

The first bass was the beginning, and I suppose the goddess of the stream kept watch as I pulled out four more. Then they quit striking. The sun had climbed quite a ways up, and that may have had something to do with it; or maybe the bass found breakfast of dragon-flies more appetizing. At any rate, they stopped hitting. But five bass all from one hole. That was a record for me.

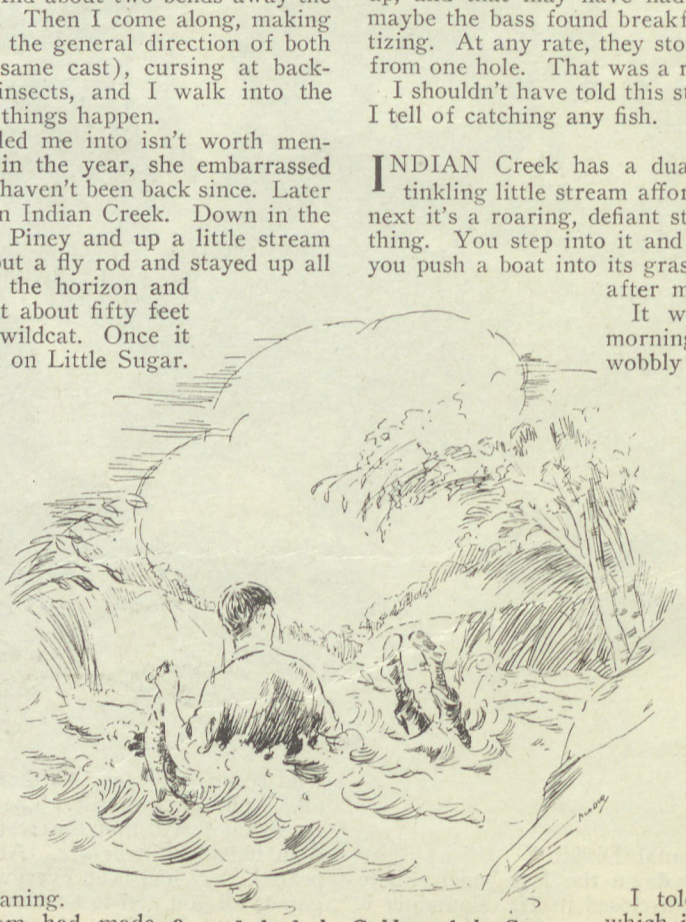
I shouldn't have told this story so soon. It's the last time I tell of catching any fish.

INDIAN Creek has a dual nature. One minute it's a tinkling little stream affording some fancy fishing. The next it's a roaring, defiant stretch of water ready for anything. You step into it and it tries to pull your foot off; you push a boat into its grasp and it wants to hurl it mile after mile over treacherous water.

It was a mild little stream that morning Bus and I pushed off in a wobbly boat with some $50 worth of fishing tackle in the bottom. It remained on peaceful terms long enough for Bus to do wonders with a pork rind. I wasn't having luck with anything, and I was casting my right arm off. Then I caught a fish. A perch about half the size of my plug. Bus said something about saving it for bait. I scorned his remark and suggested we wade.

Wading didn't help much either. Bus kept on catching fish and I kept on getting snagged. If Bus had let me use his pork rind I probably would have caught as many fish as he did. Yeah. Then it started raining and the stream quit being friendly. I told Bus the river was rising, which it was. He was catching fish and didn't care if it was.

"We'll be swept over a dam."



"I think the Goddess of the Stream was watching and laughing up her sleeve."

"I was in no position to be yelled at."

"What if we are?"

"We'll lose our fish."

"OUR fish?" He needn't have made the "our" so emphatic. I scorned that remark, too.

The river did rise, just as I had predicted. I pointed out the fact to Bus, and finally we started down-stream in the boat. Every time we shot rapids I got scared. Nothing had happened as yet except the rain, and I was sure something would. Sure enough it did, just as I thought. It was under a bridge. The boat turned over. It was rotten luck.

I thought I was going to drown. I was quite sure of it when I tried to come up and bumped the boat. Something was caught in my sleeve, and for all I knew it was part of the boat. I bumped my head a couple of more times before coming to the top. I'd held my breath so long I was seeing double. I was a long way down-stream, and Bus was up above yelling.

"We've lost my fish. Dive down and see if you can find them." Imagine that. I'd lost two rods, two reels, a box of tackle and barely escaped with my life. Bus had lost his fish. Six of them. He was diving for them.

Something splashed at my waist. Bus' fish had caught on my sleeve. It was that patent stringer of his. The next time he dived I released them, one by one, and they swam off, down with the current. They weren't mine. And I was sore. Bus never knew. He thought they were lost. He bewailed his loss for weeks. I think the goddess of the stream watched the proceedings and laughed up her sleeve.

DAWN came creeping out of the hills and flooded Elk River with a burnished surface. I went down and washed my face in the gold, and rather liked it. The evening before I had gone down at sunset and drank wine-topped waves, and rather liked that. Don and I had camped beside the stream all night and were up before the sun.

But it was cold. Don started up-stream and his reel came apart. In the middle of the stream! Funniest thing; it all came apart at once.

I went down-stream in the rapids. They looked as though they were hot, what with the rising steam in the morning sun. But they weren't. They were cold. Another thing, they looked shallow. But they weren't. Not by a long shot. They were deep. I found that out when I went in over my head. The Elk is like that. You're wading along in mid-stream one minute and looking for a place to dry your clothes the next.

I had to find a place to dry mine, and chose a sand bar a half-mile down. I spread my clothes on the bar and fished to keep up circulation. I cast at a log. I snagged it the first thing, right on the top. It refused to move and I swam for it.

Then I heard someone call. That was surprising. It turned out there was a road across the stream. Someone had stopped a car and was yelling at me. I was in no position to be yelled at, and gathered the friendly limb of a tree about me. I didn't know the fellow doing the yelling. Never had seen him before. He had a girl with him. That was unfortunate for me. I wished I'd stayed at home and played golf.

"How do you get to Devil's Bluff?" His words came floating across the water.

I thought fast. "Keep straight ahead." I thought faster. "Better hurry; it's a long way off."

They drove off in a cloud of dust. "Thanks, sonny," came floating back. Sonny; I appreciated that.

Many times since then I have wondered myself where the devil is Devil's Bluff?

WADING down a stream sometimes, if you are a fly fisherman, you probably will come to a little, sparkling creek which looks like fish. And you, no doubt, will leave better judgment behind, perhaps, and wade up the little creek, maybe. As I did.

The fact is, I had become discouraged with a black gnat, red ibis, a gray hackle and a little wooden affair about the size of your finger joint, only smaller, depending on the size of your finger joint.

So when I reached the spot where another stream flowed out of a wilderness from the west, I turned off of Big Piney. It really looked good. But I made a big mistake wading up those rapids.

In the first place I tangled my line a dozen ways around a young sapling far up by its head-waters. In the second place darkness overtook me. The sun sank behind a range of hills to the west and night came early. In the third place I was too far from camp to get back, even if I knew how.

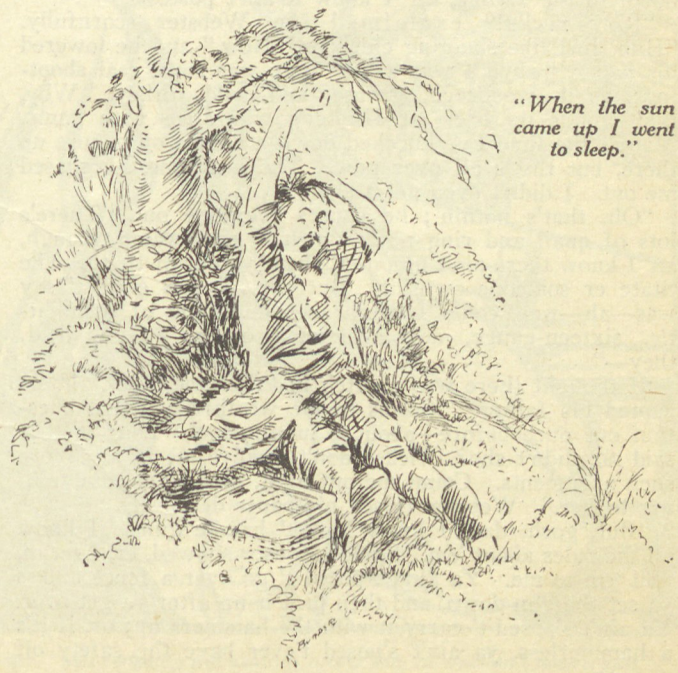
So I stayed out all night. I've read of persons who really enjoyed doing that and listening to the "voices of the forest." I stayed awake all that night listening to them.

A hoot owl occupied a limb not far above my head. A 'possum rustled the leaves over to the right. Something splashed in the stream. A snake maybe. Some bird twittered right over my nose. Then a wildcat joined in and I listened to the "voices of the forest."

I've never seen a wildcat. But I heard one that night. Fifty feet away. Possibly less.

At first I decided to climb a tree. I decided that wasn't

(Continued on page 37)



"When the sun came up I went to sleep."

Out of the Weeds

By
ELMER E. RAWDON

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

SUPPER was over, and the dishes washed. Mr. Webster piled some cord wood in the big fire place. The nights were beginning to get a little chilly. After the fire was well started he sought his favorite chair, and prepared to make himself comfortable with the evening paper. Mrs. Webster, a work basket in her lap, was attempting to repair the family supply of hose. Billy, their son, was stretched prone on a large rug before the hearth. His chin was cupped in his hands, and between his elbows, which rested on the floor, lay a large mail-order catalogue. For a long time he had not turned a leaf of the big book.

"Daddy," came a voice from the floor, "daddy, do ya know that huntin' season starts day after tomorrow—Tuesday?"

No answer from behind the paper.

"Ho, didn't ya hear me?" in a louder voice.

"Go ahead and read your book," came the reply. "I want to get this Navy team doped out."

"I know, daddy, but did ya hear what I said? I said that huntin' season starts next week."

"Yes, I heard what you said. What about it?"

"Oh, nothin' only I thought ya'd like t' know when it starts. Most of the fellers is gettin' ready t' go."

"What fellers? Go where?" asked his father a little impatiently.

"Why, all the fellers, everyone. They're going most every place: out the creek after squirrels, over in the Nash woods after grouse, and down in Five-Mile Swamp fer ring necks, an' quail, an' rabbits."

"Well, they're daffy. There isn't any game around here any more."

"Like fun there's no hunting," exclaimed Billy with determination. "All the fellers is talkin' about ring necks down in the swamp, an' I know it ain't posted."

"Ring necks!" exclaimed Mr. Webster scornfully. "Huh, just like shooting chickens. Now," and he lowered his paper, "when I was a boy there was some real shooting: quail, woodcock, grouse, and wild turkey. Why, that woods up back of Hunter's was alive with game. Many's the time I've knocked down a double on grouse up there, but that's all over now. The last time, he chased me out. I didn't even get a shot."

"Oh, that's nothin'; he chases everyone out. There's lots of quail and ring necks down in the swamp, though, an' I know there ain't no one t' chase ya out of there. The State er someone owns it. But what I was goin' t' say was—ah—was, could I get a shot gun—one of them little, sixteen-gauge, double-barreled ones? Gee, dad, they—"

"I thought there was a catch in this some place," interrupted his father. "Seems to me we threshed that question out once before—about a month ago. Your mother said no, didn't she? Please don't involve me in any more such arguments. Count me out of it, now. Do your talking to her." Webster raised his paper decisively.

"But, gosh, dad, I know how t' handle guns. I know all the rules about 'em. Spider Houser showed, er, I mean, told 'em to me. Ya ain't s'posed t' go over a fence unless ya set the gun down, and then pick it up after ya get over. Ya ain't s'posed t' carry it with the hammers up; or, if it's a hammerless, ya ain't s'posed t'ever have the safety off till ya see what yer shootin' at. Ya ain't s'posed to carry the gun with the barrels pointing toward anyone. Ya ain't s'posed t'—"

"Yes, I know all about what you *ain't s'posed t' do,*" cut in his father, "but why worry me about it? Tell it to your mother."

There was a clatter in the work basket as the darning egg fell among the buttons.

"Frank Webster, you make me tired. If you had one spark of judgment in your make up, you'd put your foot down. I half believe you'd let him have a gun. I suppose you'd like to see him brought home minus a leg or an arm, or, perhaps, even dead. Oh, dear! between you and him, it's no wonder my hair is turning gray. Imagine a fourteen-year-old boy playing with a gun. That's just what he and that Houser boy have been doing, too. What do you mean, young man?" and she turned her scolding on her son.

"Aw, fer gosh sakes, ma, we ain't been playin' with guns. Spider Houser only showed me how t' handle one. I can shoot t' beat the band."

Again Mrs. Webster turned to her husband. "There, you see! You see! They *have* been playing with guns. He has just admitted it. Think of it! Heavens, it makes me shudder! Surely you're not going to sit there and say nothing. You're not going to let this continue. Why, why—"

"Gee whiz, ma," interrupted Billy, "you'd think I was still a baby."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," exclaimed Mr. Webster as he threw his paper on the floor in disgust, "are we going to have to go all over this again? It seems as though I can't sit down for a minute's peace without having to settle a dispute. Now then, get this straight, young man. Your mother does not wish you to have a gun. She does not wish you to handle a gun, and she does not wish you to be around a gun. You heard her say, 'No gun.' Now I repeat, *'No gun.'* Is that plain? No gun! No gun!"

"But, dad—"

"There's no 'but dad' to it."

"But you just said you hunted when you was a boy. You was tellin' about shootin' doubles an' everything," exclaimed Billy, loath to give up the battle completely.

"Yes, I was some shot. I—I mean, I was older. That is, boys were older in those days—ah—they seemed older. We were born with a gun in our hands. Ah—there were more guns then. I mean, more game—er—well, anyway, you're not getting a gun."

"Oh, Frank," interrupted Mrs. Webster, "for goodness' sake, quit stuttering. Even if you did have a gun when you were a boy, you shouldn't have had. I don't know what your parents were thinking of."

"Is that so?" cut in Mr. Webster. "My parents knew what they were doing, all right. I could handle a gun almost as soon as I could walk, and there wasn't a better shot—"

"Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Webster.

Webster picked up his paper, gave his wife a freezing look from behind it, and continued his reading.

"Sure, ma, he was a good shot," exclaimed Billy, fighting for a last foothold. "Why, I've heard him tell about the time—"

"Yes, you have heard him tell about a lot of things that would have been much better unsaid. I'd think he'd use a little discretion."

There was an audible rustle of the paper, and Mrs. Webster continued: "It makes no difference, William, what other people do, it is you that I am interested in. A gun! Ugh! It makes my flesh creep. I don't see why anyone

ever invented them. No, you are not going to have a gun, and I never want to hear of your handling one again. I'm going to look into this thing myself, and I'll find out if James Houser is permitted to handle one."

"Aw, shucks!" exclaimed Billy as his last hope vanished, and he slammed the catalogue shut. "Blame it, I can't have nothin' like other fellows."

"William Webster, I'm surprised at you. Now, you go to bed this minute!"

"Aw, ma, you'd think I was a little boy yet. Gee, I'm fourteen years old. Why—"

"I don't care how old you are. Now, you get to bed."

Billy got to his feet sullenly, and flounced toward the stairs.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Webster after the lad had departed, "you certainly did explain nicely why he shouldn't have a gun. You might just as well have told him to go and get one. Of all the ridiculous—"

Down came the paper like a flash. "Now, listen here, I didn't start this thing. I wasn't even thinking about guns or hunting or anything."

"If you could only forget your own reckless boyhood long enough to use some judgment, you might be able to talk to Billy intelligently. I sometimes think you are actually proud of some of the disgraceful things you did in your youth."

Webster's face reddened, and he was about to sally forth in defense of himself when the telephone rang.

"Hello!" he shouted into the transmitter, using the tone he had intended for his wife.

"Hello, yourself," came the reply. "This is Jim Parrish talking. Say, you don't need to take a fellow's head off. Did I call you out of the bath tub or something?"

"Why, no, Jim, I—er, we, we—the radio is going, and it's so loud that you just have to shout to make anyone hear you."

"Yeh, I see. Say, Frank, speaking of radios, do you know anything about hooking up a B eliminator?"

"Why, I guess so, Jim; I hooked ours up."

"Well, I got one for my outfit, and I can't seem to get the wiring straightened out. Wonder if you could come over and give me a lift?"

Webster wasn't particularly fond of Jim Parrish but he was thinking that for all concerned it would be just as well if he took a little walk.

"Why, yes, Jim, I'll come over for a while."

"If that was Jim Parrish," exclaimed Mrs. Webster after her husband had replaced the receiver, "I'm surprised that you would go. I'd think after the underhanded means he used against you when you were running for tax collector, you'd have had about enough of him."

"Oh, well, that's gone and done, and if he wants to be friends, why, there's no use acting like a cad about it. I'll only be gone a little while." He put on his hat and coat and left.

"Come in! Come in!" exclaimed Parrish enthusiastically as Webster rang the bell. "I've been at this thing a couple of hours, but I can't seem to get it to working just right."

Webster examined the machine and then went to work.

"Yes," he exclaimed shortly, "here's the trouble. This wire is hooked up wrong."

"Nope, Webster," said Parrish, "you've got it backwards."

"Well, maybe you're right, Jim, but it won't do any hurt to try it."

The job was done shortly, and, much to the surprise of Parrish, it worked perfectly.

"Yeh," he exclaimed, "that's fine, but I'm sure it's hooked up backwards. But as long as it works it doesn't make any difference. Maybe I can get at it one of these days and straighten it out. Say, wait here a second, I want to show you something," and he disappeared up the stairs. Presently he returned carrying a gun case. "I want to show you one of the swellest little guns you ever laid your eyes on. Just got it yesterday. It's a peach." He unstrapped the case carefully. "There she is," he said as he put it together. "Ain't she a dandy?"

Webster took the gun and inspected it critically. He snapped it to his shoulder and drew a bead on an imaginary bird.

"Fits pretty nice. Has just about the same drop as my own. Yes, a pretty nice little gun. Suppose you're going out after a couple of rabbits next week."

"What do ya mean," replied Parrish, "'a couple of rabbits'? I'm going down to Five-Mile Swamp after quail and ring necks. You'd ought t' go along, Jim, if you want some real sport."

"Billy was saying something about birds in the big swamp," said Webster as he broke the gun and squinted down the shining barrels, "but I didn't believe a word of it. I thought it was just his boyish enthusiasm working overtime because hunting season is so near."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Webster, "you certainly did explain nicely why he shouldn't have a gun."

"There was a commotion in the tall weeds—a boy came forth holding a ring neck pheasant."

"Don't fool yourself," smiled Parrish, "the kid knows what he's talking about. The State's been stocking the swamp for a long time."

"Gosh, I guess I must have been asleep," exclaimed Webster as he snapped the gun together again. "I thought the hunting was done in these parts. I used to do quite a lot of it, too."

"Say, Frank," cut in Parrish, "how'd you like to go along Tuesday? Hey, watch out, don't pull the triggers; you're liable to break a firing pin." He took the gun from Webster and laid it carefully on a chair out of his reach, and continued, "Now, what was I saying? Oh, yeh, you'd better go along, Frank. What do you say?"

"Sure, I'd like to go, all right, but it's been so long since I've done any shooting that I don't know if I could hit anything or not. I haven't any idea, either, where my stuff is. I suppose the gun is up in the attic some place, though. You say the season opens day after tomorrow?"

"Yeh, Tuesday. We could get out of here a little before daylight, and be right on the job when the sun comes up. We could take your car—mine's not working right—and be there in half an hour."

As the possibilities of a real day afield became brighter, Webster became more excited. Fresh fuel was being added to a smouldering ember.

"By gosh, Jim, I believe I will go. I haven't had a real hunt for years. Lord, when I was a boy we used to have some real times. I remember—"

"That'll be great, Frank," interrupted Parrish. "Get your wife to pack a good lunch, for we'll be hungry before we get back. Yeh, and if you have a thermos bottle you might fill it with coffee. It would taste pretty good if it turns out chilly. Put plenty of sugar in it, though, Frank, for I can't drink it without sugar to save my life."

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Webster absently, "I believe that my gun *is* in that old trunk. I'll beat it home right now and look up my stuff."

When Mr. Webster informed his wife of his intentions it was evident that she was not overjoyed. In the first place, she figured, it would only add to Billy's enthusiasm for a gun; and in the second place, she had no earthly use for Parrish. She said little, however, for she knew exactly to what extent she could impose her opinions on her husband.

He found the gun. He had expected to see it covered with rust and dirt, but to his surprise it was in perfect shape, well oiled and clean.

"Hummm, now, I just wonder?" he said musingly. The thought was soon lost, however, as he dove into one trunk after another in hope of uncovering some other useful article. He worked well into the night, and did not stop until after every possible container had been thoroughly searched.

A goodly portion of the next day was also used for preparation. He purchased shells, a new pair of high-topped shoes, and a hunting cap.

When Billy discovered, early Monday evening, that his father was going hunting he became highly excited.

"Take me along, dad," he pleaded, "please. Me an' Spider won't be in the road—honest we won't. An' maybe ya'll let me shoot once in a while. I can shoot a gun, an'—"

"For Heaven's sake, Billy, don't be ridiculous," exclaimed Mr. Webster. "This isn't like fishing where you can sit on a bank, and wait for a bass or something to come along and say, 'Here I am.' This requires real work. You might just step in front of one of us at the wrong time, too, and get shot. And besides, you'll have to go to school. The Lord knows, from the looks of your last report card, you can't afford to miss any, either. Maybe when you get a little older we'll talk about hunting, but don't worry me about it now."

"Yes, but now you're going to take the gun, an' I won't —er, me an' Spider will have t'—have t'—go t' school while you're havin' a good time," finished Billy lamely.

"Why, of course you'll have to go to school. What did you think you were going— Say, young fellow," and Mr. Webster's eyes narrowed, "you and your friend Spider didn't by any chance plan to take my gun and slip out in the woods tomorrow, did you?"

Billy had seen that he was getting into deep water, however, and left the room before his father could finish his question.

"Oh, well," he half shouted from the kitchen, "if I can't go, I s'pose I can't, an' that's all there is to it."

"Hey!" called Mr. Webster after his son, but the back door had closed, and the boy was gone.

Daylight on Tuesday found Frank Webster and Jim Parrish at the edge of the swamp. They parked the car, slipped shells into their guns, *(Continued on page 38)*

Beans, Beans and More Beans

By

DOANE R. HOAG

Drawings by Claude A. Van Zandt

"GET in, Elderly," I ordered the large and ancient hound who stood uncertainly on the dock. But Elderly was cautious. "Get in, I told you! There's room for you in the bow—get in!"

Our rowboat, loaded with supplies for an extended fishing trip, offered but little temptation to Elderly, and it was only with the greatest of care that he placed his two front feet on the gunwale preparatory to getting in the boat. At this critical point he hesitated, straddling a strip of the lake.

Even this might not have led to trouble had it not been for Stub Dudley, who was my fishing companion on this trip. He is a good fellow, but he is impatient. "Climb in, you confounded canine!" he shouted suddenly.

At this command, the startled Elderly changed his mind about boarding the boat. But that was poor technique. The moment he moved his feet from the edge of the boat, the craft slid impatiently out to sea; and Elderly, with a splash that showered both Stub and me, landed in the lake. After regaining the safety of the dock he proceeded to shake his excess moisture on us.

Stub became very angry at this, and attempted to start the motor and leave poor Elderly on shore. But apparently the great spirit of dogs big and little was with Elderly, for the motor refused to start. Stub cranked for ten minutes steadily, the perspiration running from the end of his nose, and the two knuckles he had barked no doubt paining him exceedingly. Finally it occurred to me that the whole trouble lay in the fact that the batteries were not connected.

This news I was positive would not strike Stub at all well, and there was a note of hesitation in my voice as I suggested as easily as I could, "Stub, the batteries aren't connected! That certainly is strange, isn't it?"

I waited for an answer. He turned about; his face black and his eye a-gleam.

"Huh!"

He looked at them for a moment; and then, "Well, I'll be d——!" With vicious fingers he snatched up the wires and wound them around the battery terminals and violently spun the flywheel of the motor.

During this time the boat, which was an awkward affair that had no doubt come into the world not as a boat but as a coffin, had been resting idly on the calm surface of the lake. But due to the shove it had been given by Elderly, it had without my knowledge drifted stealthily about until at the moment the motor started, it was headed directly for the dock on which Elderly stood.

"Stop! Stop 'er, Stub!" I cried in alarm. "The dock—stop, quick!"

"Stop, thunder!" Stub bellowed back at me. "Hey—hold an oar in the water —I can't turn sharp enough! Hurry!"

Instantly I dove for an oar, but it was securely hidden beneath the entire load of sleeping bags, food supplies, gasoline, and fishing tackle. By the time I had the oar free, and had retrieved Stub's sleeping bag, which had fallen overboard when I pulled out the oar, the boat had skimmed past the corner of the dock, had taken on Elderly, had barely missed a group of piling, and was headed up the lake.

"Get offa me!" growled Stub to Elderly, who had made the boat by a desperate leap from the dock, and had landed squarely in Stub's lap. He shoved Elderly's wet and panting form to the bottom of the boat. "Couldn't get rid of you if we wanted to—you good-for-nothing hound!" But even with these words, Stub's kindly nature overcame him, and he patted Elderly's head affectionately. At this, the dog presumed upon the man to the extent of climbing back onto his lap—and he was rewarded with another rough shove. He then sought his place in the bow, at Stub's suggestion, and arrived there after climbing all over me and knocking my hat into the water in the bottom of the boat.

"Well," said Stub presently, "it takes a man with a seaman's hand to maneuver a boat like that!"

"We came out just to rough it. Have to expect some troubles," said I.

I might explain that of the two of us, I really am the out-of-door man. I like to get away from the city, and drop back for a while into the primitive scenes of the wild. In fact, it was due to my efforts that we had undertaken this three-day camping and fishing trip, and that the folding beds, the gasoline stove, the tent, and the air mattresses had been left at home. This had cost me a lengthy argument with Stub; but Mr. Edlemonk, the author of "Camping Out," had advised the omission of these unnecessary items, and I had insisted on doing just as this authority said. So thus it was that at this moment Stub Dudley, myself, and Elderly were bound for parts far from the shallow comforts of civilization with only our native ability and two boxes of canned goods to keep us from starvation.

"Rough it!" growled Stub after a lengthy pause. "Huh! Wait until tomorrow morning after you've slept on the ground all night!"

"You cannot destroy my love of the wilderness—" I began. But he interrupted me.

"Elderly, you fool! Leggo a that! Drop it! Bart—he's got the ham! Come to, can't you? The ham! Grab the ham!"

Now this was certainly no way to talk to a gentleman, and had I not realized that Stub was in a bad humor from having to crank the motor so long, I might have objected to his attitude. But instead, I did as he suggested, pulling our ten pound ham out of Elderly's mouth.

With the best of intentions I dipped the ham into the lake to wash it off, and had I counted on the force of the water due to the motion of the boat, there would have been no trouble. But so fast were we moving that at the instant I touched ham to the surface of the water, it was jerked from my grasp and disappeared from sight.

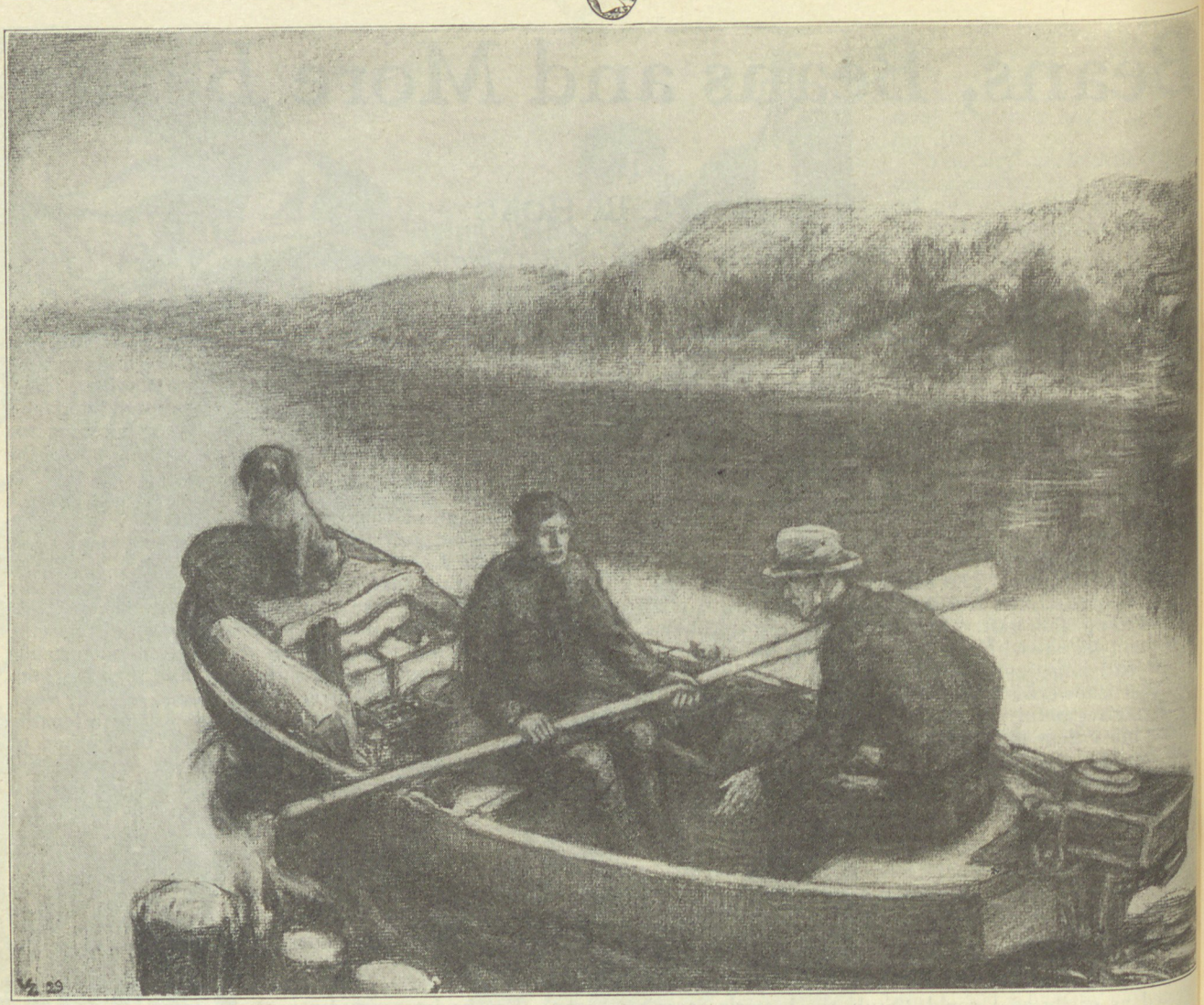
"Hey!" gasped Stub in horror. He was fond of ham. "Hey—the ham!" He looked at me in livid anger.

"There you go," I said, "always fussing about a little bit of trouble. Do you think Daniel Boone or Buffalo Bill would have got mad over a little thing like that? If you're going to be an outdoor man—"

"Outdoors—outdoors!" he cried in very evident disgust; "darn the outdoors!"

And just about then the motor ran out of gas and came to a sputtering halt. Stub, though, had regained his good humor and did not seem at all angered by this development. He is that way; he gets mad easily, but it soon blows over.

"Nice that the lake's so calm," he remarked as he unscrewed the cap of the five gallon can of gasoline. "Give me the funnel, Bart, and I'll have the old motor filled in no time."



"It takes a man with a seaman's hand to maneuver a boat like that!" exclaimed Stub.

He was in such a pleasant humor now that I did hate to spoil it all by telling him that I had left the funnel on shore. He made no comment, though, but picked up the weighty gasoline can and with much difficulty and little skill, he began to pour its contents into the motor tank. But at this grave moment Elderly discovered that his system was in need of water. He moved suddenly to the side of the boat and hung his head over the edge.

"You blasted, idiotic hound, you!" yelled Stub, wringing the gasoline out of his shirt and pants, and wiping it off his hands and face. "Darned if I don't wish you'd fall in!"

Finally, though, he brightened up again and said, "Bart! I've a notion to drop a line overboard and do a little trolling. Fish for supper, boy! Fish for supper!"

Recalling the loss of the ham, I fell into accord at once. I managed to find the tackle box, the landing net, and the trolling reel, although I had to move almost every item of our cargo. Stub had slowed the motor down to its limit after killing it twice, and had then decided to hang a bucket over each side of the boat in order to retard the speed still further. We had two buckets in the boat for this very purpose, and I reached for them. One was half filled with water, and of course I poured it overboard. But at the instant I did this, Stub gave a wild yell and flung both arms over the gunwale and into the water, grasping frantically at something which I could not see.

"Hey!" he yelped—for this was a favorite expression of his— "Hey, why don't you watch what you're doing? I had all our leaders soaking in that bucket!"

I was exceedingly sorry about this unfortunate mistake of mine, but I could suggest no remedy. Suddenly Stub glared at me in a manner that warned me of trouble.

"By gosh!" he cried, grinning like a devil. "I know what! Give me your ukulele!"

"My ukulele?" I repeated in amazement. I had abo decided that my poor friend was out of his head, when t terrible truth struck my brain. "No—no—no, Stub!" begged. "You don't know what that ukulele means me! The strings wouldn't make good leaders, anyway

"Give it to me!" he ordered. "You lost the leaders you make up for it now!"

I gave him the ukulele, and closed my eyes to avo watching him strip the delicate thing of its very soul.

"That's better," he remarked gleefully as he returned instrument and began fastening one of my strings on end of his line. "I didn't ever like the sound of anyway!"

Then Stub gave me the rudder ropes and devoted whole attention to the task of getting our dinner.

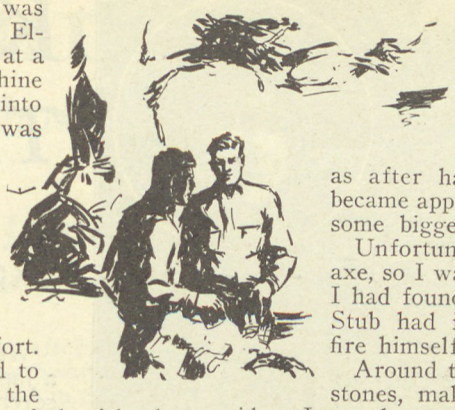
For an hour at least we crept up the lake under a August sun. This sort of travel became so monotono that both of us soon dropped off to sleep. This per of unconsciousness was abruptly broken by a grinding ro and we awoke to find ourselves stranded on a sandbar j off Bartoo island.

We had obtained a permit from the Forest Service build campfires on this island, so we shoved ourselves the bar and made ready to land.

We unloaded the cargo and carried it piece by piece a spot that looked suitable for camp. Shortly afterwa the sky to the north of us became black, and a screami wind, which had come upon us with surprising sudd ness, tossed the water up into white caps all over lake.

We busied ourselves with the making of camp in spite the rain which had begun to fall. This consisted simply unrolling the two sleeping bags on the least uneven plot ground that we could find. Stub's bag was somewhat

ordered inside, so he climbed into it headfirst to straighten out the blanket. But while he was in there, a most amazing thing happened. Elderly is very much afraid of lightning; and at a sudden terrific flash he gave a frightened whine and fled for the safety of the sleeping bag into which he had seen Stub disappear. This was quite natural, for Elderly likes to be with his friends in time of danger. Like a rabbit diving into his hole went Elderly.



"Whooh! Get out of here—get out of here, you damnable dog!" came Stub's muffled voice. I could readily picture what was going on in the bag, for it was designed for the accommodation of exactly one man.

I extracted Stub with considerable effort. His first words on emission were in regard to Elderly's whereabouts; but Elderly, with the wisdom of age, had left for another part of the island.

Stub calmed down within a few minutes and went down to the boat for something.

"Bart! Bart! Come here—quick!" Stub's voice held a note of extreme earnestness that brought me to my feet immediately. I found him standing on the shore where we had left the boat. But there was no boat there. We could see it drifting rapidly before the wind some mile or so south of the island, headed for the foot of the lake from whence we had so recently come. Something inside of me tightened up, and I felt peculiarly sick.

"Gosh!" said Stub. "The fishing tackle's in it, too!"

We were silent for several moments. Finally, "Can you swim after it?" he asked hopefully.

"Heavens, no!" I replied. And so the boat went drifting on. I felt a distinct wave of desolation flood my being.

After the manner of shipwrecked sailors, we hung Stub's shirt on a stick and erected this flag on the point of the island. But I guess any who went by thought we must be washing our clothes, for they all steered clear of Bartoo. And it was not long before Stub insisted that I should donate my shirt for the purpose—an idea which I objected to with great heat. During the rest of the afternoon we yelled continuously in the direction of the nearest part of the mainland, which was a mile away, but evidently were not heard.

Towards evening we gave up and decided to accept whatever might be in store for us—starvation or what-not. Stub took up the task of building a fire according to Mr. Edlemonk's directions. He assured us in his book that the little twigs that grow close to the trunks of the larger trees remain dry in any weather. We succeeded in getting a good supply. Then, doing exactly as Mr. Edlemonk directed, Stub built up a small wigwam-like pile of twigs and set a match beneath them.

"Good!" he exclaimed happily as after having built his fire seven times it became apparent that this one would burn. "Get some bigger wood, quick!"

Unfortunately, we had forgotten to bring an axe, so I was greatly handicapped. By the time I had found a large branch that I could break, Stub had impatiently gathered wood for the fire himself.

Around the fire he had built a wall of large stones, making a sort of fireplace. Now the accident I am about to describe was due to circumstances entirely beyond my control, and thus I was quite ruffled when he got angry with me. What happened was that I dropped my load of wood too close to this fireplace and one of the sticks caved in the wall, putting out Stub's fire.

"Say!" he yelled at me as though he were ready to bite. "Look out, will you? I worked an hour on that fire!"

"I apologize, Stub," I began, feeling earnestly sorry for what had happened.

"Apologize! Think that starts the fire again? Heck!"

And he laboriously rebuilt the fire and the fireplace, mumbling remarks under his breath that I strove not to hear.

He finally got the fire going.

"Well, I've done enough," he growled as he rubbed his eyes to stop their smarting from the smoke. "You get dinner, consarn it!"

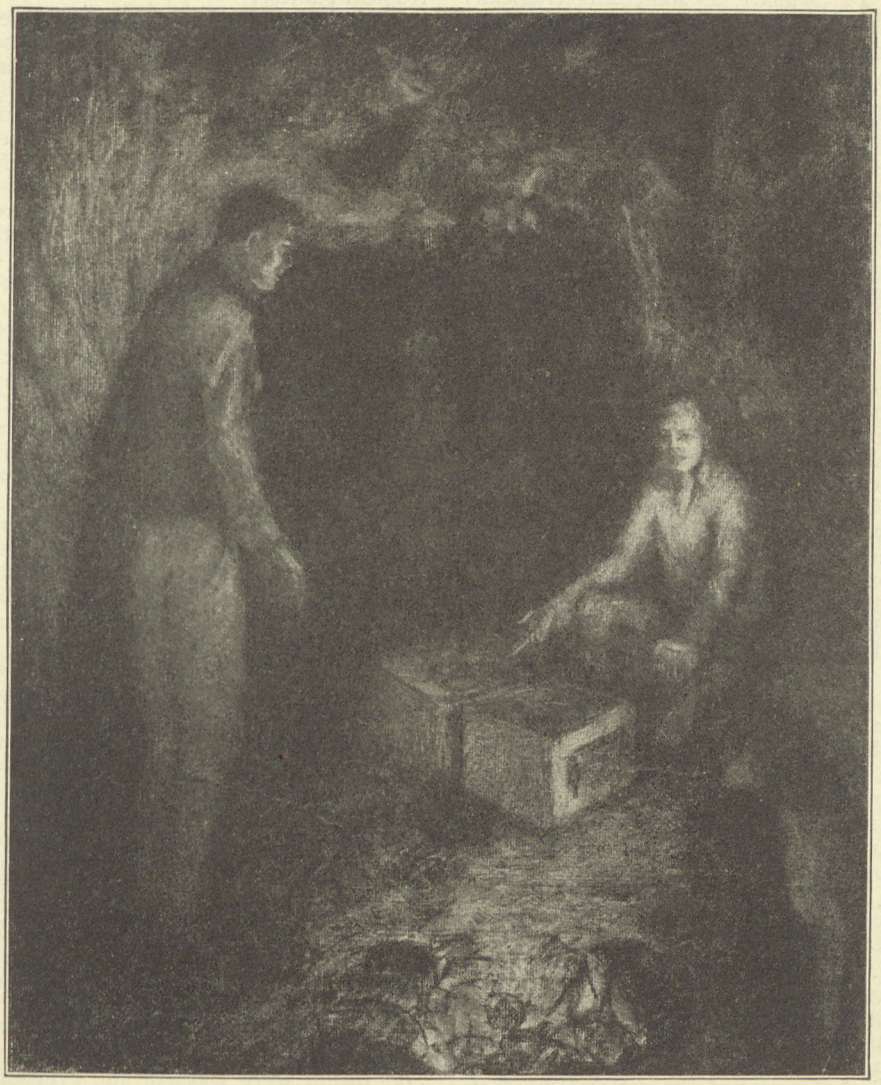
I did not object, but went immediately to the two boxes of canned goods to see what we might have. It had stopped raining, and although it was getting rather dark, I had hopes of finishing the day pleasantly. But as I opened one of those boxes and then the other, that tightness in my chest and abdomen returned, and gripping horror came over me.

"Look!" I whispered, pointing at the contents of the boxes. Instead of the expected assortment of canned goods, we had two cartons of canned beans—nothing else!

"Lord!" mumbled Stub, now as horrified as I. "Nothing but canned beans? And the boat and all our fishing tackle gone! Bart, we'll be living on beans for a month, maybe!"

"We have some salt, a little sugar,

(Continued on page 54)

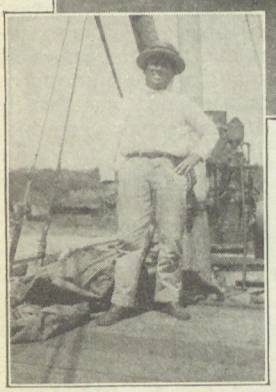


"We had cartons and cartons of canned beans—nothing else!"

Kahoolawe—The Red Island

By
ROSALIE DELORE LEVEILLE

—"like a compact mass of crimson dirt—barren and desolate it lay"—



"Nishi, the important little Japanese captain of the Sampan."

KAHOOLAWE, the red island of the Hawaiian group, had excited my imagination since I first saw it from my mountain home on Maui. It lay like a compact mass of crimson dirt, so barren and desolate that it always stood apart, as something tragically different from the usual green and mountainous islands found in tropical Hawaii. Its history as told to me by an old Hawaiian is a most pathetic story of the soil, and as we sat watching ribbons of red dust staining the sky southwest of Maui he would say, "See, it is Kahoolawe blowing away."

Some fifty or sixty years ago Kahoolawe was a mass of vegetation. Grass grew so tall it permitted only the silvery tipped horns of the cattle to show above it; rain drenched it until tiny waterfalls poured over its sides and into the sea; ships passed near its shores and the passengers would feast their eyes on its beauty. On one of these ships were two wealthy Australian cattle men, who realized the possibilities and fortune that were lying dormant there. They leased the island and stocked it with sheep, cattle and goats. Everything was in their favor. The island yielded its riches to them and the stock shipped from Kahoolawe was the fattest in the territory. Pleased with their success, but not satisfied, the leasers overstocked the island to such an extent that when their lease expired all they left was a dying island, and several dozen goats that were not worth the time or money spent to remove them.

The goats multiplied rapidly in the years that followed and made fast ruin of the vegetation that remained. Their sharp hoofs cut roots and soil until there was not a living tree left. The Trade Winds hit the island with terrific force, and what had been a green, beautiful place, was now red, dry dirt that was being swept away in crimson dust clouds.

For twenty-five years no one went to Kahoolawe, and the passengers on the ships that plied near there no longer feasted their eyes on its beauty. Few of them noticed that they were passing an island, and those that did wondered at such barrenness in tropical waters. The only stories told about it were dark, whispered ones of rum runners and dope smugglers who were supposed to be dumping their cargo there.

Japanese fishermen returning from their trips near Kahoolawe told of starving goats that crawled thick as lice over its red surface, living on Pili grass that grew sparsely between the rocks on the cliffs. When there seemed no hope for this wasting island, and all the forces were working against it, it was leased again, this time by men who were lovers of the soil, and an attempt was made to reclaim it. It was during the beginning of the reclamation that I made my first trip to Kahoolawe.

We left Maui at four o'clock in the morning on a Japanese sampan. In the hold of the boat were several horses, and the deck was cluttered with saddles, bags of feed, fish nets, lines and many rifles. I settled myself facing Kahoolawe and waited for the dawn. No ocean liner could ever give me quite the luxurious happiness I found on that Japanese sampan, seated on a plump feed bag, with my legs stretched across the seat of my well worn saddle. The nose of the little boat dipped in and out of the water, and the smell of leather and horses mingled with the sharp salt air. From the back of the boat drifted snatches of Hawaiian songs, as Kiaki the Hawaiian sailor went about his work singing.

Slowly the blackness started to lift, and as the sun's first searchlight played across the sky I could see our island like a small engraving in the distance, and a growing excitement swept over me. I watched the island turn to misty red, while the ocean took on all the pastel shades of tropical sunrise.

Nishi, the important little Japanese captain, was busily tying a white string to his trolling line—a signal by which he would know when some early fish in search of the worm had been caught. For many years Nishi had lived on this sampan, fishing and doing inter-island trading. He was the proudest captain I have ever seen. His usual attire was a pair of shorts that came to his knees, and as he walked majestically about, balls of muscle would move up and down the backs of his bare brown legs. He would wipe specks of imaginary dirt from the railings, and then stand with folded arms and survey his kingdom with a pleased expression on his face. When the sun became very hot, Nishi went into his cabin and emerged with his round black head covered with a straight brimmed straw hat. No matter how ridiculous the clothes he wore, there was no mistaking his position and importance.

By ten o'clock we had anchored. Our horses were lowered into the water and ridden ashore by Kiaki. The saddles and supplies were taken ashore in the small life boat and for the first time in years Kahoolawe became the scene of some activity.

The days that followed were joyous, exciting ones; spent in exploring the bays and caves, shooting goats, lying for hours on a sun-baked rock looking at distances, or galloping my horse over the hard dry surface until the dazzling red of the island, and the intense blue of the sky and sea made the whole world dizzy. I would roll off my horse and hang around its neck until the intoxication passed and the colors went back to their proper places. As there was no watch nor clock on the island, I told time by my horse's shadow, and when it became very long legged I would turn to the bay where we had made camp. A quarter of a mile from camp was the world's loveliest swimming pool. Deep, clear water swished against a rock wall eight hundred feet high. I would lie in this cove and wash off the clinging red dust, while from ridiculously narrow ledges above goats stood and watched curiously, and black crabs rattled over the rocks near me.

Dinner in the evenings was prepared and eaten on the sampan. Rice cooked in sea water came out white and puffy; fresh fish fried in onions; baby goat broiled over the charcoal brazier; bowls of poi, hot biscuits and tea. Nishi squatted on his heels and ate noisily with chop sticks out of a red bowl, looking like a fat little Buddha. After the dishes were washed, and everything put in the prop

(Continued on page 31)

Beginner's Luck

"Time and Chance Happeneth to Them All"

By

JOHN C. COSSEBOOM

Drawing by M. Roswell

THERE is a legend that King Solomon, after the completion of the temple, journeyed northward to the forests of Lebanon and pitched his tents in the valley of the river Leontes beside the pool of Kadesha. He remembered stories that Hiram, the widow's son, had told of mighty fish to be taken from the streams of Lebanon. He was weary of the cares of his kingdom and of his household. Solomon was a famous angler and often refreshed himself by casting angle into some favorite wilderness stream. Hiram, King of Tyre, accompanied Solomon on this journey. King Hiram was not a fisherman and had never cast angle in his life, but he loved Solomon as he had loved David his father and went to be near him. King Solomon prided himself upon his skill with the rod and line. With a bare hook he could pick the petals from a lotus flower forty cubits away. He impaled grasshoppers and cast them so lightly that they never flew from the hook. He knew the ways and feeding habits of fish and where they were wont to gather in multitudes. He knew the best times of day to angle. His knowledge of pools was uncanny and it was said that verily he was able to think like a fish. Yet at times his knowledge profited him nothing.

The first morning at the river King Solomon arose at daybreak. It was a glorious morning. Pink shone in the heavens over the hills toward the east as he looked from the entrance of his tent. The river rippled by with inviting chuckles. Birds called across the river and splashes down stream caused Solomon to hurry through his morning prayers. He then took his rod and walked to the lower end of the pool, and fished up stream but not a fish rose to his most skillful casting. He fished down the pool but to no avail. Fish were there. Occasionally one pushed his nose from the water and rushed for the dragon flies hovering and darting over the surface. After many attempts Solomon succeeded in catching one of these dragon flies and, without crushing it, impaled it carefully with the hook and cast it delicately into a little eddy back of a rock in the midst of the stream. There was a mighty swirl as a great fish rose to meet the descending fly. Solomon struck but was an instant late and the hook came back empty. Solomon tucked his robe into his girdle and ran up and down the shore chasing dragon flies until he caught another. With trembling hands he fastened this to the hook and cast again into the eddy. The fly whirled around and around and descended lightly upon the water where it floated a moment before it was sucked under. Nothing happened. He carefully retrieved the fly and laid it on a rock in the morning sun to dry. He cast again and again but the fish would not be tempted. He tried many times and then decided to rest the fish and stood by the eddy drying the fly and thinking how little, after all, he knew of the ways of fish.

It was this moment that King Hiram chose to come from his tent to go fishing also. He had commandeered a rod and line and hook from a native mountaineer. This gear was built primarily for strength and as Solomon looked upon it he was filled with disgust. King Hiram had procured a frog in some way, maybe from the mountaineer. He hooked the frog through the back and walked over to where Solomon was standing. "By all the shades of Noah, Shem and Japhet!" cried Solomon, "You are not going to use that thing in this pool, it will scare every fish within ten parasangs." "Most assuredly I am," said Hiram, "stand out of the way and let your uncle Hiram show you the way to catch a fish." "Don't start here," yelled Solomon, "a fish is waiting for me back of that rock and that frog will scare him to death." But he was too late. He had just time to dodge as Hiram with the rod grasped in both hands and with thrice five cubits of line, swung the frog around and around his head and brought it down with a thud on top of the rock. It quivered there for a second then slid off into the eddy. There was a mighty upheaval in the water. A great head and shiny back came into view and King Hiram's line straightened out with a jerk that nearly took the rod from his hands. "Yow!" he yelled, and ran backwards up the beach dragging a struggling monster fish after him. He dragged it ten cubits from the water then dropped his rod and fell on the fish and killed it by pounding it on the head with a stone. When it was dead he took it in his

"'A fool for luck,' said Solomon, and nearly shattered that ancient friendship."

(Continued on page 35)

Sheep *or* Dudes?

By MARK ANDERSON

SHEEP owners are again asking to graze their flocks on the choice mountain ranges of the Jackson Hole country. For more than forty years the sheepmen have had an eye upon this ideal summer grazing ground. You are aware that the answer to the sheepmen's request for entrance has always been met with an emphatic "No," and on a few occasions a show of arms has been necessary to turn the sheep herds back from the elk and cattle country.

There are a few men still living in Jackson Hole that moved into that country about forty years ago to escape the scourge of sheep. Some were literally driven from other places to that remote valley because of their inability as cattlemen to cope with sheep on the unregulated public domain. We well remember that a few of these old timers without the aid of the state or federal government fought back the aggressive sheepmen for years and were successful in holding the sheep out until the Roosevelt administration gave them what was considered permanent relief. The old Yellowstone Forest Reserve surrounded the entire valley. In formulating a forest policy for this region the wishes of the earlier settlers that sheep be kept entirely out of Jackson Hole and the adjacent watersheds was recognized by the federal government.

It is a little surprising to learn that some of the cattlemen in Jackson Hole of late years have become so tolerant as to own and run a few sheep themselves. For fear of establishing a dangerous precedent a pet lamb was not even permitted in the valley in the earlier days. Some children grew to maturity without ever seeing a sheep, let alone enjoying the companionship of a frisky little "doggie." And how much better that our boys have all developed into dashing cowpunchers rather than humble shepherds. Ask the dude ladies which they prefer. In modern times a sheep herder never marries a rich heiress. Several of our poor cowboys have married rich dude girls. The nursery rhyme about Mary and her little lamb was not popular and really never understood by Jackson Hole children. We recall the time when captured baby antelope filled the place of the domestic lamb with many a Jackson Hole family.

It is a fact that hundreds of thousands of acres of excellent summer sheep range in this region are practically going to waste at the present time. We will admit also that the sheepman of today is paying the penalty of the indiscretion and greed of his predecessors dating back many centuries. The sheep owner of today not only finds depleted ranges but he finds a prejudiced public. Old timers know that the sheepman has always taken a mile when given an inch. At least this was true everywhere on the range before our national forest system was established. And damage by excessive grazing is still the rule upon the public domain today.

The areas from which sheep are excluded are relatively few and small in these range states. No one will deny the wisdom of generally permitting sheep to utilize this immense natural resource, the annual forage crop of our public lands. But the wisdom of excluding sheep from certain spots to provide a more ideal condition for a more general public use seems also clearly justifiable.

The trend of development in the Jackson Hole region is without question in favor of the recreational groups. Not only because Jackson Hole and the Teton forest are adjacent to the greatest of all wonder-lands, but the charm of Jackson Hole itself as a great recreational spot is now recognized by the entire world.

While we are now aware that sheep when properly handled can continue to graze without serious injury to a range or to a forest, it is also known that the presence of sheep in any considerable numbers will seriously detract from the primitive charm of any choice recreational region.

We are assured that these sheep, if allowed at all, will be confined to remote parts of the mountain ranges of the Teton National forest, areas never frequented by the tourists and of but little value to big game or cattle. This promise of the sheepmen must be viewed with some distrust. The cattlemen and the dude ranchers are fairly well acquainted with the ever aggressive and enterprising sheepman. The power of the organized sheepmen of the country is known and to some extent feared. The National Wool Growers Association is always on the job in Washington watching for every opportunity to secure some advantage for the sheep interests. Such activity is only a natural indication of a live organization and not to be condemned excepting where such advantages are secured clearly at the expense or to the serious disadvantage of other interests. That our National Forests and public domain have many valuable uses other than sheep grazing must not be denied. This is particularly true of the Yellowstone and Jackson Hole region. If these several uses can be coordinated with sheep grazing, well and good, but we are doubtful that this can be accomplished.

We will suppose that these sheep will be properly controlled as long as they are within the boundaries of the Teton National forest. But we must remember that there is still much public domain land in Jackson Hole that sheep would surely utilize in spring and fall. There is no power excepting the will of the local people to deny the sheepmen the use of this open range. Much of the foothills and lower mountains in the valley are open range. Here we believe a real conflict would eventually develop. The sheepmen in the country are still doing as they please with the public domain, and we must emphasize here that this unregulated use has worked great harm in many localities. We are not surprised, therefore, that the residents of Jackson Hole are still a little cautious about letting sheep into their country.

Granted that vast sums of money are going to waste in a wasted forage crop, would these ranges be utilized by Jackson Hole residents, or would outside sheep come in just for the summer. To begin with at least the outsider would reap the principal interest.

We are aware that the destructive character of sheep grazing generally has been exaggerated, that there is a very great difference between regulated and unregulated sheep grazing. But we are still of the opinion that this locality and country at large would lose more than would be gained by permitting the sheepmen to get a secure footing upon the ranges of the Jackson Hole country.

It is not our object to generally oppose the grazing of livestock within our national forests. The ranging of domestic animals is a legitimate and important public land use that should be permitted under proper regulation. But it is necessary at times to make a decision as to what is the highest use of a given area. We believe that it is usually a good policy to encourage more than one use as the Forest Service has done generally. However, in other instances we believe the single use idea the best, if in following this policy a greater number of citizens will be benefited. This is clearly the best plan with exceptional recreational areas like our National Parks.

(Continued on page 31)

Pete Stevens—Guide and "Good Indian"

By

ARTHUR P. WIESNER

"PETE, standing by the prostrate caribou, was grinning from ear to ear."

Thus Dillon Wallace, author of "The Long Labrador Trail," and explorer, who, in 1905, was one of the first to penetrate the interior of Labrador, captioned a picture of Pete Stevens, his Chippewa Indian guide, which appears in Wallace's book in which he relates his adventures.

And here sat the selfsame Pete, 24 years older and with the marks of those years showing plainly on his weather-beaten face, but retaining the ear-to-ear grin and good humor that had so endeared him to his companions on that now famous adventure.

It was in the beautiful little village of Grand Portage, Minn., where Pete is now living, that I had the good fortune to meet him, by chance, last June.

I was sitting in the living room of Pete Gagnon, French-Canadian storekeeper, whose home was also the only hotel in that hamlet on Lake Superior. Carl Barth, of Milwaukee, my pal on a gypsy tour we were taking into Minnesota and Canada, was somewhere on the eight and one-half mile trail over a "little hill" 1,000 feet high and I was anxiously awaiting his arrival as it was rapidly becoming dark and I was not so sure he would not get lost in the forest.

A polite knock on the door informed me Carl had arrived, for no one but an outsider, unacquainted with the custom of the village, would knock. The Indians calmly walked in without knocking, gave those inside a brief, disinterested look, if they gazed at them at all, and took a chair.

A tall, spare Indian, who rarely spoke, but whose face often took on a friendly grin when addressed, looked up in amazement when he learned Carl had made his way over the tedious trail in less than two hours—with a thirty pound pack on his back.

The talk drifted to packing and trails, and this bashful Indian casually spoke of some of the 50 and 75 mile treks he had made in Labrador. I visualized a map of North America with Labrador about 1,000 miles off, looked at Stevens—who this silent redman happened to be—and wondered how this Minnesota Indian ever got into that country.

Walker, an adventurer of extensive travel, who had finally settled down in Grand Portage, began talking to Stevens, and then I learned of his part in exploring "The Long Labrador Trail" and the adjoining bush.

Wallace wrote of Stevens, "when I first met him in New York he looked so youthful (he was 20 then) and had so little confidence in himself that I felt a keen sense of disappointment in him."

And the bashfulness, the seeming immaturity that disappointed Wallace was with him still, though now a man of 44. Walker would occasionally draw a few remarks from him; the greater part of the evening Pete just sat there, grinning amiably. Not having read Wallace's book, I was at a disadvantage in the role of interviewer, and to questions that I thought might be pertinent, Pete gave only short, stilted answers.

But before I tell you more about him, let me quote Wallace, as he writes about Stevens as they began their expedition, "nothing ever escaped his ear or eye. He had the trained senses and instincts of the Indian hunter. He was quite a different individual from the green Indian youth whom I had first seen walking timidly beside the railway conductor at the Grand Central station in New York. With every stage of our journey he developed and was now in his element."

Not once did Pete attempt to claim for himself any credit for his part in making a success of the expedition that succeeded after another, by Wallace and Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., had failed, and had resulted in Hubbard's death from starvation.

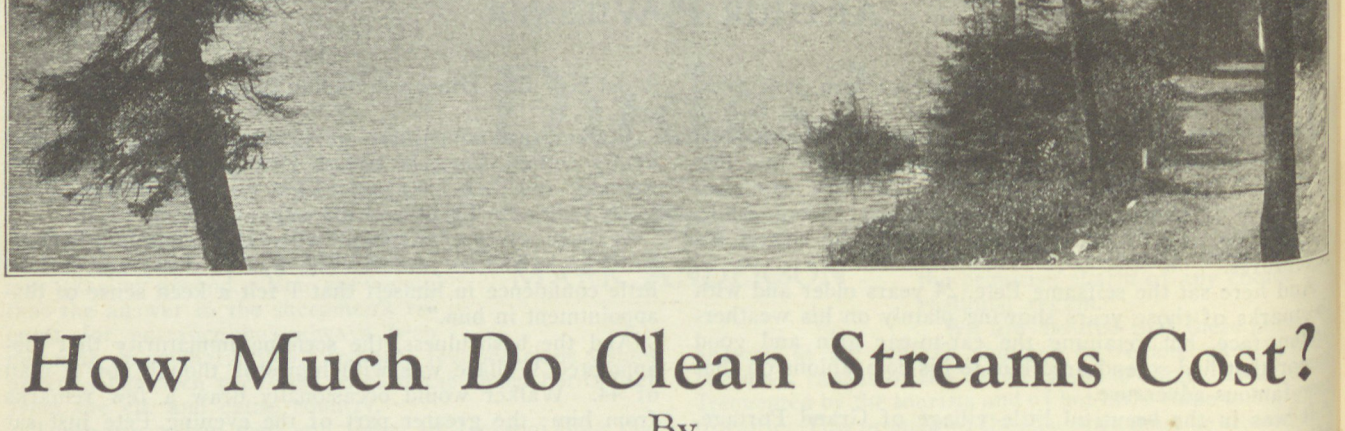
I felt sorry for this tall Indian as I looked at him sitting there, his shoulders stooped and his hands crossed in his lap. Everyone had profited more than he from that trek into the wilderness, yet no one, with the exception of Wallace himself, had done more to make it a success. Wallace had achieved a certain degree of fame and his companions

(Continued on page 35)

THIS bashful Indian spoke casually of some of the 50 and 75 mile treks he had made in Labrador. Nothing ever escaped his ear or eye. He had the trained senses and instincts of the Indian hunter.

"Pete, standing by the prostrate caribou, was grinning from ear to ear."

Is any price too high for pure, clear water like this?



How Much Do Clean Streams Cost?

By

WILLIAM D. HATFIELD

HELLO, Fellow Waltonians! I have been away a long time and it is good to be back in OUTDOOR AMERICA again. Why have I been away so long? Because, instead of telling you how it should be done, I have been out doing it. By that I mean that I have been helping in the construction and operation of a sewage plant which within the last twelve to eighteen months has turned a putrid, stinking river into a clear limpid stream already well inhabited by fish native to this section of the country, (catfish, carp, buffalo, sunfish, crappie, perch, an occasional small mouth bass, golden shiner, chubs and minnows). This reclamation of the Sangamon River below Decatur, Illinois, will be told in a separate article at a later date. In this issue I have been asked to write an article on the cost of sewage treatment.

When a consulting engineer is asked to study the problem and submit an estimate of the cost for sewage treatment his report in all probability will stagger the average citizen because it will be expressed in hundreds of thousands, or probably even in millions, of dollars. This figure is often liable to be frightening because we think it is a lot of money. Let us look into the figures a little closer! Let us try to see what the cost might be to the individual taxpayer rather than the "staggering total."

To begin with, the cost of sewage treatment will vary in different cities, depending upon the amount of treatment needed, the length of intercepting sewers needed, and whether the sewage will flow to the treatment plant by gravity or have to be pumped. We can, however, get some conception of the cost by studying the costs to other cities.

In an article "Illinois Sanitary District Developments" by Mr. S. A. Greeley (Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers, Vol. 91, December, 1927, pages 441-458) a table is given showing the cost of sewage treatment plants (excluding interceptors) to be from about $9.00 to $12.00 per capita with the exception of one plant in a very exclusive city suburb which cost $17.00 per capita.

I have no data on the cost of interceptors except at Decatur where the interceptors cost about the same as the sewage treatment plant, making the total cost about $20.00 per capita. This total figure will probably be a maximum since the original Decatur plant design contemplated some provisions for strong industrial wastes in addition to the normal city population.

Now figure out for yourself how much you would pay per year on a $20.00 investment in ten-year city bonds at four or five per cent interest. *You will find your complete sewage treatment costing $2.00 or $3.00 per capita a year for ten years.*

Now for some other cost figures taken from plants over the United States. These figures were calculated by Alvord, Burdick and Hansen in a report to the War Department in 1925, during the Chicago Water Diversion Controversy. The figures show that for complete treatment (Atlanta, Baltimore, Columbus, Fitchburg, Lexington, Lincoln, Urbana and Marion) the average treatment plant construction costs were $9.60 per capita for settling tanks and sprinkling filters, and from $7.00 to $14.00 per capita for aeration treatment with activated sludge (as at Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Houston, etc.).

These figures check very closely with those of Mr. Greeley's for construction costs in Illinois. Think of it, $2.00 to $3.00 per capita per year as a maximum!

"But," you will say, "these plants must be maintained and operated. What is the per capita cost of operation?"

The operating costs on nine complete plants throughout the United States varies from eleven cents to fifty-five cents per capita per year. (The cost of from one to five rolls of cheap toilet paper.) *Just think that over.*

Let us summarize, using the maximum figures, $3.00 a year for construction costs added to fifty-five cents a year for operation, and we get the large sum of $3.55 per year. For what? *Clean streams, health, happiness and self-respect.* It is dirt cheap at that.

How can this money be raised?

In most cases a bond issue is necessary, either by the city itself or, as in Illinois, by a separate taxing unit, the Sanitary District, made up of a number of contiguous communities. The bonds and operating expenses are usually paid for through taxes on property. However, in the last few years a still more equitable charge has been legalized in many states. This charge is based on the amount of city water you use, which water practically all enters the sewers. Your water bill is increased sufficiently to cover the cost of sewage treatment.

At Dayton, Ohio, this method has been adopted and the average householder will pay $4.00 per year since he does not exceed the minimum charge of $1.00 per quarter for three thousand cubic feet of water. Those using larger quantities will pay more.

This illustration is probably better than the per capita figure given above, and is easier to visualize. Roughly speaking, the sewage treatment costs at Dayton will increase the average water bill about twenty-five per cent. ($4.00 per quarter for water and $5.00 per quarter for water and sewage.)

We buy meat and groceries and pay to have the garbage hauled away. Is it not reasonable that we should also pay for cleaning up the pure city water which we have polluted in our own homes?

Keep these figures in your mind—$3.00 to $4.00 a year, or twenty-five to thirty-cents a month.

IS IT WORTH IT????????

EDITORIAL

Women—Protest!

DURING these months when sunny days in the open send our vacationists home brown, happy and strong, how forcefully is impressed on us the necessity for outdoor recreation.

In any outdoor vacation, some lake, some river, some bit of water, fresh or salt, figures prominently. Even as the life of all the spheres and of all humankind depends on clear waters so does a successful vacation in the outdoors depend on the beauty and the cleanliness of the nearby waters.

Nothing in all the world is so beautiful and so healthful as fresh running waters and nothing is so hideous and so menacing to health as polluted waters.

It is a blot on America's escutcheon that there should be an acre of polluted water in the length and breadth of our land. It is a proof of our apathy, our general attitude of "Oh well, what's the use—let George do it."

Thousands of people will live more or less contentedly beside a river that actually stinks. With little protest they see their children swim in filth.

Women whose homes are models of exquisite cleanliness, endure with an incredible patience a stench and dirtiness outside their homes for which the civic guardians of the community should be held responsible.

If each individual in a community so afflicted realized their power, they would band together and demand in undeniable tones, their right to clean water; *and they would get it.*

Aroused public opinion has the strength of a revolution and a revolution with so righteous an aim as the attaining of clear, clean waters cannot fail.

One of the most important labors of the Izaak Walton League is the cleansing of polluted waters. Many, many instances of successful efforts of the League's local chapters in this direction could be cited. It is hard work, it means constant effort to compel industrial and municipal attention to the evil of pollution. It means the education and stimulation of public opinion that men and women may realize the immensity of the problem, the lack of any necessity for continuing to endure the evil and the absolute possibility of its abatement.

Women's clubs and every individual woman in America can help. It is the women who hold closest in their hearts the welfare of their children. It is the women who are the natural guardians of the beauty and cleanliness of the earth.

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

Use or Abuse?

THE vacation season is at its height. Millions of automobiles crowd our highways taking the tourist, the vacationist, the picnicker to some secluded spot to see and enjoy new vistas, new modes of living, new pleasures—something different from the work-a-day world.

The more crowded our highways become, the more our people will seek enjoyment by using our streams and lakes for water travel. The advent of the gasoline motor has changed everything. Instead of the paddle and canoe of the Indian, his white brothers use the fast outboard motor and the speedy motorboat.

Boating is a delightful pastime as well as a quick, comparatively easy and always clean mode of transportation; it rightfully is becoming decidedly popular. It should be encouraged.

But in boating, as in autoing, good judgment and due regard for other users of the same highways of travel must be strictly observed. "Ethics on the Water" are just as important as anywhere else. Most users of motor boats use judgment and discretion, but a small percentage of them are just as bold, daring, and deadly as is the speed fiend on our streets and highways.

* * *

In the last issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA the Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League in a special item called attention to the growing menace of a few selfish motorboat users. The ink was scarcely dry on the paper of that issue when right in the harbor of America's second largest city a tragedy, entirely due to carelessness, a speed boat collision, sent two lives into eternity, and the loss of others was averted only by providential good luck.

Residents along Lake Michigan began an organized drive to secure adequate protection against such rank carelessness and the needless use of noisy motors during all hours of the day and night. The City of Chicago was prevailed upon to detail a special fast police boat to the task of stopping these abuses—an added but necessary tax burden upon the people of the City because a few selfish individuals disregarded all rules of conduct and decency.

Why should the users of motors either on the streets, on the waters or in the air be permitted to jeopardize the lives of their fellowmen by hair-raising speed-crazy stunts?

Are we willing to permit abuse? Or will we insist upon safe and sane use and enjoyment for all?

OUR SECRET AMBITION

SEE SOME FELLOWS WITH A CATCH LIKE THIS —
ASK 'EM IF THAT FIRST DOZEN WERE FRIED CRISP ENOUGH BILL
COME ON NOW YOU FELLAS HAVE GOT EIGHT MORE OF THOSE FISH T' EAT— —AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
AND MAKE EM EAT EVERY ONE OF 'EM.
-GAR WILLIAMS-

Courtesy of The Chicago Tribune

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

New Forest Idea

PUBLIC-OWNED forests are now recognized everywhere as good investments. The big difficulty has been to secure ample finances to launch a big purchase and planting program. In many instances fire prevention has been far more important than planting.

Only a few large owners of cutover lands really practice forestry. Most of them cut the timber and abandon the lands. The biggest obstacle has been the tax problem. The severance tax plan, under which the tax on the land is held constant during the growing period and a special tax is levied when the crop is harvested, has encouraged large private forest ownership and management in a few states.

Forests Protect Streams

EVEN though not acknowledged by the engineers in charge of flood control programs, forests do help to regulate and equalize the flow of streams. "I have seen fine trout streams completely dried up," says a New York correspondent, "and other bodies of water much reduced following the cutting off of the forests because there is no cover to hold back the spring and fall rains."

This checks with the experience of a Louisiana man who reports that a certain spring thirty years ago was the main dependence of many families. During the period 1898-1905 the timber was cut clean, and within a short time the spring was of little service and went dry periodically. In 1910 reforestation was started, and by 1915 the lands were covered with a stand of young trees. Since then the spring has come back and it furnishes more and better water than ever, and never fails.

New York Tackles Its Problem

NO state has expended funds so liberally for forests and parks as has New York, but the general forest program has really just started. New York owns 2,107,328 acres of forests, 140,000 acres of parks, and 175,000 acres of municipal and county forests and parks. New York has been distributing about 25,000,000 trees annually for planting purposes. Eight chapters of the Izaak Walton League planted from one to fifteen thousand trees each last spring, and other organizations did likewise.

But "1929 will be looked upon as a notable landmark in the progress of forestry in New York," says Prof. Nelson C. Brown of Syracuse, Vice President of the Izaak Walton League of America, and a member of the New York Reforestation Commission, which is headed by Senator Charles Hewitt, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Professor Brown reports that the three fundamental reasons for the enlargement of the reforestation program in the Empire State are:

(1) Putting four to five million acres of abandoned farm lands to work, and utilizing the 272,000 acres being abandoned annually.

(2) Rehabilitating the lumber industry and saving much of the $40,000,000 paid annually for freight.

(3) Bring back the industrial prosperity of the state by growing timber to furnish raw materials.

County Forests Encouraged

PROFESSOR BROWN further reports that Senator Hewitt introduced a bond issue proposal in 1927 to bond the state for $100,000,000 to be expended at the rate of $5,000,000 annually to plant up idle lands, that this bill failed and was reintroduced in the session of 1928, but that because of other bonded indebtedness it was deemed wise to first create a commission to study the whole problem. As a result of that Commission's deliberations, and the support of conservation forces generally, the 1929 legislature enacted two new forest laws:

(a) Appropriating $120,000 to buy tracts of 500 acres or more for public forests, and $20,000 for more nursery equipment.

(b) Authorizing state aid up to $5,000 annually to counties which provide a like amount for the purchase and planting of idle lands under the supervision of the Conservation Department.

New York hopes to increase her nursery production to fifty, and probably one hundred million trees annually. *Encouraging counties to take up forestry is an innovation that is destined to become mighty popular.* It will give them a chance to meet the idle and marginal land problem, and to set a worthy example to private landowners.

Joint Convention

THE joint Annual Convention of the American Fisheries Society and the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners will be held at the Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., September 9 to 13 inclusive.

This will be the fifty-ninth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society and the twenty-third annual convention of the International Association. The first three days of the convention will be taken up with sessions of the Fisheries Society and the remaining two days with the problems confronting the conservation officials.

President C. F. Culler of the Fisheries Society and President David H. Madsen of the International Association both announce very interesting programs, and a large gathering of officials and scientists from all parts of the United States and Canada has been assured. The discussions will cover the entire field of fish culture, fish protection, game protection, bird protection and conservation administration.

In addition to the business sessions, local conservation officials and their friends are planning a special entertainment program. Following the convention, a trip through the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge, the first major accomplishment of the Izaak Walton League, has been tentatively arranged through the courtesy of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, the U. S. Biological Survey, and Dr. Wm. J. Mayo of Rochester, Minn.

Do You Know:

1. New York's new forest idea?
2. Mississippi is coming to front?
3. Rabbit disease bluffed hunters?
4. Fish screen studies progressing?
5. Fire control pays?

See stories below.

Mississippi Awakening

FORTY-SEVEN states have one more state conservation departme Some of them have one central departme handling game, fish, forest and park a tivities. Others have several departme in charge of one or more of these pha of conservation.

The results obtained vary greatly, the modern practice in setting up cons vation departments is to coordinate all these activities in one well-planned dep ment, thereby saving much lost motion duplication. The game and fish work invariably financed by license fees; forest and park activities are usually nanced by state appropriation.

The progress made in every case pends largely upon continuity of poli whether trained, aggressive leaders he the work; the extent to which politics tate the personnel and policies; and organized public and financial support hind the work.

Mississippi's System Chaotic

MISSISSIPPI has a forest service w statewide powers, but it is ina quately financed. When it comes to ga and fish work, Mississippi is "the one bl sheep" in the flock. That is the only st with the old archaic, dissociated cou system of handling this important ph of conservation.

Every county in Mississippi looks a its own game and fish problems. So counties function efficiently; others doing little but collect the license fees. statewide coordinated effort of any kind made, and nothing in the way of edu tional programs, law enforcement, hatcheries, game farms and other cen activities are possible.

Laws Openly Violated

WHAT is the result? Quail are m keted openly by the thousands practically every city and hamlet prior and during and after the long open seas There is no need for sneaking about bo legging a few here and there.

Fish laws mean nothing. One man cently told me that he saw a negro wom using a lard can full of three-inch bl bass to bait an outline for big catfish. B are netted and shipped to the market the ton. Nobody but a true-blue sport man pays any serious attention to the la No state faces a worse situation.

in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Conservation laws have been materially improved by many states this year. The next issue of *Outdoor America* will contain a résumé of the important changes.

Now Pulling Together

MISSISSIPPIANS appreciate their plight and are beginning to pull together. Officials in neighboring states are giving Mississippi all the help they can.

The Mississippi Association for the Conservation of Wild-Life has been making fine progress during the past two years, and the educational campaign against forest fires being waged by the American Forestry Association is producing excellent results. But the most hopeful sign of all is a recent meeting in Jackson when many state leaders joined hands in the discussion of Mississippi's conservation problems.

Members of the Izaak Walton League in Mississippi participated in the conferences, and while at Jackson they organized a Mississippi Association of Walton League Chapters, headed by W. R. Kirby of Tunica and J. D. Lundy of Belzoni as President and Secretary respectively. They are inaugurating an intensive statewide organization drive. The Waltonians appointed a committee to work with other organizations. Mississippians are determined to shake off their present unenviable reputation, and with proper teamwork they will soon accomplish their aims.

Fire Control

THIRTY-EIGHT states will receive allotments of Federal money from the federal government during the current year to assist them in the protection of forests from fire.

The total amount of federal funds available for cooperative forest fire protection for the year starting July 1 is $1,400,000—an increase of $200,000 over the appropriation of the preceding year.

Cooperation with the States in fire prevention is handled by the U. S. Forest Service under the Clarke-McNary law of 1924, the work being done under the supervision of the several state forest departments under plans developed by them in cooperation with field inspectors of the federal government.

Costs Met by Three-Way Division

COSTS of the work are met by a three-way division, the federal government, the states and the private landowners. Under the law the states must spend at least as much as the federal government. The total expenditures by states and private landowners reported by the thirty-eight cooperating states for the year 1928 was $2,700,000.

The area of land which was covered by some form of organized protection during 1928 was 237,292,650 acres out of a total of 426,147,700 acres which should be protected.

These facts amply support the contention of Congressman Englebright of California that *the federal government should spend at least $4,000,000 annually in the prevention of forest fires.* In 1927 we burned up $33,000,000 worth of timber, and spent about $2,000,000 to fight fires, so why not spend enough to really control fires?

The Englebright bill is a worthy measure and should be enacted just as quickly as possible.

Fish Screens

THE destruction of young as well as adult salmon and trout by passing through irrigation ditches and onto the farms has been terrific in practically every western state. States have stocked fish by the hundreds of thousands, or probably millions—but many millions have been destroyed by unscreened irrigation ditches. Government ditches have often been the very worst offenders.

As the result of a movement inaugurated by the Yakima (Washington) Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, then taken up and pushed aggressively by other western agencies and supported throughout by the National organization of the League, the Seventieth Congress appropriated $25,000 for a special irrigation ditch screen and fishway study.

Capable Engineers Employed

ANGLERS as well as commercial fishermen were much encouraged when the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries announced the appointment of Mr. Shirley Baker, a well known consulting engineer of San Francisco, to conduct the investigation. Mr. Baker named Mr. U. S. Gilroy, a civil engineer, to assist him.

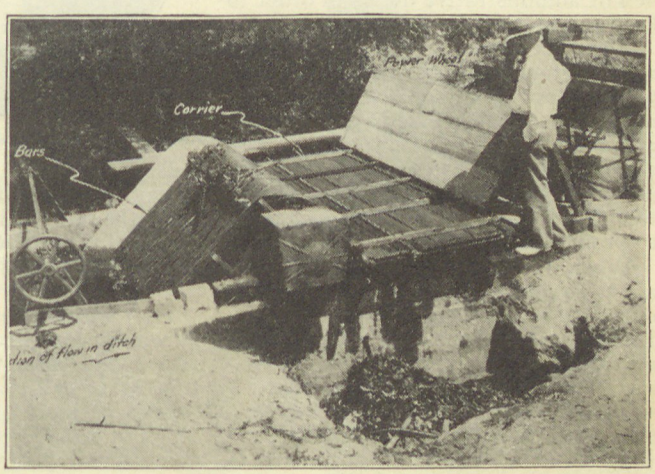
These engineers have been studying all types of fish screens and fishways and have been making field investigations and experiments. It has been found that screens and fishways which work under certain conditions do not always produce satisfactory results under others; that electrical and self-cleaning screens are in many respects more desirable than those which require manual cleaning, but that the cost involved in installing electrical or suitable self-cleaning screens, especially in smaller ditches, is sometimes a burden. The engineers have decided that much depends upon both the type and efficiency of the installation, and especially upon regular inspection and maintenance.

States Have Made Progress

SEVERAL of the western states have made excellent progress along these lines, and their experience has been of very material aid to the engineers.

California is one of the states which has made outstanding progress in handling the fish screen problem, but the officials there have found that no one type of screen meets all conditions. Below is given a cut of a type of self-cleaning screen recently developed by Messrs. Francis Cuttle and C. F. Brookhart of Riverside, California, which the designers claim to be efficient under a large variety of conditions, especially where the ditches are not too deep.

The motive power is derived from a current water wheel. The mechanism is geared to remove floating debris of all kinds. Further information on this subject will gladly be furnished.



A new type of self-cleaning fish screen.

Scared Out

THE "rabbit disease" scare which was given such wide publicity last fall had its beneficial as well as its detrimental effects. The widespread publicity kept thousands of hunters at home who ordinarily delight in pursuing Br'er Rabbit.

In states where the bunnies had been thinned out too much from intensive hunting the effect was beneficial, but it reduced the operating revenue of the game departments. In other states the surplus breeders produced such an enormous crop of young that gardens and truck patches have suffered serious depredations.

Indiana reports that license receipts last fall fell off approximately $25,000 because of the rabbit disease scare, which means that 25,000 Hoosiers were bluffed out by less than a dozen cases of the "rabbit disease" discovered in the state, even though the chances of contracting the "tularemia bug" were mighty remote.

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Izaak Walton League of America

National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.

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Our League Enlists National Leader

By

DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD
National President, Izaak Walton League of America

THE Izaak Walton League and its high principles of protecting and perpetuating the natural resources of our country attracts public-spirited men like a magnet. It not only attracts them, but it enlists and holds them for active service.

True it is that no one will ever fill the exact niche left by Will Dilg, Charles Folds, George Selover, Judge Jacob Dickinson, James Heyworth and Fred Doellner. They each filled a distinct place in the organization unique unto themselves. The work each did for the League is a permanent contribution to the welfare of our country.

But someone must take up the burden where each of these leaders left off. Their high standards of service make us set our goals of attainment to match the sterling qualities and accomplishments of our fallen comrades. That is why the Izaak Walton League is constantly growing in strength and in power.

* * * * *

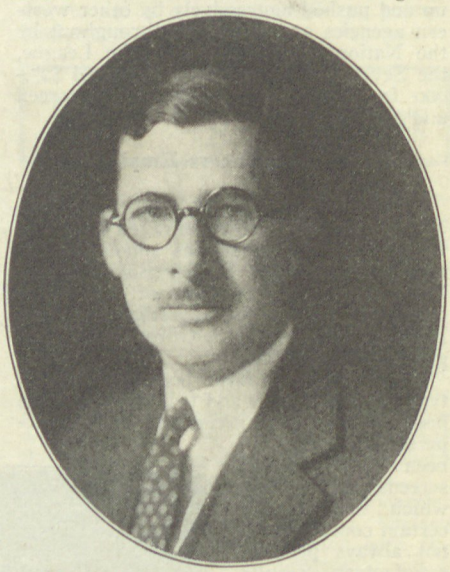
For the past two months our Conservation Director, Seth E. Gordon, has unselfishly turned aside from his chosen field of conservation, the very foundation of the movement, to carry the burden of administrative duties in order to keep the machinery running.

The Executive Board recognizes with profound gratitude his successful performance of this difficult task. But it was not his desire to divert his energies from his chosen field, and the Executive Board, appreciating the supreme importance of that field, undertook to relieve him of the dual burden as promptly as possible.

When the Executive Board looked about to locate a suitable successor to our former energetic leader, Fred H. Doellner, it had three things in mind; namely, a trained executive of recognized ability, a man with national vision, and a man with successful experience in public welfare leadership.

The Board was most fortunate to find all three of these qualities in Mr. M. K. Reckord, the new General Manager, who took charge of the League's affairs on July 15. The officers of the League bespeak for him the same hearty coöperation and support which every member of the organization so generously gave Fred Doellner.

Mr. Reckord is in the prime of life and has an admirable background for our work. He is a native of Baltimore, a graduate of the Law School of the University of Maryland, and has had an invaluable national training in



M. K. Reckord, League's New Manager.

public relations and public welfare work. He came to the League direct from the National Staff of the American Red Cross, with which organization he has served during the past nine years.

His position on the Staff of the American Red Cross was National Director of Disaster Relief Field Operations. He had charge of the relief activities of most of the great catastrophies of the United States during the past several years, the most recent of which was the huge relief task in the Virgin Islands and Porto Rico following the devastating hurricane of September, 1928. In those operations Mr. Reckord was responsible for the expenditure of relief funds of many millions of dollars in administering effective relief programs. Lives of thousands of persons have been saved because of the masterful manner in which these programs were organized.

When Mr. Reckord became associated with the American Red Cross early in 1920 his first assignment was director of activities in the West Indies Islands, where he had many thrilling experiences. Later he was Director of the First Aid and Life Saving Service of the Red Cross, and assisted in promoting that organization's program of first aid, water safety, swimming, canoeing and allied subjects.

* * * * *

Prior to becoming affiliated with the Red Cross, Mr. Reckord was in charge of the Public Relations Department at one of the largest plants of the Bethlehem Steel Company, where he obtained a valuable training.

He is a lover of the outdoors, is interested in outdoor sports, and is a devotee of aeronautics. He has always been interested in the work of the Izaak Walton League and is a strong believer in its principles.

Mr. Reckord was attracted to this position solely because he saw an opportunity to render a distinct service, and with the hearty support of every Waltonian he will make a permanent contribution to the future of the League.

No one can emphasize too often or too earnestly the fact that however efficient our National Headquarters Staff may be, we as National Officers, state officers, chapter officers and members must each in his and her place carry our full share of the burden. Let us each firmly resolve to assume and discharge the responsibility which rests equally upon each one. Our united efforts will achieve results greater than our fondest dreams.

Waltonians of East Unite to Co-ordinate Activities and Secure Uniform Legislation

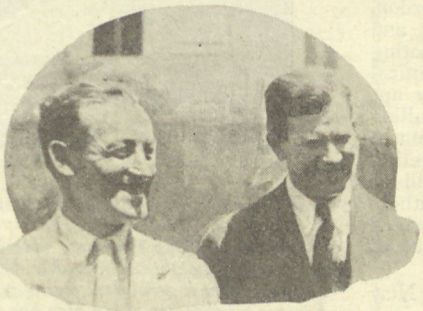
By EDGAR S. BRADLEY
Extension Director, Izaak Walton League of America

At left—M. B. Mount, of Lynchburg, Va., Acting State Secretary of I.W.L.A., for Virginia, with his Junior Waltonian and their two favorite dogs. Mr. Mount has done strenuous work for Waltonism in his State. Inset—H. B. Renner, Secretary of the Norfolk, Va., Chapter, who aided in forming the plans for the inter-state program mentioned in article herewith.

GOVERNOR HENRY F. BYRD
of Virginia, who attended the Waltonian Conference and Banquet at Gordonsville.

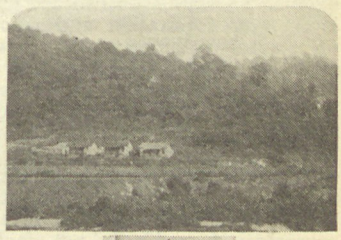
A MOVEMENT that has gained startling momentum and may be the foundation of identical conservation legislation in all of the States of the Union, was inaugurated at Gordonsville, Va., July 12. That date had been set by the Gordonsville Chapter of the Izaak Walton League for a banquet to be tendered to Major A. Willis Robertson, Chairman of the Virginia Game and Inland Fisheries Commission and his colleagues on the Commission. The banquet was planned in recognition of the splendid services Major Robertson has rendered to the Waltonians of Virginia, as well as to the national organization. Governor Henry E. Byrd of Virginia, was an invited guest and spoke strikingly of the benefits of conservation and the necessity for protection and propagation of the wild life of the country, as well as conservation of the country's natural resources.

Simultaneously with this meeting a business meeting of officers and members of Chapters of the League in Virginia was held, in pursuance to a call issued from



At left—Max Fleischer, Gordonsville, Va., President of the Gordonsville Chapter and a prime factor in the inter-state movement for co-ordination of Waltonian Activities and Conservation Legislation. At right—Major A. Willis Robertson, Chairman of the Virginia Game & Inland Fisheries Commission, a leading Southern Conservationist who has done much for The Izaak Walton League in his State.

Here is a group of snapshots, in the column on the right, taken from a rapidly moving train passing through northern Virginia, which show typically, how the wonderful natural resources of that state have been invaded by growing industrialism. No. 1 shows a small mine which dumps its refuse on the edge of a remarkably beautiful stream, the waste being washed into the stream at every rain, or high water period. No. 2 shows another magnificent river flowing through a wilderness disturbed only by the railroad tracks. No. 3 shows a wonderfully scenic view with clouds settled far down on the mountain sides—both sides of the railroad being dense wilderness and an almost unparalleled natural haunt for game. No. 4 shows one of the many pleasant valleys surrounded by thickly wooded mountains said to be fairly well stocked with a variety of game. No. 5 shows the railroad cutting through another wilderness. No. 6 showing the opposite side of the track. Nos. 7 and 8 are views of the main street of Waynesburg, Pa., where the Pennsylvania State Division will hold its annual convention, September 9-10, which will be attended by delegates from Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and New Jersey, with a view to bringing about co-ordinated activities and identical legislation on conservation matters in seven states.



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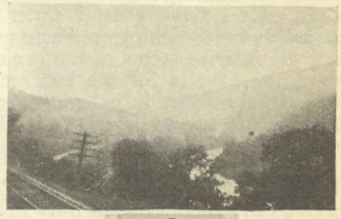

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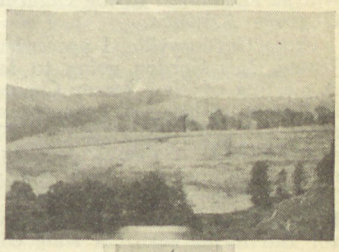

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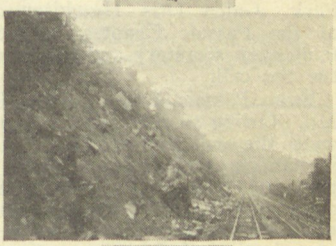

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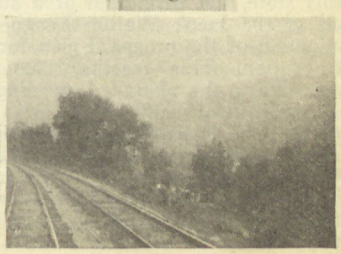

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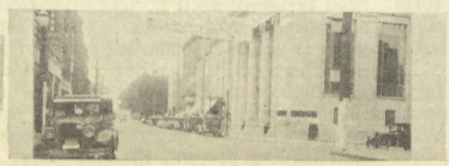

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National Headquarters. The call was for the purpose of planning the organization of a State Council of Chapters of Virginia, inasmuch as the state is not yet in a situation to warrant the establishment of a regular State Division. A further purpose of the call was to propose that Virginia offer to enter into a combination with the neighboring states of West Virginia, Maryland and New Jersey, and, if possible, with Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, for executing plans to bring about conservation legislation of all classes in identical form in these states and co-ordination in all organization and conservation movements of the League.

This plan comprehends a comparison of existing legislation on fish and game regulation; on forestation and reforestation; on stream pollution; on formation and operation of conservation and fish and game departments of the respective states and upon all other conservation subjects. Then it is proposed to inaugurate campaigns to bring these statutes into uniform character so that all the laws relating to conservation activities will be identical so far as possible. Naturally, some of the states have conservation problems not facing other states in this group. For example, the coast states have coastal water pollution and salt water fishing problems not affecting the interior states of the group. However, the plan is for the interior states to add their support in bringing about modification of existing laws, or new legislation desired by the coastal states, which in turn will add their influence in improving the laws on the interior states of the group, as well as in bringing uniformity in such laws as do affect all of the states.

At the Gordonsville, Va., meeting, the plans were presented by Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director for the League, and myself. The plans both for co-ordinating League activities and for seeking identical legislation, were received with hearty approval. The meeting decided upon calling a state meeting to organize a state council to act as an advisory body. This meeting was called for August 8, to be held at Lynchburg, Va. M. B. Mount was authorized to call the meeting, results of which will be announced in the October issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

From Gordonsville, I proceeded to New Jersey, Mr. Gordon going to Mississippi. A meeting of New Jersey Chapter officers had been called for purposes similar to those presented in Virginia. This meeting was held at Passaic July 14. It was equally enthusiastic over the proposals. The meeting was unanimous in adopting both plans. A state meeting was called for the formation of a state council, the date being August 17 and the place Asbury Park. Galen Otis Hutchison, secretary of the Passaic Chapter, was chosen as temporary secretary and authorized to issue the call.

From Passaic, I proceeded to Baltimore, Md. Owing to conditions existing in that state the call for the meeting included invitations to officers of various conservation and wild life organizations as well as to Waltonians. The purpose was to unite all forces on plans for a complete organization of the conservation forces of this state, the formation of a state council of the Izaak Walton League and the adoption of the proposed plan for uniform legislation. This meeting also was responsive to the plans. A meeting to form a state council of the League was arranged to be held at Frederick, August 21. Arrangements are in charge of E. Lee Le Compte, State Game Warden for Maryland, and Harry A. Jackson, President of the Baltimore Chapter of the Izaak Walton League.

Who Is the Biggest Waltonian?

"Li'l Arthur" Woodman Claims Title

What Waltonian, if any, can claim title to being a "bigger" Waltonian than "Li'l Arthur" Woodman of Palm Beach, Fla.? "Li'l Arthur" weighs in, as he calls it, "a quarter of a ton and two bits" (525 pounds). He is only six feet, eight inches in height and thinks he may attain a fair height in time. Mr. Woodman has his boats and yachts built especially for him. He uses them a great deal, being regarded as one of the most enthusiastic of the American Riviera's fishermen. He also has his automobiles built to match his size. Mr. Woodman, an active Waltonian, has been a resident of Palm Beach seventeen years.

WYOMING CONVENTION
at Lusk, August 20-21

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CONVENTION
at Waynesburg, September 9-10

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION
at Johnstown, September 5-7

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION
at Webster, Sept. 13-14

OREGON CONVENTION
at Portland, Nov. 18-19

After the close of the Baltimore meeting, I went to Morgantown and Clarksburg, W. Va., where similar meetings had been arranged with leaders of various conservation organizations. As West Virginia is yet in a formative stage of League organization, it was not possible at that meeting to arrange for a state council meeting. However, the plans proposed were so highly approved by the conservation leaders present, that an active movement was started to organize Chapters of the Izaak Walton League in West Virginia immediately, and from them organize a state council to act upon the two plans of co-ordination of activities and for identical legislation in the group of states covered in the plan. Although not one of the persons attending this meeting was then a Waltonian, the sincerity of those attending was shown by the fact that within six days a petition for a charter for a Chapter at Clarksburg was received at National Headquarters and word has been received from Morgantown that two and possibly three more petitions would be in within the next few days. Then a state meeting will be called for organizing a state council and adopting the double plan for League activities.

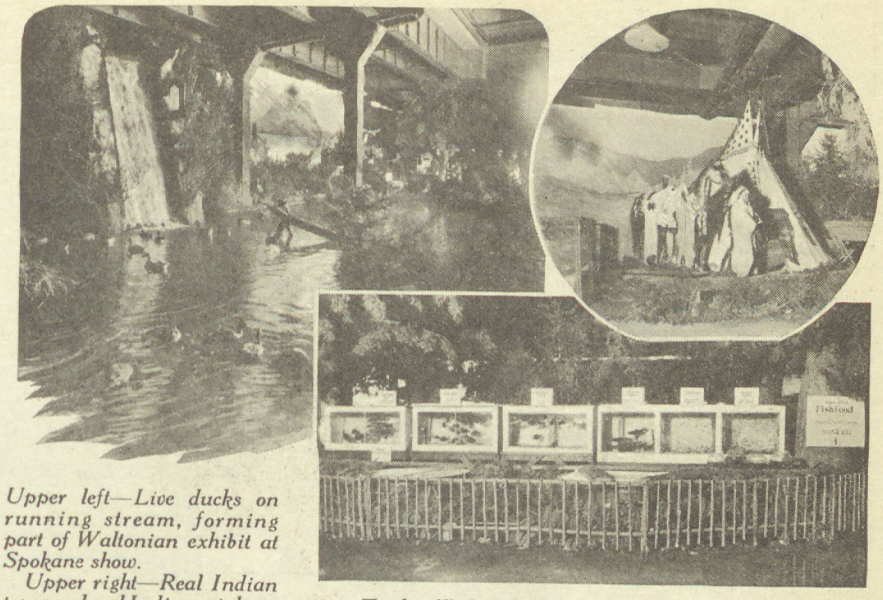
At all of the four meetings action was taken to provide for the sending of two delegates from each of the four states to the Pennsylvania State Division convention to be held at Waynesburg, Pa., September 9 and 10, to enlist the Pennsylvanians in the combination movement. Invitations were extended to Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York from National Headquarters to name two delegates to the interstate conference for co-ordinated activities. These invitations have been accepted.

They Tempt and Teach

By

THOMAS A. E. LALLY

President, Spokane Chapter, Izaak Walton League



Upper left—Live ducks on running stream, forming part of Waltonian exhibit at Spokane show.

Upper right—Real Indian tepee and real Indians at show.

Tanks filled with live game fish of several species.

TWENTY-FIVE varieties of fish—eastern brook, rainbow and cutthroat trout, bass, mackinaw, carp. Your fingers itch for the rod, and you listen for the whirr of the reel, but they are not to be caught, although the setting is perfect.

All about are fragrant cedars, a glimmer of a stream through their branches, and the splash of a waterfall. You hear the cry of wild birds, see a movement of brown fur behind the grasses, and see what appears to be the peak of a snowcapped mountain, a lake, and the tip of an Indian tepee slotched with scarlet. Everything, but the mountain which is cleverly painted scenery, is real—the water in the made brook, the tepee, the animals. Even a beaver taking a vacation in the stream is apparently satisfied as he dreams away his time. A pair of Canadian honkers swim proudly about with their five goslings—an extremely unusual thing this pair mated in captivity—and affectionate Mandarin ducks stay close together.

Thousands of feet of cedar bark, loads of cattails, moss, and brush willows were used, and once more "all outdoors" has been transplanted—in the center of a city you find yourself, miles and miles from nowhere—in the Spokane, Wash., Sportsmen and Tourists' Show, sponsored by the Heidman chapter of the Izaak Walton League and the Spokane Chamber of Commerce.

Shows Wild Life at Best

This undertaking, based on the belief that protection and conservation of wild life and scenic beauty go hand in hand with a fine appreciation and love of the outdoors, grows more successful each year. The largest of its kind presented in the west, and the second largest similar undertaking staged anywhere in the United States, it has grown in a few years from a small event to an important fair that pays its way. Important to the city of Spokane, to the promotion of the aims of the Izaak Walton League, to the sportsmen, and above all to the wild life, the forest lands that remain to be enjoyed, but not abused.

But why not enter at the gate overhung with cedar until it resembles the entrance to a trail in the timber, and make the rounds?

Everything is staged against the outdoor background. The water flows from the falls at one end to a small lake at the opposite side of the grounds. Water fowl inhabit the entire length which is bordered with rushes, sod, and willows. Nearby the Indians are in their tepee, and not far away the pack horses in the forestry exhibit stamp and tug as if to be off.

To the right is the United States biological display weighing over a ton when packed and sent from Washington to only the outstanding fairs over the country. In this, a fine collection of owls and hawks shows the sportsman the good and bad in that family—the ones he should aim at, and the ones he should let live that the birds may destroy the rodents.

The government blister rust control bureau, contending that the forests make the sportsmen, is appropriately trying to educate the sportsmen by arousing public opinion to the need of its work. The fishermen should be especially interested, for the authorities say that the stream type bushes and trees are the most susceptible to the blister rust, and if it is not checked not many years will pass before the streams will flow through strips of barrenness where now the white pine grows along the banks.

As another move of protection, the fair committee devoted nearly an entire end of the show space to emphasize the havoc wrought by forest fires. The scene, not less real than the cedars and streams in the other part of the grounds, if certainly less beautiful. A huge painted canvas gives the effect of hills and charred woods stretching away into the distance, but in the foreground the blackened trees and stumps are real. There are ashes, there are young trees scorched and withered by heat and doomed to die, just as there are every year on many mountain sides.

Interesting Exhibits

But to return to the fish and animals, and to skip the commercial exhibits, well staged as they are and showing rods and reels,,beds and boats, guns, tents and all that goes with camping.

The twenty-five varieties of larger fish mentioned before swim about in 490 cubic feet of glass and metal aquariums, and in addition 25,000 steelheads were hatched during the week, and in open tanks shown in various stages of growth. An authority was at hand to tell the fisherman the habits and preferred diet of each fish on display, to point out the bait and methods that would help improve his catch.

In contrast to the darting fish, were sleeping, coiled, and well-caged snakes. These were rattlers and bull snakes, displayed to educate the tourist and sports seeker as to what he should avoid and what would not harm him.

Platform

1. Reforestation and forest extension.
2. Elimination of pollution from all waters.
3. Restoration of unwisely drained areas.
4. More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.
5. More fish hatcheries and game farms.
6. Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.
7. Opposition to sale of game and game fish.
8. Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.
9. Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.
10. Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.
11. True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.
12. Nature study and conservation in all schools.
13. Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.
14. Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.

Game birds, golden pheasants, Reeves, Amherst, Mongolians, ring necks, silver lace; also Hungarian pheasants, valley and mountain quail, golden eagles, horned owls, magpies, all were enough to tempt anyone with a flare for hunting to get out his gun and have it ready for fall.

Twelve coyote pups were at a cunning, innocent stage. Not so the cougars, two lynx, two red fox, one porcupine, a pair of badgers, one raccoon, four mink, and two varieties of skunk. There were mule and white tail deer, but five impish bear cubs ran away with the applause. Caged near the entrance these five, quarreling, clambering, constantly performing, kept about them a good share of the 75,000 who came and went during the fair.

Essay Prize Bestowed

AS announced in the August issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, Clarence E. Asher of Oklahoma City, Okla., was awarded the National prize, an ornate silver loving cup, for having produced what was judged as the best essay on outdoor life and activities entered in the national contest inaugurated a year ago by the Izaak Walton League. The young man, who is only 15 years of age, was the center of an enthusiastic celebration held at Oklahoma City, June 28, when the cup was bestowed upon him by Dr. A. C. Hirshfield, President of the Oklahoma City Chapter and Will S. Guthrie, treasurer of the Oklahoma State Division. Following is Clarence Asher's winning essay:

Will S. Guthrie, Treasurer of the Oklahoma State Division, presenting prize cup to Clarence E. Asher (at right). (In center) Dr. A. C. Hirshfield, President of the Oklahoma City Chapter.

Why My Father Should Belong to the Izaak Walton League

By Clarence E. Asher

It was just four hundred and thirty-seven years ago when a Genoese explorer set sail across the ocean, toward the setting sun. Many, many days after, he, courageous, daring, landed on the shores of an unknown island. Years came, and years went, and a new continent was found; settlers came, hardy pioneers, eager for the conquest against nature. War clouds came, passed and a new nation was born to the brotherhood of nations. Civilization marched westward, taking with her Progress, industrial and social. As frontiers vanished, hardy out-door exercise was necessary for existence. A need for recreation was born.

The Pioneers, who so many years before turned their faces westward, found that the Creator had been unusually bountiful when He had brought the new world into being. Dense forests, with their towering trees and cool shade, made homes for millions of beautiful birds and animals. The rolling plains, green and fertile, were covered with huge roving bands of buffalo. Lakes dotted the country like pools on a level plain after a rain, and great river systems cut the country from Canada to the Gulf, homes of myriads of fish.

But with the coming of civilization, the rivers were dammed, the forests were blasted and cut away, the timber on the mountains was destroyed, the lakes were drained. With the coming of the demand for recreation, rivers were depleted of their inhabitants, the prairie folk retreated before the westward march of men and the mouths of their blazing guns. The great herds of buffalo vanished, and left only piles of bleaching bones. Great migratory flocks of birds were diminished. Game in the country where game was once most plentiful was disappearing.

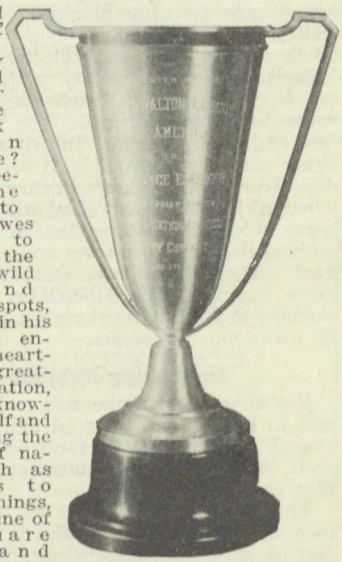
Finally, in 1922, a Chicago sportsman, Will H. Dilg, and a band of fellow sportsmen decided to unite in defense of the vanishing wild life and beauty spots of our country. So was the Chicago Chapter of the Izaak Walton League formed.

Named for the great nature lover and writer of "The Compleat Angler," a book in kin with the thoughts of the men who formed the League, this body stood for the conservation and propagation of game and fish, and the promotion of places for and interest in outdoor recreation.

So universally was the thought of conservation in the minds of nature lovers and sportsmen of the country that the organization spread quickly, until now it has a membership of over 100,000. Their magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA, has a circulation of 150,000 and contains articles, stories and illustrations of many nationally and internationally known writers and artists who donate their work to the journal.

Before the organization of the League, there were few game laws, national or state. Fish and game were rapidly disappearing. Young America would soon be unable to enjoy that heritage of outdoor recreation and beauty which was their father's privilege. But this national organization led to the passing of laws for the definite conservation of wild life of America.

Why should my father join the Izaak Walton League? First, because he owes it to me. He owes it to me to preserve the natural wild life and beauty spots, which he in his boyhood enjoyed so heartily. The greatest education, both in knowing himself and in learning the lessons of nature, such as kindliness to weaker things, the doctrine of the square deal, and sportsmanship are taught in nature's great out-of-door stadium. Lessons which he has striven to teach me can be taught more clearly in surroundings in tune with the life he wants me to lead, nature's great out-of-doors. There, too, father and son can come in closer comradeship with each other, in a fellowship or kindred feeling not experienced in everyday life.



Silver cup awarded to Clarence E. Asher.

Second, he owes it to the children of other men. Better business men, better statesmen, better men, can be made by the kindly influence of nature than the schools of civilization can ever produce. Theodore Roosevelt said that the kind of man the boy was to be was indicated by the kind of boy he was. Can better surroundings be found for laying the foundations of manhood than the ones God provided?

Third, he owes it to himself. He loves to hunt. He loves to fish. He loves to see a lofty mountain, the rolling plains, any beautiful scene. Would he have them destroyed in order that man or men may gain wealth? Would he have the game of the nation shot away, in order to gratify his immediate desire? The Izaak Walton League believes in conserving fishing and hunting, it encourages clean sport. But it is the bitter enemy of wasteful, cruel devastation of the source of natural recreation.

Therefore, my father should join in this crusade for the preservation of one of the nation's greatest resources, bountiful nature. For the saving of an out-of-doors he should cooperate with others who are engaged in this great task.

What God has so generously supplied, he should endeavor to perpetuate to the best of his ability.

PROVO GETS MORE BASS

State Aids League Chapter to Add to Its Breeding Stock

By Mark Anderson, President Provo, U., Chapter

Provo, Utah, Chapter of the Izaak Walton League is elated over obtaining the final allotment of brood bass for the Steel Plant pond. Game Warden Ike Allen brought from Boxelder County twenty-two mature large mouth black bass, all in excellent condition. This makes a total of thirty-three mature bass that have been placed in this pond within the last few months. This number is believed to be ample to fully stock the pond with fingerling bass by the close of this season.

Nearly a year ago The Columbia Steel Corporation offered this excellent body of water to the Izaak Walton League for bass rearing purposes. The carp were removed by the use of dynamite and copper sulphate. The outlet of the pond was screened and everything set in order for the proper reception of the parent bass. The cooperation of Fish and Game Commissioner Mecham was sought and his department has aided the local organization in every way possible to make a success of the bass rearing project.

Plan 2200-Acre Refuge

Establishment of a 2,200-acre game refuge district in and adjacent to the Village of Kohler, Wis., is the plan of the Kohler Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. The project, already well under way, is in line with a suggestion made by Gov. Walter J. Kohler some time ago. The tract selected includes 300 acres of land along the Sheboygan River within the village limits and approximately 1,900 acres of abutting property on the east, south and west.

In order that land within a village may be annexed to adjacent areas in the establishment of a game refuge district, trustees of Kohler village promptly passed an ordinance conforming with the requirements.

Solicitation of the signatures of owners of land in the proposed district outside of Kohler village is under direction of a committee of the local Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, headed by Harvey S. Haynes. After the signatures are obtained and the petition is forwarded to the state conservation commission at Madison, it is expected the latter will set the date for a hearing on the proposal in Kohler.

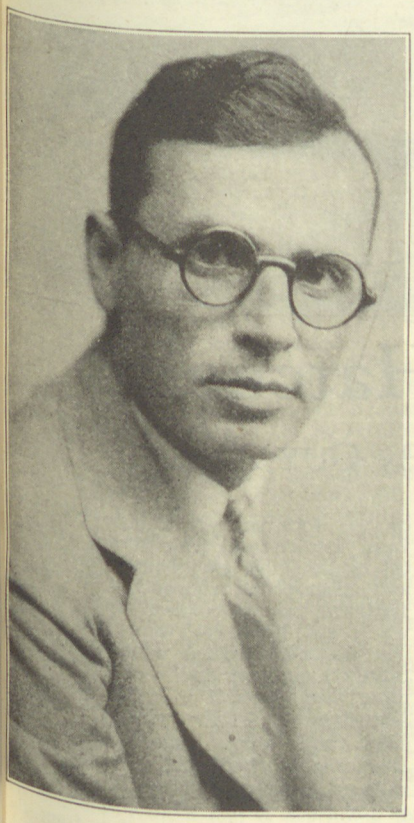
With establishment of the game refuge district, hunting would be prohibited in the area for a period of five years, stimulating the propagation of desirable bird and animal life, enabling the commission to authorize the destruction of vermin and assuring protection for persons who enjoy the woods.

STUCK IN NEW FIELD

Former Florida Field Secretary Joins Ohio Division Force

Fred C. Stuck, the new Field Secretary of The Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League, comes fresh from his labors as Secretary of the Florida Division, which position he has held for the past two years.

Fred Stuck is the founder of the largest Chapter of the League in the South, at West Palm Beach, Florida. He also established many other Chapters in that state and has spoken in virtually every town in



FRED C. STUCK

the state on The Izaak Walton League. He was associate editor of "*The Sunshine Special*," Florida's official state organ, which was started in West Palm Beach as the mouthpiece of that Chapter. His statewide and active interests in Florida will stand him in good stead in his new field as Field Secretary of the Ohio Division.

He took charge of the affairs of the Ohio Division June 6, during the Toledo Sportsman's Show, during which he met Waltonians from all over Ohio and Michigan who were guests at the show.

Taking hold of the executive reins in a division the size of Ohio is extremely difficult, but was simplified by a survey conducted by Mr. Stuck as his first official act. Every Chapter secretary in the state was mailed a two-page questionnaire which was filled out and returned to headquarters office. This analysis of the activity of each Chapter gave him a working foundation upon which he hopes to build a stronger and more efficient state organization.

During the coming months, Ohio will put forth a statewide membership drive. This drive will be handled as a "civic" drive in each community where the League functions. Each civic organization will be contacted by a speaker who will endeavor to sell the Izaak Walton League as an outdoor civic organization that will add to the health and happiness of every community.

Nebraska Works for Refuges

From left to right—L. B. Sample, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, President, I. W. L. A.; W. R. Felton, L. D. Sample. Taken on Club Grounds, Iowa Division, Federated Women's Clubs, during Nebraska State Convention at South Sioux City, Nebr.

WALTON PIONEER GONE

Walter Cerre Taylor, St. Louis Charter Member Called by Death

Waltonism has suffered a severe loss in the death, July 17, 1929, at St. Louis, Mo., of Walter Cerre Taylor, one of the pioneer Waltonians of Missouri.

Mr. Taylor was one of the charter members of the St. Louis Chapter. He also was a life member of that Chapter, a member of the board of directors, and a foremost figure in whatever enterprises of any nature the Chapter started.

Mr. Taylor was 66 years of age, a widower, his wife having been Miss Martha Kells Lowman, a niece of the late Samuel C. Cupples. He was born in St. Louis in 1866, a son of the late George R. Taylor, former President of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and one of the first Presidents of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange. His mother was the former Miss Theresa Paul. Mr. Taylor was educated at Phillips Andover Academy, St. Louis University, Georgetown College and graduated in the class of 1888 from Princeton University. He was an active member of the St. Louis Country Club, the Racquet Club, and was one of the charter members of the University club. He is survived in his immediate family by his sister, the Countess de Noue of Paris, France.

Oil Pollution Stopped

Some time ago complaint was made to the Kansas State Board of Health that oil, salt and sulphur water from the Hillsboro oil field were polluting the Cottonwood River. James L. Barron, assistant engineer of the Department, made an inspection of this field, and the conditions which were observed were made the subject of complaint to the Shell Petroleum Company and the Prairie Pipe Line Company.

These companies removed a pumping station and a number of storage tanks to a point where they could be properly protected against the escape of salt water and waste oil. The Chapters of the Izaak Walton League at Hillsboro and Florence were instrumental in bringing these conditions to the attention of the State Board of Health.

Nebraska Convention

The Nebraska Division Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America was held at the South Sioux City Chapter's clubgrounds on Crystal Lake, with an attendance of about 200, July 4, 5, and 6.

The following officers were elected:

President, Dr. S. P. Cresap, Nebraska City; First Vice President, F. A. Gordon, South Sioux City; Second Vice President Art Johnson, Falls City; Third Vice President, Hugh McCaffrey, Omaha; Fourth Vice President, F. C. Polak, David City; Fifth Vice President, I. A. Goff, Hay Springs; Sixth Vice President, W. J. Nissen, Oxford; Secretary, Mildred Malone, O'Neill; Treasurer, C. J. Hulac, Norfolk.

Directors—Howard L. Yeager, Valley; C. L. Dickey, Columbus; Frank J. Brady, Atkinson; L. K. Orr, Clay Center; F. C. Radke, Tecumseh; S. A. Hayman, Grand Island.

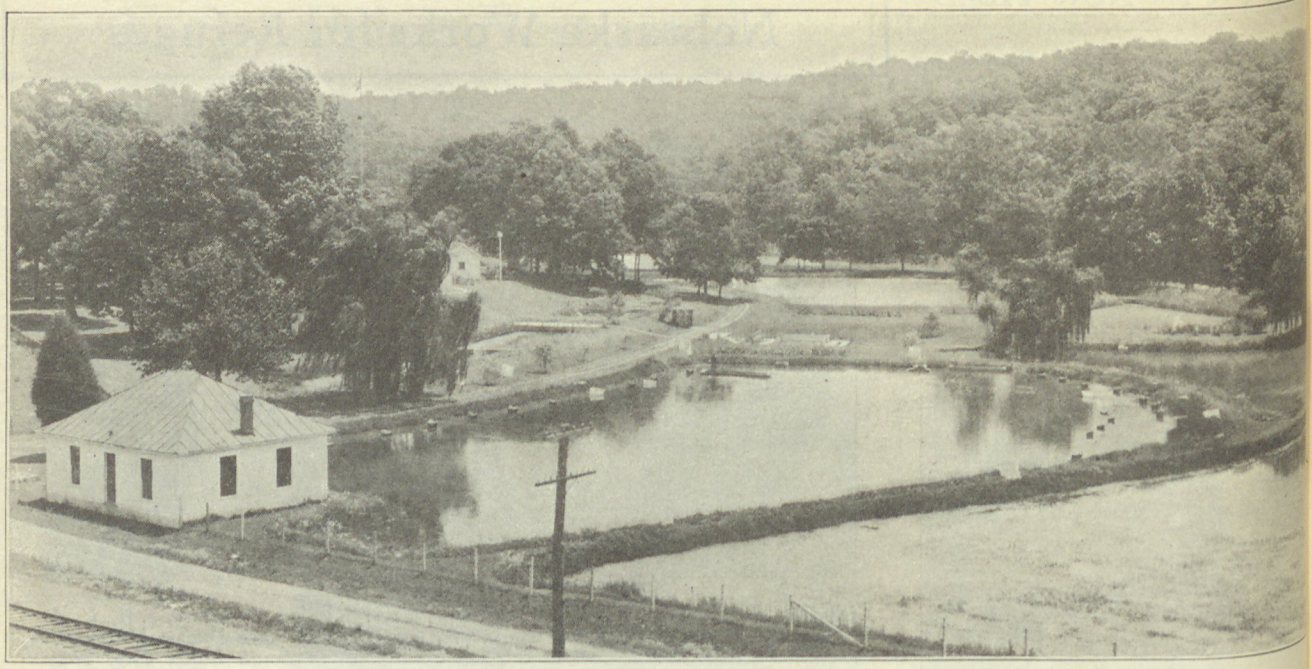
The principal speakers were: Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, President of the League, University of Ill., Urbana, Ill.; Governor Arthur J. Weaver, Lincoln, Nebr.; Congressman Edgar Howard, Columbus, Nebr.; Guy R. Spencer, Omaha, Nebr.

Resolutions:—Endorsement of League to the enactment creating the Game Forestation Parks Commission, and pledging of loyal support to Commission; appointment of capable League members in each county to act as contact or keyman for his county in cooperation with the Commission; commendation of state officers and chapters that have established game refuges in the game restoration program and the urging of other chapters to join in this program; tribute of appreciation to the South Sioux City Chapter for their hospitality.

Waste Pollution Stopped

Williamsport, Pa., Chapter was responsible for extinguishing four fires during the year; cleared the Loyalsock Creek of pollution from tannery wastes, accomplished by having an injunction served on the company; stocked 60 cans black bass, 340 cans of trout and 40 cans of sunfish and yellow perch; stocked rabbits, ringnecks and wild turkeys. Conducted winter game feeding campaigns.

Ponds and bass nests at Monmouth Springs.



The World's Largest Hatchery in the Making

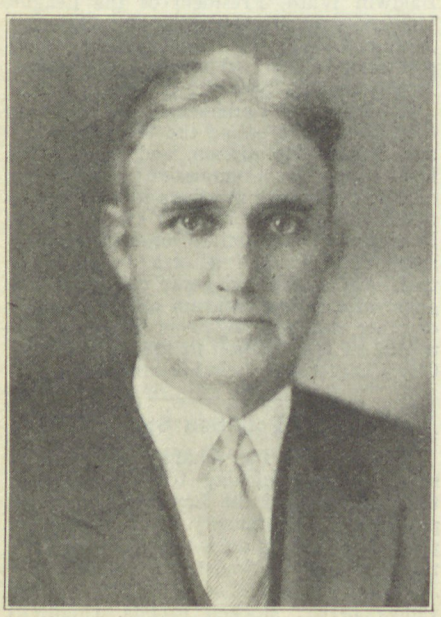
By GUY AMSLER

ARKANSAS, ridiculed, derided, misrepresented and lied about Commonwealth that she is, is on the verge of adding another remarkable achievement to America's notable list of conservation victories, an undertaking that is bringing joy to the hearts of Arkansas Waltonians, and that should, in the course of a few years, be of much value in restoring Arkansas' wonderful network of lakes and streams to a semblance of their former magnificence. Reference is made to the state hatchery now under construction at Lonoke, Arkansas.

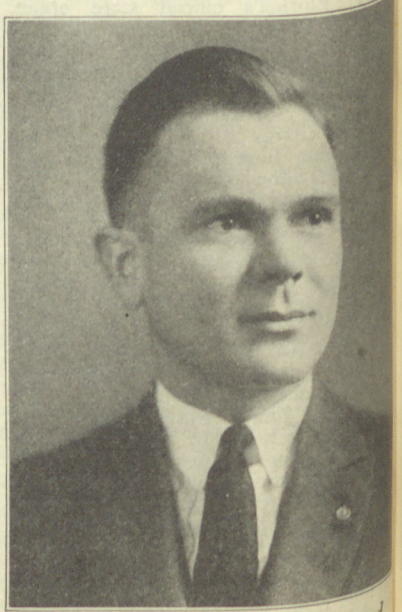
For some years the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission dreamed dreams and planned plans. These mental pictures and prospective accomplishments were laid before sportsmen throughout the state and later carried to members of the General Assembly. Early efforts were most discouraging, but during the 1927 session of the Legislature when Governor Jno. E. Martineau, legislative leaders and conservation leaders appeared of one accord concerning conservation matters some progress was made. More effective protective statutes were enacted and some additional revenue was provided for general maintenance expenses.

Notwithstanding a shortage of funds, the Commission, at that time composed of Harry A. Jones, Lee Miles, Chas. H. Tompkins, Harry Neelly and G. B. Ewing (Mr. Jones has since died and was succeeded by Henry O. Topf) decided to rely on the old adage that the "Lord helps them who help themselves" and to begin the construction of a hatchery capable of producing sufficient fish to supplement natural production in every section of Arkansas. With funds saved from the department's general maintenance appropriation for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928—some say by neglecting other important work of the department, particularly law enforcement, —the Commission purchased a 267-acre tract in what is known as the hard pan prairie or rice belt of Arkansas. The 267 acres originally composed two rice farms, all of both tracts having been in cultivation. An 8-inch well represented the water supply on one farm, while the other was watered from a 10-inch well. Since purchasing these places another 8-inch well has been drilled and this new well is now watering the sixteen one-acre ponds that are in operation. All of the wells are equipped with electric motors.

Before making purchase the Commission advised with such eminent fish cultural authorities as Chief Glenn C. Leach, Captain C. F. Culler and Superintendent Dell Brown, each of whom has seen more than twenty-five years of service with the United States Bureau of Fisheries. Proper information on the suitability and supply of water was gotten, level measurements were obtained and every possible feature of the location was closely considered from fish cultural, engineering, economical construction, emergency water supply and geographical viewpoints. Of course facilities for distribution such as railways and highways were not ignored. The location decided upon borders the State's main east and west highway for more than one-half mile and is likewise skirted by one of the principal north and south traffic ways. Lonoke, one-half mile from the hatchery site, affords splendid railway facilities through the main line of the Rock Island. The hatchery is approximately thirty-five miles from the geographical center of the state, which means that any of the state's better fishing streams or lakes can be reached with



Dell Brown, Superintendent Lonoke Fish Hatchery.



Guy Amsler, Sec. Arkansas Game and Fish Dept.

eight or nine hours by truck. Little Rock, the state capitol, is only twenty-three miles away.

During the fall and early winter of 1928 the first unit of the hatchery, consisting of sixteen one-acre ponds, was constructed and distribution of large mouth black bass fry is now under way. Superintendent Dell Brown, who has been "loaned" to the State by the United States Bureau of Fisheries for supervising construction of the mammoth fish plant at Lonoke, reports 388,000 babies planted prior to June 1st. Some fry will be carried over for fall distribution, while four of the sixteen completed ponds are being used for bream, crappie and bullheads. It is thought that few, if any, hatcheries have produced as many fish of the species reared, during any one year, as will be put out this season by the Lonoke station, while each future year is expected to witness a much larger production.

When completed, probably during 1931, the Lonoke Hatchery will be the world's largest with 244 acres under water. There will be 24 one-acre ponds, 8 of two acres each, 8 of four, 8 of six, 8 of eight and 4 of fifteen. There will, of course, be the necessary number of concrete pools for producing food and holding fish for shipment. Sixteen one-acre ponds are now completed, while 8 one-acre and 8 two-acre ponds are about fifty percent finished.

Work on the hatchery will be pushed as rapidly as available funds justify and if physically possible Superintendent Brown hopes to complete what might be termed the west unit before the heavy rains of next winter arrive. If this is accomplished there will then be a total of 96 acres ready for growing fish during the spring of 1930.

When we recall that Arkansas laws do not provide an angler's license except for persons using artificial bait and that only about one hundred thousand resident hunters' licenses are issued annually, while the total income of the department approximates a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, it is not hard to appreciate and understand the gigantic financial problem that is faced by the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission in the Lonoke undertaking. The Commission, however, has the utmost confidence in the Arkansas followers of Izaak Walton and is depending to a great extent on volunteer funds.

Some weeks ago the Commission issued a statewide appeal to fishermen urging them to procure licenses this year regardless of any legal responsibility that might devolve upon them. Users of artificial bait were asked to get two licenses. Many fishermen have responded to the call, and a number of chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America have canvassed their communities in behalf of the work.

Present plans call for the production of no fish except native species. Approximately 150 acres will be devoted to rearing the state's principal game fish, black bass, while other species to which major attention will be given include crappie, bream and rock bass. The Commission feels that as work on the hatchery progresses the number of "fry" planted each year will gradually become smaller. In fact it is hoped that when the plant is completed nothing but fingerlings or better will be distributed for restocking purposes. In event, however, the watered area available proves insufficient for rearing all of the fish hatched in the 24 one-acre ponds to fingerlings, some fry will be planted and some placed in a number of co-operative "Hoover Ponds" that have been built by Walton League Chapters in different sections of the state.

The Commission was extremely fortunate in securing the services of Joe Hogan, formerly with the United States Bureau of Fisheries, who is in charge of fish cultural activities at the station and is assisting Mr. Brown in supervising construction work. The state is deeply appreciative of the co-operation received from the United States Bureau of Fisheries in permitting Superintendent Brown to take charge of the construction work.

The construction of this mammoth fish producing plant for restocking Arkansas waters appears exceedingly timely just at this period. The State Highway Commission is in the midst of one of the greatest road building programs that a southern state has ever seen.

The Waltonians in Arkansas are doing their best to help us. The progress is most gratifying, and naturally we are proud to have at least part of the world's largest fish rearing plant actually in operation.

Sheep or Dudes?

(Continued from page 18)

We have heard of problems that were settled to the entire satisfaction of all. However, few of us know of any great problems that have been solved so beautifully. No doubt, in this instance, the Forest Service will be obliged to make a rather arbitrary decision in answer to the demands of the sheepmen. It is fortunate that we have some power strong enough now to sit as a judge in a conflict of interest such as this. There was no Forest Service to act as an arbitrator when the Cattle Barons and "Nesters" fought and spilled much human blood a half century ago. And then later the conflicts on the open range between cattlemen and sheepmen have not always been settled in the best manner. We have learned out here that in order to live and let live there must be some power strong enough to enforce justice.

There is ample proof over the earth that continued excessive grazing by either sheep or cattle upon an arid or semi-arid range will surely result in disaster. We know what over-grazing has done and is still doing in Utah, there is nothing new about this, only another case of history repeating itself. And what's more we are learning that these same natural laws apply to wild as well as domestic grazing animals. We must, of course, get away from the idea that sheep are the only offenders capable of spreading a blight upon the earth. But if the people of Jackson Hole are to make a choice between cattle, elk, and sheep, they will surely continue to decide in favor of the elk and the cattle.

In our opinion there is more of the picturesque in the range cattle industry than in sheep. Cows and cowboys in reasonable numbers are a distinct asset to any dude ranch locality. The dude appreciates the cow-country atmosphere, and we all know that real cowboys are impossible without cows. Hairy chaps and the big hat do not make the real cowpuncher. The real cowboy is a product of a real industry.

And in conclusion, we are of the belief, that sheep will not gain entrance to Jackson Hole either immediately or for some generations to come. Local public sentiment is against them, this prejudice is deep rooted and to a great extent justifiable, on the basis of the actual experiences of some old residents still living in the Valley. It is justified on the basis of what people generally know of sheep grazing on the open range of the arid and semi-arid regions of the entire world. The growing importance of the Jackson Hole region as a national playground only strengthens the cattlemen in their opposition to sheep. Years ago the cowmen stood alone against the advance of sheep. Today the cowman has a powerful ally in the dude rancher.

It is my opinion, therefore, that the sheepmen must continue to forego the pleasure and financial advantage of grazing sheep on the choice summer ranges round about the Jackson Hole country.

Kahoolawe—The Red Island

(Continued from page 16)

order upon which Nishi insisted, we lay on the deck, while Kiaki, silhouetted against the stars, played the guitar and sang in his throaty Polynesian voice.

As the salvation of the island depended upon the abolishment of the goats, our happy solitude was broken one morning by the arrival of ten noisy goat hunters. With much shouting and many arguments they explained the course that was to be followed for the next few days. They were to ride over the island on horseback, shooting the goats from the top, while we were to completely circle the island in the sampan, shooting the goats that had taken to the straight ledged cliffs.

The excitement of those days was breath taking. Nishi kept the boat dangerously near the cliffs, and our heads rang with the noise of almost incessant shooting, goats screaming and waves crashing on the cliffs. Fear crazed goats rushed madly along the ledges until a bullet sent them spinning and crashing into the sea. A nanny followed by two kids had almost reached a cave of safety when suddenly all three dropped simultaneously and began their swift journey down the sheer wall. Dignified old billies whose whiskers were stained red with Kahoolawe dust went somersaulting into the ocean. Our boat was surrounded by goat-feasting sharks and dark blood stains on the water, and the air was charged with the terrible animal tragedies that were taking place.

Late in the afternoon the firing would stop, and we would anchor in some quiet little bay for the night. When the last rifle had been fired we would be surrounded by an almost uncanny stillness, broken only by the low drum of running ripples on the beach, and the crying of goats that were spending their last night on Kahoolawe.

As I lay awake that first night on the sampan, my mind ran over it all—appalled. There had been so much killing, so many wounded goats left to suffer through the long night, so many motherless kids left hungry and bewildered—and yet, it was all done for a tremendous cause. The extinct volcanic cone was soon to be cemented and made into a reservoir; grass and trees would be planted and everything possible done to bring the island back.

After the goat hunters left, the island became once more a place of happy solitude. Not only do I think back happily of those adventurous days, but I was conscious of that happiness every minute I was on the island. There seemed to be no influences to make things matter—just a realization that here was solitude, happiness, an island where thoughts came clear and clean. Kahoolawe boasted no palm trees or hula dancers, flower scented gardens or valleys rich with Maile and Plumaria—none of the things about which tourists to the South Seas write home, but it had instead color, atmosphere, romance, story material; in short, it is an island just top-heavy with "IT."

The Problem of Fish Extermination

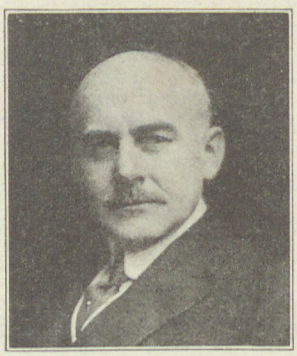
By ERNEST A. PFLUEGER

Ernest A. Pflueger is the second generation of the famous family of sportsmen that has been manufacturing fishing tackle since 1864. As President of the Fishing Tackle Manufacturers Association, he represents the opinion of the industry as a whole. This article, however, is written from his standing in Fish Conservation circles, and as an active member of the Izaak Walton League.

Mr. Pflueger hereby faces very squarely an issue which has long been close to the hearts of Waltonians. What does the future hold for game fishing? Will this age-old sport succumb to the menace of fish extermination? How can we fight off the menace, and save our aquatic life?

EDITOR.

* * *



Ernest A. Pflueger.

THE followers of the rod, with but few exceptions, do not realize how seriously their sport is threatened by fish extermination. They do not see that *within ten years* we will either have plenty of fish, or no fishing—dependent on our efforts toward fish propagation in the interim.

The time for dillydallying with this problem of diminishing aquatic life is past. No manufacturer of fishing tackle—no Waltonian—is so falsely secure in his outlook as to regard the menace as a problem for the future generation to deal with.

True, there is some authoritative thought today which does not view this problem with alarm. Yet all the evidence from the past indicates that Nature alone cannot repair the damage done by man. What has happened to many of our forest lands? What has become of the egrets? What has become of the buffalo, that used to swarm over our western plains? Either we provide now for the artificial restocking of lakes and streams on a scale hitherto unattempted, or we shall see angling, within a few short years, become a sport of the past—just as our fathers witnessed the passing of the buffalo. I base this statement upon facts which are irrefutable; we must provide fish or we will have no fishing.

The passing of this age-old sport would be much more of a national calamity than now realized. I really believe that America devoid of fishing would be a changed order of society. Fishing is essentially the sport of the English speaking people; it is basically in sympathy with man's inherent love of Nature. For countless generations before us the lure of the rod has served to maintain that essential balance between the artificial and the natural, which is conducive to happiness and contentment. Now, more than ever before, our civilization is threatened by the treadmill of the age of machinery. And the loss of any sport so akin to Nature as fishing would be a vital loss; it would be a long step toward the Robot form of civilization our sociologists dread.

In every community there is distressing evidence of the extent to which our supply of game fish has been diminished. Streams once alive with aquatic life are now lifeless. Lakes once teeming with fish are now fished out. Brooks and rivers, once so beautiful, have been contaminated and polluted by the filth of industry. While greed has undoubtedly played the big part in the wasting of our national game fish resources, a very close second must be water pollution—the destroyer not only of aquatic life but of much of rustic beauty also.

Yet, hand in hand with this destruction, the forces of restoration are at work. Bright spots on the fishing maps show what can be done. Under the influence of propagation there have in recent years been created wonderful fishing spots in the Missouri Valley states, long practically devoid of game fish.

Just as an example of how concerted effort can save our fish, consider my city, Akron. At one time our lakes were fishless because of commercial gill-netting. The nettings were openly displayed and sold in the market places. Public action was aroused. Akron anglers organized and stopped this practice. Today there is actually better fishing in these lakes than there was fifteen years ago!

Praise enough cannot be given the Izaak Walton League for its valiant fight against pollution and commercialization of our fishing waters. Its national body and various chapters have reared and liberated fingerlings. Its diplomatic forces have successfully sponsored legislation of national character in the betterment of fishing conditions.

But it would not be treachery to say that the League has not had the support it deserves—that its efforts have been handicapped by the indifference of a great part of our fishermen.

There are very interesting projects—no longer experiments—now being carried on by many states. Particularly noteworthy is the work being done by Connecticut, where trout streams are being placed under state control. For the lease of these streams from private owners, the State stocks the waters, patrols and improves the land by erecting such things as fence step-overs. While these streams are fished heavily, there is every indication that the supply will increase rather than diminish.

New Jersey has found that its extensive program for restocking fish and game is no longer a subsidized project, but self-supporting. Oklahoma has recently passed important legislation. California is coping with its problem successfully.

It is interesting to note the stand of the fishing tackle manufacturers, in this hour when fish extermination is more than a potential threat. The industry is not so concerned with increasing business by creating new fishermen as it is in protecting the present supply of fish and adding to it. The reasons are unselfish and economically sound. With our game fish supply in a depleted condition it is better for the industry to serve its present market than to enlarge the market at the expense of the entire structure. When a plentiful fish supply is an assured thing, able to withstand the onslaughts of new hordes of fishermen—then new followers of the rod can be invited in.

While fishing certainly doesn't lack followers, interest in it is being outstripped by the public's attention to other sports—particularly golf and baseball. We find that in twenty years the money invested in golf grounds and equipment has increased from $8,995,000 to $728,000,000. In 1900 only one and one-half million people attended baseball games, and in 1927 the attendance was in the neighborhood of 20,000,000. A remarkable increase! A testimony that America is essentially a sport-loving nation.

At first glance one is inclined to give a sigh of relief that conditions are so—that our diminishing gamefish will give our expert anglers a few years more of sport. But further reflection shows such a situation is unnatural. Fishing, as I have remarked before, supplies a certain need in man's makeup that is met by no other sport. No other offers such close kinship with Nature.

While fishing has sufficient attractions of its own, the thrill of it is in the battle between gamefish and the angler's skill. With that gone, interest is sure to go. Sad but true, the scarcity of gamefish in many localities has ended interest in fishing.

It is clearly evident that both fishermen and the fishing tackle industry must look carefully ahead to maintain the position of fishing in this constantly changing pattern of sports interest. And the first step, the basic step in that direction is toward the adequate supplying of fish for our streams and lakes.

Ex-President Coolidge's and President Hoover's entrance in fishing has done more to dignify the sport than anything that has occurred since the advent of Grover Cleveland in the ranks of anglers. That President Hoover is vitally interested in this sport is shown not only by his patronage but also by the time and thought he has given over to the replenishing of our streams. His idea of rearing ponds for fish until of fair size has been a valuable contribution to propagation practice.

Undoubtedly, the fight to save our national gamefish resources will be a long and tiresome one—a battle not so much against opposition as against apathy and indifference; but the concerted action of the Izaak Walton League and the lovers of our sport is a force that can work marvels. Let us not be discouraged.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The foregoing article by Mr. E. A. Pflueger expresses the sentiments of an earnest conservationist deeply and unselfishly concerned with the fate of America's game fish.*

These same sentiments are emphasized in the recent liberal donation made to the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation by the Fishing Tackle Manufacturing Association of which Mr. E. A. Pflueger is President, Mr. C. R. Riley, Vice-President and Mr. E. D. Ibbottson, Secretary-Treasurer.

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

WRITE THE EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS

DO MUSKIES LOSE TEETH?

1. *Do muskies lose their teeth? Some of the local anglers say they do; others say they do not.—E. F., Wisconsin.*

O. W. SMITH, our fishing editor, is one of the country's outstanding experts on the pike family, and he has had more arguments on this subject than anyone else. He wrote "The Book of the Pike," and is recognized as an expert. He has checked with all the ichthyologists of the United States and Canada; he has examined and dissected heads of muskies and pike from all over the country, and he says that there always are loose teeth and rudimentary teeth, but that he has never found any that proved the "sore tooth" theory. He believes it is largely a matter of superstition. (Mr. Reader: What proof have you?)

MIGRATORY TROUT

2. *Will trout stay where stocked, or do they migrate like salmon?—S. M. K., New York.*

PRACTICALLY all species of trout, except when confined in small bodies of water, will drift or migrate by easy stages to the headwaters of streams to spawn. Quite frequently one will see large schools of trout assembled at the mouth of spring-fed streams awaiting favorable water conditions before making the ascent. But they return when they have performed their natural function.

The steelhead trout (or salmon, whichever suits your fancy) of the west is merely a sea-going rainbow trout which often migrates long distances to suitable spawning waters.

The state of Michigan has been tagging trout to study their movements. Many interesting things have developed. Last April a twenty-five inch rainbow (no, Michigan doesn't stock all such whales) was tagged and released more than twenty miles from the mouth of the Little Manistee River. In about sixty days that trout was caught by an angler just fourteen miles southeast of Kenosha, Wisconsin. That fish had traveled at least 140 miles, probably 300 miles or more.

But fish are pretty much like people. If they are not pleased with their environment, they go elsewhere if they can.

A NEW USE FOR LIGHTS

3. *I note your remarks about the young ducks in the August issue of* OUTDOOR AMERICA. *I also noticed what you said about feeding fish with lights. The Topeka Chapter rescued ten young mallards, the second spring hatching, from our park. Rats killed practically all the first hatch. I found that these young ducks preferred bugs and other insects to other food, so I placed an electric light in their pen suspended about ten inches from the ground. We have a "bug picnic" every night until about midnight, and the ducklings are doing just great. They will soon be able to take care of themselves at the park. —H. R. Z., Kansas.*

HURRAH for your inventive genius! Will pass this along at once to J. R. W., Massachusetts. This is certainly turning bad bugs into good ducks.

SEWAGE PLANT RETURNS

4. *I have been told that some of the new sewage disposal plants in the country sell enough prepared fertilizer to pay the operating cost. What can you tell me about this?—J. L. L., Pennsylvania.*

YES, the officials of the new disposal plant at Milwaukee report that the plant owned by that city is now earning a large part of the operating cost through the sale of residue in prepared form as fertilizer. Within another year they hope to pay the entire operating cost in this manner.

But whether the plant pays any part of the operating cost or not is beside the question. The point at issue is whether any self-respecting municipality in the land can afford to continue dumping all its wastes into the front dooryards of its neighbors—and expect them to like it. The sentiment for pure waters is developing very rapidly, and in a very few years none but the most backward communities in the whole country will be without sewage disposal plants.

Develop sentiment for a clean-up campaign, then get your city fathers to employ a capable sanitary engineer and do the job right. It will pay in the end.

Literally millions of good Americans almost hold their nose before taking a drink. They know that they pay good money to filter and chlorinate their drinking water, but the very idea of its source is nauseating. Everybody should take care of their own filth regardless of cost.

GOOD OR BAD BLACKSNAKES?

5. *Our Conservation Department condemns blacksnakes because they are supposed to be bird nest robbers. I have always believed these snakes to be more beneficial than harmful. What do you say?—D. S., Indiana.*

SPACE does not permit a full discussion of all the good and bad faults of the blacksnake, but one of your own state's game wardens killed a blacksnake this summer with eight quail eggs in it, and a district game warden in Missouri killed a five-foot blacksnake near Smithton, Mo., to find out what made all the little "bumps" on its shiny body—and there were just seventeen bob-white eggs in that fellow's stomach.

I recall very vividly an occasion when I killed a blacksnake that had swallowed seven guinea eggs.

I submitted this question to Herbert L. Stoddard, of the U. S. Biological Survey, who has just finished in Georgia the most comprehensive quail investigation ever undertaken. He says that in that region they did not find blacksnakes as destructive as other snakes in south Georgia because they frequented the vicinity of water during the summer months and lived largely on frogs, etc.

But there are many other enemies, not the least of which are the mower and the hay rake. In one field in Alabama this summer, after raking the hay, the remains of twenty quail nests were found with an average of about eighteen eggs each. And how many nests were destroyed and not seen at all?

DO RINGNECKS BUD?

6. *Our part of the state was formerly fine partridge (ruffed grouse) country. It is mostly wooded, with here and there a small farm. We have been thinking of stocking ringnecks to take the place of the vanishing partridge. One of my friends tells me that in a recent magazine published in the east he read an answer to an inquiry saying that ringneck pheasants do well in wooded country, and that they will bud like the partridges do during severe winters. What do you say?—R. L. H., Minnesota.*

DON'T let anybody lead you into believing that the ringneck pheasant is a forest country bird. These birds have often been stocked in such areas, but they have never been known to stay very long, much less show any real increase.

They always drift out into the nearest farm country and will stick around the edge of streams, swamps, alders and briar patches, but they like to roost in swamp grass, or hay or stubble fields.

Do they bud? Well, this is an old argument. The ringneck is essentially a ground feeder, and it would be an exceptionally wise old ringneck that would in desperation fly up into a birch or other suitable bud-bearing tree in the dead of winter to get his breakfast. I don't believe it. (Mr. Reader: Here's a chance for an argument. Bring on your proof. But we must have actual facts and observations. Hearsay evidence won't do.—Editor.)

INDUSTRY AND CLEAN WATER

7. *We want to encourage industry in our section of the South. Some of my friends would be willing to sacrifice pure streams, fish and everything else to assure more industries. I don't concur with this opinion, but believe we can have both. Do any states have laws to require permits before plants are erected on streams from which domestic water supplies are taken? —K. E. M., Virginia.*

NEW JERSEY is said to be the only state with a law requiring permits such as you have in mind. Many states have laws prohibiting pollution, but so few of them are really enforcing their laws that in many instances a law like New Jersey's would help greatly, if actually enforced, which I understand New Jersey is doing.

The New Jersey law was passed in 1921, and stipulates that "no person or corporation shall locate or establish any factory, workshop, or place for the manufacture of materials or goods, on any watershed above the point at which any public supply of potable water is taken" until such person or firm shall first have obtained from the Department of Health a written permit granting permission for such plant.

This gives the state a chance to pass upon the wisdom of allowing the erection of the plant, and if rigidly enforced makes it possible to protect water supplies.

The big trouble is that too many people think only of industrial pollution as being dangerous, whereas in reality the filth poured in by many city sewers is equally as bad, and in some cases far worse.

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

Except

Dear Editor:

The August issue is a pippin EXCEPT, asking your pardon, why must you add an editorial note to each story, regarding the League and its work?

I am an active and ardent member of the League but, I don't think it's the thing to drag in League propaganda with every story in the magazine.

I like you, my dear editor, and I believe you are actuated only by your great zeal for the cause, but just edit, editor, and don't try to evangelize too much.

John Hopkins.

Chicago, Ill.

A New Trail

Dear Editor:

"A Question of Veracity," by J. E. LeRossignol in the August issue was a remarkably fine story, reminding me of the fishing stories of Henry van Dyke with their delightful charm and quiet humor.

Outdoor America is blazing a new trail in outdoor journalism with real literature such as this. I should also like to express my appreciation of the illustrations by Uldene Trippe. I think she must have liked the story as much as I, she so exactly caught the atmosphere.

Edward Manning.

New York.

Tickled to Death

Dear Editor:

I am not sure that I quite believed every word of the true fish story in your August issue "Tickled to Death," by Lucile and Angus Hibbard, but I certainly enjoyed every word of it.

Were it not for the distinguished and honorable authors of the story, I should have very grave doubts; as it is I shall try their method on the first musky I can get within reach of my fingers. If it works I shall be as tickled to death as I was with the story.

Ed Quimby.

Toledo, Ohio.

Unintentionally Brave

Dear Editor:

I read with pleasure the August issue of Outdoor America, especially the article on Jack London by Ernest E. Untermann. Mr. Untermann is a man of the people and a socialist, therefore it did not surprise me to see from what angle he wrote his story about London. Permit me to congratulate you on your independence in printing Mr. Untermann's unquestionably sincere opinions on a famous outdoorsman.

Carl Wiesner.

Milwaukee, Wis.

We liked Mr. Untermann's article on Jack London extremely. To tell the truth, we saw nothing radical in it at all and were serenely unaware that it called for any particular independence to publish it.—EDITOR.

Pat and Pungent

Dear Editor:

You had two extremely pat and pungent editorials in your August issue, one on the good shooting to be had in France within a short distance of Paris; the other by Judge George W. Wood suggesting the value of men taking boys with them on their outdoor trips. Undoubtedly there is much food for thought in the consideration of these two subjects. I hope to personally investigate the former in a year or two, and I shall certainly experiment with the latter next month on my vacation.

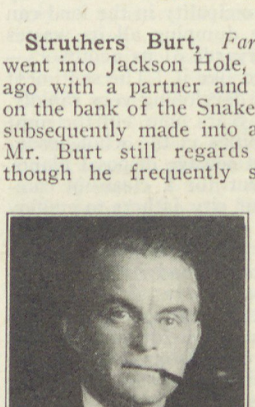
Henry Pomeroy.

New York, N. Y.

About Our Contributors

The cover painting this month is from an oil painting by **Wayne Tankersley** whose work has been highly praised by prominent artists who prophesy a great future for him.

Struthers Burt, *Farewell Romance?,* went into Jackson Hole, Wyo., some years ago with a partner and built a log cabin on the bank of the Snake River. This was subsequently made into a dude ranch, and Mr. Burt still regards it as his home, though he frequently spends winters in North Carolina and in France. His success as a novelist and publicist has taken him out of active participation in the dude ranch in Wyoming. First recognized as a writer of stories and articles for leading magazines, then as a novelist of importance, Mr. Burt today stands in the front row of American novelists with such books as "The Interpreter's House" and "The Delectable Mountains."



Struthers Burt has been a stout friend of OUTDOOR AMERICA since its inception, lending his pen generously to the causes it represents. His recent article on outdoor billboard advertising is remembered by all our readers.

Porter Wittich in *Following the Goddess* is with us again in this issue. He particularly requested that whatever we said about him in this column, to be careful to say nothing to offend the Goddess—"she not only has a rough disposition but a very sensitive nature and I would not arouse her temper for the world. I've planned a trip for the autumn down by the falls, where the bass hit hard. It would tickle the Goddess pink to see me fall in, so I must try to propitiate her."

Out of the Weeds by **Elmer E. Rawdon** is another story of the Webster family, with whom the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA are familiar. This one involves a hunting adventure of Billy, his father and the red haired Spider. These adventures, we think, approximate pretty closely Mr. Rawdon's own boyhood experiences.

Doane R. Hoag, *Beans, Beans and More Beans,* has had years of outdoor experience. He writes: "I have gone through this performance of 'Beans' many times. One experience has never been enough to teach me to stay in the comfort of a civilized home; no sooner do I survive the troubles of one outdoor escapade than I make preparations for another. I might add that I have worked for the United States Forest Service; have felled trees a little, and wonder yet how I escaped in good health. My dearest worldly possession is my Cabin-By-the-Trail in the beautiful Priest Lake region of Northern Idaho.

Rosalie LeVeille, *Kahoolawe—the Red Island,* has lived seven of her twenty odd years in the Hawaiian Islands. "For two years I lived on the side of Haleakala, the world's largest extinct volcano. I have camped for a week at a time inside the crater, and lain awake at night when the great walls seemed to close in around me, and listened to the wild dogs barking and the goats screaming up on the cliffs. I have been on shark hunts and wild pig hunts, and chased wild cattle on the slopes of Haleakala. The South Sea islands are the most fascinating places in the world to me. I have completely fallen under their spell. But, of all the islands I have known, Kahoolawe stands apart. It is 'MY Island,' and I even write poetry to it!"

Beginner's Luck is the third of the witty and delightful "scriptural adaptations" by **John C. Cosseboom,** to appear in OUTDOOR AMERICA. Mr. Cosseboom at present is following the example of the eminent fishermen in his stories. He is fishing in Nova Scotia, where he has recently killed a 21 pound salmon on a dry fly.

Mark Anderson, *Sheep or Dudes?,* has also appeared before in OUTDOOR AMERICA. He is one of the leading conservationists in Utah and having made extensive studies of the serious grazing problem in the West he speaks on the subject with authority.

Arthur P. Wiesner gives us this month another of his interesting biographical impressions in *Pete Stevens, Guide and "Good Indian."* Mr. Wiesner is a newspaper man with a keen scent for unusual personalities and a happy manner of analyzing them.

Dr. William D. Hatfield, *How Much Do Clean Streams Cost?* is an authority on the questions of pollution and sewage disposal plants. With more ease than we personally can make up our humble weekly budget, he is able to estimate the cost of huge sewage treatment plants and to plan their construction and operation. When he is not engaged in these labors he fishes.

Pete Stevens—Good Indian

(Continued from page 19)

had been acclaimed heroes upon their return. But Pete Stevens, poor and uneducated, was merely welcomed home and promptly forgotten. Guiding hunting parties was the work of his Indian brothers for half of the year and the barrens of Labrador were unknown to them. Therefore they could not appreciate Pete's competent service and the dangers he had encountered.

Today he is just one of a band of Indians who can not make farming pay, and who eke out a precarious living by fishing, hunting, trapping and doing odd jobs. I, too, was unable to appreciate Pete's accomplishments when I met him. Only after I had finished reading Wallace's book was I in a position to understand, in a measure, the part Stevens had played in that war against the unknown wild.

When the conversation turned to moose and deer, Pete ventured, rather timidly, "I get 'em deer and caribou with Wallace. I find forest full of tracks and bag first one." Sure enough, Wallace wrote at length about Pete's "insatiable passion for hunting," and credits him with shooting the first caribou bagged by the party.

As Wallace says, "Pete was hired as woodsman, hunter, and general camp servant." He proved himself the handy man desired, kept up the morale of the party by his never-failing good humor, singing and playing on his harmonica; he fished, stalked and shot caribou. When Wallace refused to take him as his sole companion on the final lap of his journey, Pete was deeply hurt and pleaded with Wallace, but without avail.

As it developed, Clifford Easton, a young forestry student from Biltmore, N. C., who was Wallace's choice for the trip to the northernmost point of Labrador, proved unsatisfactory. At least, that is the impression one gets from reading the explorer's account of that part of his journey.

Wallace appears charitable in writing about Easton, yet it is certain those long, frigid miles would have been easier and more pleasant for him had he taken along the 20 year old Objibway, Stevens, instead of Easton. The latter, inexperienced and far from the ideal woodsman, as Wallace himself writes, "was always looking on the dark side of things," and on one occasion fell into the icy waters of northern Labrador and nearly died from cold and exposure.

Probably Wallace believed Easton would prove better company than uneducated Indian Pete, but it is reasonable to assume that Stevens, with his knowledge of the wilderness, his ability and willingness to endure hardships, and his good humor, would have proved more satisfactory; even a better companion, for, while uneducated, he is not unintelligent.

Imagine a white man exploring Labrador and then failing to obtain a book describing his accomplishments! But Pete was unable to produce a volume of Wallace's book when I told him I was interested in reading about the trip.

"They (the publishers) sent me one but it's in the library at Grand Marais. (This town is Pete's former home and is located about 50 miles southwest of Grand Portage on Lake Superior.) There's a picture of me in that book, but I guess somebody tore it out," he informed me. And he never obtained a copy for himself!

Wallace began his memorable journey in 1905 at the head of Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, thence by canoes into the interior. Stevens it was who guided the party safely through the treacherous bush and found the trail for his comrades when they lost it near Bibiquasin lake. When food was becoming scarce before the expedition reached Lake Michikamau, one of the largest lakes in the interior, Stevens, Leigh Stanton, and George Richards returned.

Pete was brokenhearted as well as gravely concerned about Wallace when he was told he could not go on with him. Of his parting with Stevens, Wallace wrote: "Pete nearly broke down when he learned I could not take him. 'Very lonely, me,' he said to me sadly. 'Don't know how I see your sisters. I go home well. They ask me, where my brother? I don't know.' Then his tone changed to eager pleading, 'wish you let me go. Short grub, maybe, I hunt. Much danger; don't care. Don't care if grub short. Maybe don't find river. I take you through.' It was hard to withstand Pete's pleadings, but there was no other way."

"Would you go on another trip like that now?" I asked Pete.

"Not now. Too old now and the trail too hard," he responded, grinning while he spoke. "I had plenty chances, but I've had enough."

Pete didn't look any too strong, and I thought I could see where rheumatism and probably more serious maladies had sapped that once powerful constitution. And the privations of the trail, I knew, had done their share to make him a prematurely old man.

"Terrible country," he replied to my question regarding what Labrador was like. "Barren, little game in north, only few, bad trails, bad weather, and plenty flies and mosquitoes." He shook his head and I judged he considered Labrador just what Wallace termed it, "the most forsaken land on earth."

"Stevens was a fine man and I wish I could gone with him on last part of trip," he mused, and as his eyes gazed out of the window toward Lake Superior, his mind seemed to revert to the days when he had trudged the rocky trails and muskeg swamps of the north.

The talk drifted to fishing, and Pete's face suddenly lit up with one of his frequent grins. "You never saw whitefish like we did in one river there. The stream was so full we could not paddle our canoes through very well. I saw grub getting short and told Wallace we better get those fish. Wallace said we couldn't keep 'em, but I showed him. We caught a large mess by just scooping them out and then I dried them over a fire, slowly."

Pete is married to a widow, with children of her own. I saw at least ten urchins around his little cabin, and I learned they were all his. One of the lads is a handsome chap, 10 years old, with curly black hair, laughing black eyes, and the ruddy cheeks and features of the Caucasian. In fact, he looked more like a white boy than an Indian. A younger boy, a stepson, I found to be unusually intelligent. In answer to my question whether he liked to live in Grand Portage, he looked at me ruefully, and answered, "Why? There is nothing here." I know that lad will not remain long in the sleepy little village.

I believe Pete is happy in Grand Portage. He is close to excellent hunting country where it is a simple matter to bag a deer and make trapping pay. Moose are not uncommon. One of the big animals walked across our yard as we stayed at a private home nearby for the night.

Fishing is excellent in Lake Superior, the inland lakes, and the streams. Trout, bass, pike, pickerel, whitefish and herring are to be had within ten miles from Grand Portage. At Seagull Lake just opened to the public this spring, we caught salmon trout weighing close to 20 pounds.

Though his buckaroo days are over, Pete still gets around. He informed me he had been to Seagull Lake, over 100 miles distant, and to Lake Nipigon, likewise 100 miles away.

After Stevens had left the room for his own little cabin, Walker added to my increasing respect for this unimpressive looking Ojibwa when he said, "Indians, you know, are supposed to be undependable, and that's been my experience. They must be watched, guided; not Pete, you could trust him with any task within reason and he'd accomplish it, alone. He's probably the finest type of Indian I have met, and my travels have carried me to the west and southwest and into Central America. He is honest as the day, game to the core, and a fine fellow personally. You will not find many Indians like him."

Beginner's Luck

(Continued from page 17)

arms and with the rod and line trailing out behind him and with pride dripping from every pore carried it over to Solomon and said, "That's the way to catch a fish. What do you think of your uncle Hiram now?" "A fool for luck," said Solomon, and nearly shattered that ancient friendship.

It was after his return from this expedition that King Solomon, considering the fortune of novices, wrote these immortal lines: "I returned and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

"—Had not the Red Gods sent a great fish to encourage him—"

Thus happened the first recorded instance of "Beginner's Luck." How often have we old timers cursed it, and yet what a wise provision it is. It is thus that our thinning ranks are filled. Many a man who has become a splendid sportsman would have dropped fishing from sheer weariness had not the Red Gods prepared a great fish and sent it to encourage him. Hereafter, whenever we see a novice struggling unskillfully but successfully with a monster fish, let us rejoice, for we shall know that the Red Gods make their medicine and a new fisherman is born.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Drawings by John D. Webber

Let's Go Trapping, Boys!

IT was early in the last century that occurred the Louisiana purchase, which added so much to the territory of the United States, and provided a stamping ground for such bold men as Lewis and Clark, who went up the Missouri River, across the divide, down the streams of the Pacific slope, and then back again in a trip which taxed the strength, courage and ingenuity of these seasoned and experienced woodsmen.

Very soon after we find another group of adventurers following the trail into the unknown marked by Lewis and Clark. But, unlike the pioneers who first crossed the Allegheny Mountains and settled the Ohio and Kentucky wilderness, these restless men started from St. Louis, followed the Missouri to the foothills, and there branching off, explored all the mountain streams and passes, with no thought of fertile lands, or of the building of homes. They carried, as the emblem of their purpose, bundles of steel traps. They were following the trail of the beaver.

Wherever they found a dam across a little stream, backing the water up into a wide shallow pond, they stopped to set their traps. There were no game laws, and they took all the beaver they could catch, with no thought of future supply. When they had gathered all the fur they could pack out, or enough to load their flat boat, they would start back down the river. Oftentimes their right to trap was disputed by the Indians. Many a trap rusted away along a mountain stream, its steel jaws holding the remains of a beaver, while up a nearby canyon a skeleton lay face down near a few black coals. If one happened to encounter such a camp and looked closely, an arrow head would be found among the bones. Often the flat boat piled high with furs would be obliged to run the gauntlet and come into port with arrows sticking in the bundles and in the sides of the boat. But these hardy adventurers were not to be frightened by such casualties. Great companies were formed and for years the traffic in fur was the chief activity along the Western streams. This wild adventurous life developed a number of interesting characters whose exploits have filled many volumes with thrilling tales.

Since no care was taken to conserve the supply, the beaver disappeared from the mountain streams, but the trapper continued his activity in other fields. He traveled through the deep snow and biting cold of the North woods, across the prairies and marshes seeking the fur of wild animals. And yet, despite the magnitude of the fur industry which extended over half a continent for so many years, the farmer boy who goes out to catch gophers for the ten-cent bounty offered by the state, carries over his shoulder practically the same form of a steel trap that the early trappers loaded into their flat boats in St. Louis almost one hundred years ago. Either invention has failed to keep pace with the times, or the inventor of the steel trap was born a century too soon. This I can hardly believe.

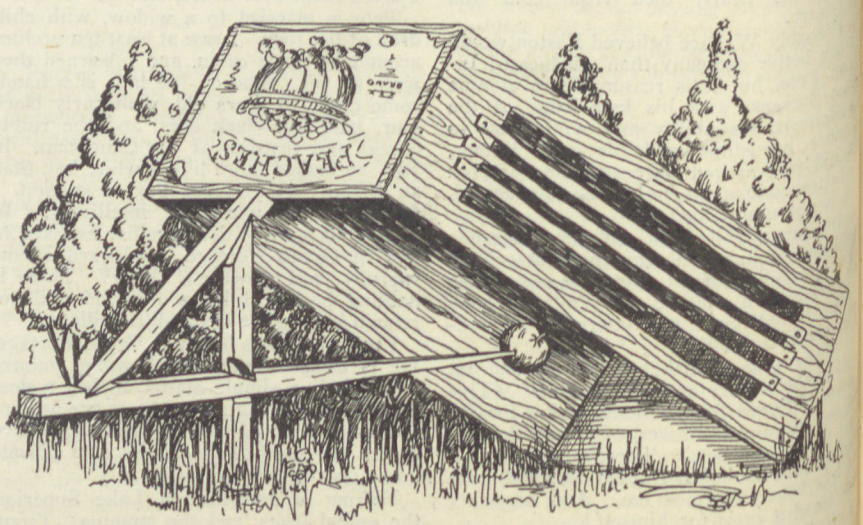
I can remember my own experience when trapping furnished the money with which to buy black powder and shot to load the shells I fed into a single barrel shot gun which kicked like the proverbial army mule and was the pride of my heart. Too often I would find in my traps the foot of an animal, either torn off in its struggles or gnawed off in its fight for life. I looked at my traps every day. How much more must the animals have suffered where the traps were not visited for a longer period.

There are a number of simple little traps which I thought every boy knew how to make until last winter when the deep snows covered the food of the rabbits and they resorted to a diet of shrubs. A friend of mine, whom I always believed had been most carefully trained in things pertaining to the out of doors, asked me how to catch the rabbits that were feasting on his shrubbery. I discovered that he did not know how to make a "figure four." It derives its name from its appearance. It may be made in any size. In a recent magazine a well known woodsman describes the use of this trap to catch mice which persisted in scampering over him while he was trying to sleep in an abandoned cabin.

To make a figure four for animals the size of a rabbit, take a stick one inch square, and about ten and a half inches long. Whittle the upper end to an edge, and about three inches from the bottom end, cut a notch which should be at *right angles* to the top edge. The *bottom* of this notch should be cut in square, and about half an inch deep. In a similar stick about ten inches long, cut a notch near the upper end. The lower end should be whittled to an edge *parallel* to this notch. This is the diagonal section of the figure. The cross-stick for the bottom should be sixteen inches long. Whittle this to a tapering point at one end, and cut a notch near the opposite end. Now lay the parts flat.

Note that the notch on the diagonal engages the upper edge of the upright, and the notch on the cross-piece engages the lower edge of the diagonal. Now mark the cross-piece where it meets the outer side of the notch on the upright. Here cut a notch in the cross-piece which should be on the side *towards* the upright. The *outer* edge of this notch should be cut in squares. In this way we get a perfect lock. Now set the figure upright on the ground, and balance the edge of a rather large box on the top of the diagonal, with the pointed end of the cross-piece under the box. On this sharp end stick a bit of carrot or apple if you are after rabbits. When the bait is nibbled, the figure four falls apart, and the box does the rest. It is well to have a bit of wire netting or a loose board in the top. I have tried to reach under a box and catch a rabbit by feeling about in the dark. When you have done this once, you will adopt a different method.

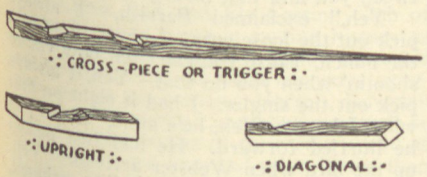
There is another and much better reason for seeing what you have in the box. My grandfather used to make box-traps and put them in his orchard to snare the rabbits that nibbled the bark of the small apple-trees. We used to think it great sport to take the rabbits out of these traps. On one occasion we were not having much luck, when we saw the door of one trap down and raced to get it. I was younger and shorter legged than the other boy who to my great disappointment reached the trap first. He raised it and plunged his arm down to get the rabbit. He pulled out the strangest looking and smelling rabbit I have ever seen. I was perfectly willing,



The "figure four" trap used by generations of outdoor boys and men.

that he should have it. I had never seen one before but I recognized it by the odor, which I had frequently detected along the roadside.

These box traps were made of eight-inch lumber, and were about two feet long. The sides extended two inches beyond both top and bottom. The open end of the box was closed by a door which was made to slide between these extended ends, and reached to the ground when closed. Across the top of the door a wooden bar was fixed. Near the middle of the top of the box a post was nailed so as to be one inch shorter than the raised door. The door was held open by a length of shingle caught under the wooden bar, supported by the post, and engaged at its other end by a notch in a trigger-stick. This stick extended down into the box through a hole



bored in the top near the back, and was secured by a notch inside. A piece of apple or carrot attracted the rabbit into the trap. The least disturbance of the trigger-stick allowed the door to drop behind him.

If you make the back of the trap of heavy wire mesh, you not only give any animal you catch plenty of air, but save yourself some embarrassment if you happen to get something you are not expecting, for the skunks find the rabbits in these traps, nose up the door, crawl in and are likewise trapped by the closing door. The sliding door must work easily but not too loosely for any trapped animal will gnaw out if there is any crack big enough to commence on. For the same reason it is well to have a washer inside the hole in the top.

The Anti-Steel Trap League is offering a prize for a trap which will catch and hold an animal without causing it to suffer. So long as it is fashionable to wear fur and so long as boys read the exploits of trappers and are lured into the out of doors by the spirit of adventure which they cannot get by raising rabbits in the back yard, just so long will traps be used, even though it may be only the boy on the farm who makes a little spending money by trapping a few furs. If we use them, let us try to reduce suffering as much as possible. And if either of these two forms of traps, which have been used by boys for as long as the present steel trap has been employed, should fill the requirements for the prize offered for a humane trap, the officers of that association know my address. I could use the money, for there are always rods, reels and boats to buy.

My Boy and I

Don't Forget This Contest

Each photograph must show the father and son, or daughter, on an out-of-door trip. The accompanying article of not over 300 words should tell the ages of father and boy or girl and how long they have made these trips together.

First prize $15.00, second $10.00, third $5.00

Between Father and Son

By DR. FRANK L. BAILEY

OLD Jerry Sharpleigh, president of the Sellmore Motors finished the polishing of his "pince-nez" and affixed them firmly to his nose. "What you got there?" he demanded. Young Dick Sharpleigh ceased operations momentarily to reply to his father's question.

"My gun," he answered, "just going over it a little for tomorrow's shooting; party of us going down to Great South in the morning."

"Humph," commented old Sharpleigh. Dick said nothing. Sharpleigh glared at the boy for a moment. "Humph," he said again; then after a while: "How do you expect to take my place in the world if you continue this folderol waste of time? It doesn't get you anything, or anywhere. Why, when I was a boy I had to work. I used to get up at four o'clock winter mornings, milk three cows, feed the pigs, split wood and walk three miles to school; no gunning in mine, I can tell you." Dick smiled. "Want me to get a job milking cows and feeding pigs, Dad?" he inquired, looking through the twin tubes of his "A. H. E." "Wouldn't hurt you any," snapped Sharpleigh. "I did it, and when I tumbled into bed at night I was so tired I could hardly go to sleep—tired from good, hard, honest work, too. You go a racing around in my car with the back seat all cluttered up with dogs, ducks, guns and fish poles. Lord only knows where you go, I don't. Home again at night, so tired you can't go out and win a little social standing with the younger crowd; if you ever do go out of an evening it's to spend your time with some roughneck woods guide, or over in the library reading up on 'The Great Outdoors' as you call it. Where do you think you're going to fit in? Look at Watson and Brown; have their names in the social columns most every day, making names for themselves in society. They'll get somewhere. They've got standing where standing counts. Guns, fishpoles. Rot! I wouldn't take the best gun in the world as a gift, no, or a fishpole unless I wanted it to beat the carpet with."

Dick snapped the gun together good naturedly and replaced it in the cabinet. "Great time out at the gun club Thursday," said he, sitting down opposite his father. "Tom Watson and I were tied for first place. We shot at twenty-five targets apiece to break the clinch. Tom had been out on a jazz party the night before, so I won."

"Old Watson's boy goes in for shooting, eh?" inquired Sharpleigh.

"Oh, indeed, yes, for quite some time now," replied Dick with a yawn. "Mr. Watson does, too." Sharpleigh had often envied the elder Watson's healthy color and wondered how he got it. To tell the truth, Sharpleigh had spent more time accumulating "gold eagles" than he had the golden memories of days afield. He had scarcely fired a gun in his life.

Dick looked straight into his father's eyes. "Dad," said he, "you made the remark a while ago that the Lord only knew where I went on my trips. He does know and I'm not ashamed that He does. I COULD spend my evenings going to jazz parties, to poker parties and to cabarets. I suppose I could even take your car and muss up the back seat with women and other things and race around to the road houses. I might get a thrill or two from it all; but after all, what would I have to show for it? I figure it this way. I had rather spend my evenings with those of my own kind; maybe around the camp fire, or in the gunning-stand; or to go to bed early after a hard tramp on the marsh, or a day in the duck blind. It's great to close your eyes and think of that wily old trout you just missed by the skin of his whiskers. Those are the things that add fresh fuel to the fires of youth, and keep those fires burning brightly long after most men have forgotten what a fishing rod or a shotgun looked like."

"Humph," commented old Sharpleigh. "Quite a philosopher, aren't you? What time does that shooting party start in the morning?"

"Two-thirty, sharp," said Dick.

"Suits me," avowed the old man rising. "Take along plenty of extra shells. I'll see you then. Good night."

Following the Goddess

(Continued from page 9)

safe. There were owls in them. I would have stood in the middle of the stream, but it was cold, and there were snakes. I considered running through the woods. Out of the question. Probably run straight into the wildcat. I decided to hold my own, fearlessly.

The wildcat seemed to be feeling badly about something. Starting out in a minor pitch, its voice gradually would increase in volume until the entire woods vibrated. When it reached high C it would come down the scale to a low rumble; a sad forlorn, lonesome whine, like it was feeling worse. I hoped it did.

The wildcat never came closer than fifty feet, but it cried until dawn. When the sun came up I went to sleep. The sun peeped through the branches where the owl had been the night before and woke me up about 10 a. m. When I awoke, the owl, the snake, the 'possum, the bird and the wildcat had gone.

Mighty man was again ruler of the wilds!

YES, the goddess and I are well acquainted. She takes me places, embarrasses me, dumps me out of boats, leads me to holes of fish and leads me astray. But she always brings me back alive.

I'm going down stream this year, and I'm going to try the Elk again. I'm going down Little Sugar where the country girl sat on the rock; have been down there already, for all you know. I'll try Big Piney and go up the dancing stream which flows into it.

The goddess of the stream is no one else but Lady Luck, and sometimes she's bad and sometimes she's good, but whatever her mood, she always gives me plenty of attention.

If you want to hear about the still in the hills and the Arkansas free-for-all and the hermit who lives in a cave, you'll have to write it yourself. The OUTDOOR AMERICA printing establishment probably has run out of capital "I's" by now.

Farewell Romance?

(Continued from page 7)

the north, east, south and west, were hundreds of miles of great mountain ranges and great forests, and high mountain meadows where cattle grazed in summer and the elk came down, and bear, and moose. And above these were ledges and rocky plateaus where the mountain sheep ranged. Into most of this country no roads ran, not even wagon roads; nor would they ever run. Here and there, up subsidiary valleys, connecting the main valley with the outside world, were motor roads, but there were only a few of these and in between them stretched miles of wilderness. And this country I was watching in the dusk was duplicated twice a hundred times throughout the United States. One shouldn't begrudge the tourists from Ohio, and their kind, the comparatively small stretches of road they could travel.

No, there was no danger of things transforming themselves too much. Romance and adventure were permanent qualities of life. All through the ages for some they had existed, had always existed and always would exist; for others they had been, were, and always would be merely words to be laughed at. The only danger lay in the fact that so many people who once had been capable of feeling romance and who had once known the sharpness of adventure each year grew older, and as they grew older, allowed themselves to be deceived by surface changes, finding themselves unable to absorb these into a proper perspective. A man had to watch himself. To continue to feel romance and know adventure, if only in retrospect or vicariously, was essential to well being. As for those incapable of either sensation, what difference did their opinions make? They were of an eternal type and had plagued the romantic and adventurous ever since the world began. As Jericho crashed to trumpets, no doubt there were numerous onlookers and participants who remarked: "How dull! And what a falling away from the glamour of the flood!"

When I went up to the main ranch house for my mail, I found an item in my letter box that increased my recaptured good humor. The item was a notice of the Frontier Show that is held each year in the little town my partner and myself had just left. It announced itself in this fashion.

"Typical Western scenes that may never again be depicted. The last chance to see the cowboy and cowgirl in reality. Everything wild and woolly and a good time for all."

Well, that was too bad. Reading that casually you would have felt extremely depressed, especially if you were an old-timer, but reading it with the knowledge that you had read practically the same words for the last fifteen years cheered you up somewhat. You felt even more encouraged when you remembered that all over the Far-West—yes, and even in Chicago, New York, London and points further east—a hundred other Rodeos, Frontier Shows, Round Ups and Stampedes were advertising themselves in a similar fashion, and had been doing so ever since the time of Buffalo Bill. The old-West keeps vanishing and reappearing in the manner of the farewell concerts of a great opera star.

Buffalo Bill's show started somewhere in the early nineties. The 101 Ranch show started in the late nineties. All right, the "Vanishing" cowboys and cowgirls of those shows are grandfathers and grandmothers now, if they are still alive, and it is their grandsons and granddaughters who are the "vanishing" cowboys and cowgirls of today. And these, in their turn, are bringing into the world little "vanishing" cowboys and cowgirls. I'm not such an old man, but the girls and boys now riding bucking horses were, for the most part, anywhere from five to ten years short of being born when I first saw a cayuse swop ends.

No, the world doesn't change too terribly, after all.

Out of the Weeds

(Continued from page 12)

and were off. For a half hour they beat their way through the long grass and high weeds, but nothing happened. Once Webster saw a flash of white as a rabbit scurried away, but it was gone before he could fire.

"They're in here, Jim," he exclaimed, "but it's going to be tough shooting."

Suddenly a quick succession of shots sounded some distance to the right of them.

"Somebody's started something," exclaimed Parrish. "They're in here, sure enough."

Another fusillade let go far ahead and to the left. It sent a thrill through the men, for they felt sure that their turn would come soon.

"Watch yourself, Jim, here's more signs of quail," said Webster. He had scarcely spoken when a large covey left the ground a few yards ahead. They had been prepared, but the hunter doesn't live who isn't taken by surprise, no matter how expectant he may be. Both men fired. The shots were close together. A bird dropped, and Webster marked the spot. He had picked his bird, measured him carefully, and felt confident when he saw it fall. He replaced the empty shell, and started forward.

"Pretty good shot I made, eh, Frank?" exclaimed Parrish as he also started toward the marked spot, "little old gun shoots pretty good."

"Gosh, I thought you missed, Jim. I didn't see your bird go down."

"Yeh, he fell right there by that tall weed. Yeh, I hit 'im hard."

"Hum, I guess both of us must have shot at the same one. I thought I hit it," said Webster, and secretly he was sure of it.

"Nope, I hit 'im. I had it right on him when I let go. Yeh, I was sure of that one. You'll have to try again, Frank," Parrish reached the marked spot first, found the bird, and without as much as giving it a second glance, put it in his coat and went on.

"Oh, well," thought Webster, "let 'im go. What's one measly little bird. I know blamed well I knocked it down, though."

Both men had watched the rest of the covey in its flight, marked the spot where it had settled, and made their way in that direction. Webster had taken but a few steps, however, when a rabbit went out just at his feet. He took a snap shot into the weeds, but missed.

"Guess you need a little practice, Frank," exclaimed Parrish with a knowing smile.

Webster said nothing, but the jest rankled him.

"Watch yourself, now, old timer," exclaimed Parrish as they neared the spot where the birds had settled. "Hold up a little. Not quite so fast, there. I'll take the left. We'll get about thirty feet apart, and come in at 'em from the sides. Let me get up even with you. They're right ahead there, now. Heads up!"

Webster saw that he was being placed at a decided disadvantage by Parrish's engineering. If the birds went toward the middle of the swamp, and they most surely would, it would be almost impossible for Webster to get a shot. It would put the low thorn trees directly between him and the line of flight. Then, too, the weeds on Webster's side were much higher, making any sort of shooting difficult. The man kept his council, however, and went on. The birds flushed again, and again both men fired. Webster was sure this time. One lone bird had veered off at right angles to the flight of the rest. This placed the whole covey between Parrish and the stray.

"How didja like that shot?" exclaimed Parrish in an even tone.

"Didn't see it," replied Webster. "I only saw one bird fall, and that was over here."

"Yeh, I only got one. He fell right over by that briar patch."

"Listen, Jim, you're all wet. I shot that bird. He was on my side, and the only one I could see until the others were out of range. You had the whole covey between you and that bird."

"Yeh," exclaimed Parrish, "I always pick out the loose ones. I never shoot into the bunch, 'cause you can't tell how you're shootin' when you do that. Yeh, I always pick out the singles. I had it right on him when I let go. Yeh, he's mine," he said as he hurried forward. He had just picked up the bird when Webster arrived. "Yeh, all the shot went into his tail," he grinned, and before Webster could examine the bird he had slipped it into his coat with the other.

Webster was about to demand a look for he felt sure that Parrish was lying. He was positive that the shot had gone into the right side instead of the tail, but rather than start an argument he turned and started on.

"Better luck next time, old man," said Parrish with a grin.

Webster swallowed hard, but said nothing.

For some time the pair plodded on. The shooting deep in the swamp had increased, but as yet they had seen no other hunters. Webster was beginning to wish they would, for he was quite weary of trying to keep up his end of the conversation with such a partner. As far as having a pleasant day was concerned, he had given up the idea completely. He had tried several ruses to get out of his dilemma. First, he tried keeping a goodly distance from Parrish, but the attentive Parrish would not allow the distance to grow too great. Next he tried hanging back, but his partner also delayed his steps.

"There's just one thing to do," he thought, "I'll beat him to the trigger," and he went on ready for any sort of a snap shot.

They had worked themselves near to the edge of the swamp. A thick woods was on Webster's right, and the swamp trees rose high in front and to the left. Parrish was still about thirty feet to the left, but in the open. It looked like a good place for rabbits, and Webster knew if one got up, it would make for the woods. Parrish seemed to realize this fact, also, and he slowly worked his course until he was on Webster's right. Webster noticed the man's maneuvers, but was so disgusted that he didn't care where he hunted. Unconsciously he edged away from Parrish. He was just stepping into the deeper grass when a large bird went up. Webster was unfamiliar with the ring neck family. He had seen cocks mounted of course, but if he had seen a hen, he did not remember it. "A grouse," flashed through his mind, but the minute he shot he knew he was mistaken. Parrish's shot was like an echo. The bird fell among the tall weeds, and Webster started for the spot, reloading as he went.

"Gosh, Jim," exclaimed Parrish as he came running, "you almost beat me to it

(Continued on page 51)

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

The Ohio State Open Tournament

THE Seventh Annual Ohio Open Casting Tournament was held at Lima, Ohio, July 4, 5, 6, under auspices of The Lost Creek Bait and Fly Casting Club of Lima. It goes down in casting history as one of the best and most keenly contested state tournaments in the seven years existence of the association. Herrett, Bowman and the rest of the Lima boys may well be proud of the results of their efforts and as for judging we know of none better than Mickey Burnison—the head judge.

On account of a strong wind the accuracy bait and distance fly events scheduled for the first day were postponed and the distance bait events moved up. Results in these events were gratifying as indicated by the scores.

At the close of the tournament the all-around was figured as a tie between Peters and Braddon, but a later recheck of the scores gave the championship to Peters by one point.

The 1930 State Tournament will be open to all casters and will be held at Columbus, Ohio, under auspices of The Columbus Casting Club.

Officers of the Association were elected as follows:

Crooks, Columbus, President.
Cotterman, Lima, Vice-President.
Behnen, Columbus, Secretary.
Buckwalter, Cleveland, Treasurer.

¼-oz. Accuracy Score

		Place	½-oz. Accuracy Score	Place	⅝-oz. Accuracy Score	Place	Points for Accuracy Bait Championship	Place in Accuracy Bait Championship
Accetta	98.6	T7	98.2	T6	99.3	T3	261	5
Braddon	99.0	T3	98.2	T6	98.7	T6	259	7
Buckwalter	98.0	T10	98.9	2	98.7	T6	256	9
Crooks	97.8	11	98.2	T6	98.9	5	249	12
Foss	98.7	6	98.4	T5	98.4	7	255	T10
Herrett	98.0	T10	98.1	7	98.7	T6	248	13
Hurst	98.6	T7	97.7	11	98.7	T6	250	T11
Hughes	97.7	12	98.0	8	99.3	T3	250	T11
Kinnear	98.4	8	97.9	9	99.2	T4	255	T10
Leonard	98.8	5	99.1	1	97.8	8	257	8
Moulton	99.2	T2	98.6	3	99.4	2	272	2
Newcomb	99.0	T3	97.8	10	99.2	T4	260	6
Peters	99.2	T2	98.4	T5	99.2	T4	268	3
Richmond	96.6	13	97.1	12	93.6	9	173	14
Trimble	99.3	1	98.5	4	99.5	1	273	1
Willman	98.9	4	98.4	T5	99.2	T4	265	4
Marriott	98.3	9	97.9	9	99.3	T3	255	T10

Distance Bait Events

	¼-oz., Distance Average	Long Cast.	Place	½-oz. Distance Average	Long Cast.	Place	⅝-oz. Distance Average	Long Cast.	Place	Total Feet in 3 Events	Place in Distance Championship
Braddon	122⅘	247	11	289⅕	302	2	229⅕	248	5	3206	4
Buckwalter	121⅕	205	12	275	283	4	238⅗	257	3	3176	5
Crooks	111⅖	167	13	229	245	9	139⅖	196	16	2399	13
Foss	214⅘	263	4	180⅗	311	12	219⅘	267	6	3076	7
Herrett	69⅘	184	15	230⅖	250	8	195⅓	230	9	2479	12
Hurst	233⅕	244	1	231	296	7	164⅖	243	14	3143	6
Hughes	178⅕	190	7	218⅕	238	10	168	236	13	2822	9
Kinnear	128⅗	224	10	244⅗	314	6	229⅗	278	4	3014	8
Leonard	223	236	3	251⅖	256	5	199	254	8	3367	3
Moulton	83⅘	243	14	112⅘	198	13	186	223	12	1913	15
Newcomb	232⅕	241	2	295⅗	312	1	213⅕	229	7	3707	1
Peters	185⅕	259	6	108⅘	279	14	242⅗	258	1	2683	10
Richmond	140	194	8	195⅖	223	11	188⅘	228	11	2621	11
Trimble	129	215	9	92⅕	242	15	193⅕	250	10	2074	14
Willman	200⅗	219	5	278⅕	304	3	239⅘	263	2	3593	2
Cotterman							58⅗	198	17		
Wilson							160⅕	220	15		

Accuracy Fly Scores

	Accuracy Fly Demerits	Place	Dry Fly Demerits	Place	Dry Fly U. D. Demerits	Place	Points Toward Accuracy Fly Championship	Place in Accuracy Fly Championship
Accetta	99–3	T6	99–10	2	98.8	T6	271	6
Braddon	99–10	T1	99–0	T8	99.5	1	275	T4
Buckwalter	99–2	T7	98–3	12	97.2	12	232	15
Crooks	99–5	T5	99–9	3	99.4	2	278	3
Foss	98–12	9	99–3	T7	97.8	11	248	12
Herrett	99–8	T3	99.3	T7	99.1	4	272	5
Hurst	99–9	2	99–3	T7	99.3	T3	275	T4
Hughes	99–3	T6	98–13	T9	98.8	T6	259	10
Kinnear	99–2	T7	98–10	11	98.0	10	247	13
Leonard	99–8	T3	98–12	10	98.2	9	257	11
Marriott	99–1	8	99–4	6	99.0	5	265	T8
Moulton	99–3	T6	97–7	13	98.5	8	235	14
Newcomb	99–6	4	99–6	5	98.7	T7	269	7
Peters	99–10	T1	99–8	4	99.3	T3	281	1
Point	99–5	T5	98–13	T9	98.8	T6	261	9
Richmond	96–12	10						
Trimble	99–8	T3	99–0	T8	98.7	T7	265	T8
Willman	99–5	T5	99–11	1	99.3	T3	279	2

Distance Fly 5¾ oz. Rod

	Distance Fly Average 5¾-oz. Rod	Long Cast.	Place
Accetta	82⅔	83	16
Braddon	101	102	1
Buckwalter	93	95	4
Crooks	88⅔	92	11
Foss	92⅔	94	5
Herrett	91	92	7
Hurst	90	92	9
Hughes	77⅓	78	17
Kinnear	71	72	18
Leonard	85⅓	88	13
Moulton	90⅓	92	8
Newcomb	93⅓	96	3
Peters	97⅔	98	2
Point	84⅓	87	14
Trimble	91⅓	94	6
Willman	89	89	10
Marriott	88⅓	90	12
Smith	83⅔	85	15

Points Toward Club Championship

	Points	Place
Cleveland, Ohio	56	1
Buffalo, N. Y.	27	2
Indianapolis, Ind.	9	3
Geneva, Ohio	7	4
Columbus, Ohio	4	5
Lima, Ohio	2	6

Demerits and Place in All-around Standing

	Demerits Towards All-Around	Place in All-Around
Peters—Buffalo, N. Y.	40	1
Braddon—Cleveland, Ohio	41	2
Willman—Cleveland, Ohio	42	3
Newcomb—Buffalo, N. Y.	44	4
Trimble—Cleveland, Ohio	59	5
Leonard—Cleveland, Ohio	61	6
Hurst—Indianapolis, Ind.	64	7
Foss—Cleveland, Ohio	67	T8
Buckwalter—Cleveland, Ohio	67	T8
Herrett—Lima, Ohio	72	9
Moulton—Geneva, Ohio	75	10
Crooks—Columbus, Ohio	76	11
Kinnear—Geneva, Ohio	79	12
Hughes—Lima, Ohio	82	13

T—Tie.

⅝ oz. Accuracy Ladies

	Plug. Acc. Demerits	Place
Mrs. Hurst	14	1
Mrs. Moulton	28	2
Mrs. Buckwalter	32	3
Mrs. Marriott	33	4
Mrs. Herrett	42	5
Mrs. Accetta	43	6
Mrs. Leonard	70	7

Class Champions

Distance Bait.....Trimble, Buffalo, N. Y.
Accuracy Fly.....Newcomb, Buffalo, N. Y.
Distance Fly.....Peters, Cleveland, O.
Accuracy Bait.....Braddon, Cleveland, O.

THE August issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA gave a list of 40 clubs belonging to the N. A. S. A. C.

This is a most wholesome growth during the past decade, but our National Tournaments have not had the same growth as only a few clubs send representative casters.

Since 1922 the attendance has dwindled and in fact several State Tournaments have exceeded the National.

The increased interest among local clubs and the decreasing interest in the National should be considered seriously at our coming meet at Cleveland.

The active delegates at the annual meetings have concerned themselves too much with the rules (which could be done better by a committee of experts), also with records and equipment, in place of giving serious consideration to the association as a whole and to all its affiliated clubs.

A definite program for a simple schedule of events must be formulated at the coming annual meeting.

Make the National of paramount interest to all affiliated clubs. Simplify the schedule.

(Continued on page 52)

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME, 1929-1930

Compiled by FRANK L. EARNSHAW and FRANK G. GRIMES, *Administrative Assistants, Division of Game and Bird Conservation, Bureau of Biological Survey*

THE OPEN SEASONS HERE SHOWN INCLUDE BOTH DATES. When the season is closed for a fixed period the date terminating the close season is given.
CONSULT FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS in regard to sunset and sunrise provisions, as the Federal law prohibits hunting migratory game birds from sunset to half an hour before sunrise, and some States further restrict shooting hours.
The term "rabbit" includes hare; "quail," the bird known as "partridge" in the South; "grouse" includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South). and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; "introduced pheasant" is restricted to Old World pheasants.
PERSONS ARE ADVISED to obtain from State game commissioners the full text of game laws in States where hunting is contemplated, as PROVISIONS OF MINOR IMPORTANCE ARE OMITTED FROM THIS POSTER.
Open seasons for NEWFOUNDLAND and MEXICO are not included in the tables, but are summarized in the last two paragraphs below.
The Farmers' Bulletin on "Game Laws for the Season 1929-30," and a directory of game protection officials may be had free, when issued, on application to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

		State	BIG GAME		UPLAND GAME							
			Deer	Moose	Rabbit	Squirrel	Quail	Grouse	Prairie Chicken	Introduced Pheasant	Wild Turkey	
UNITED STATES	1	Alabama	Nov. 1-Dec. 31[5]			Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 20-Feb. 20	Nov. 15, 1931		Nov. 15, 1931	Dec. 1-Mar. 31[5]	1
	2	Alaska[1]	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[5]	Sept. 1-Dec. 31[5 1]				Sept. 1-Feb. 28				2
	3	Arizona	Oct. 16-Nov. 15[5]			Sept. 1-Oct. 31[1]	Nov. 1-Dec. 31[1]	No open season		No open season	Oct. 16-Nov. 15	3
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 11-Nov. 16[5 1]			July 1-Jan. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Jan. 1[4]	Dec. 15, 1931	Dec. 15, 1931	Dec. 15, 1931	Nov. 11-Nov. 16[5 1]	4
	5	California	Aug. 1-Sept. 14[5 1]		Dec. 1-Dec. 31[3]	No open season	Dec. 1-Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 15-Oct. 14		No open season	No open season	5
	6	Colorado	Oct. 12-Oct. 15[5]			No open season[4]	Oct. 1, 1930	Oct. 1, 1932	Sept. 15, 1932	Sept. 1, 1930	No open season	6
	7	Connecticut	(1)		Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Oct. 8-Nov. 23	Oct. 8, 1931	Oct. 20, 1930		Oct. 8-Nov. 23[5]		7
	8	Delaware			Nov. 15-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 15	Nov. 15-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 31		No open season		8
	9	District of Columbia[1]			Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season		No open season	9
	10	Florida	Nov. 20-Dec. 31[5]			Nov. 20-Feb. 15[4]	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	No open season		No open season	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	10
	11	Georgia[2]	Nov. 1-Dec. 31[5]			Nov. 20-Mar. 1[4 1]	Nov. 20-Mar. 1[1]	No open season		No open season	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	11
	12	Hawaii	Apr. 1-Oct. 31				Nov. 1-Jan. 31[5]			Nov. 1-Jan. 31[3 5]		12
	13	Idaho[3]	No open season[1]	No open season			No open season[3]	Local seasons	No open season	No open season[3]		13
	14	Illinois	Nov. 10, 1931		Nov. 10-Jan. 31	Sept. 1-Dec. 1[1]	Nov. 10-Dec. 10	No open season	Nov. 10-Nov. 21	Nov. 10-Nov. 15[5]	Sept. 16, 1931	14
	15	Indiana	No open season		Oct. 1-Jan. 10	Aug. 1-Oct. 31[4]	Nov. 10-Dec. 20	Nov. 10-Dec. 20	Oct. 15-Oct. 31	No open season	No open season	15
	16	Iowa	No open season			Oct. 1-Dec. 31	No open season	Nov. 1, 1932	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1, 1932	16
	17	Kansas	No open season			Aug. 1-Jan. 31[4 1]	Nov. 20-Nov. 30	No open season	Oct. 22-Oct. 23	No open season		17
	18	Kentucky	Nov. 15, 1932		Nov. 15-Dec. 31	July. 1-Oct. 15	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1		No open season	Nov. 15, 1932	18
	19	Louisiana	Dec. 1-Jan. 15[1]		Oct. 1-Feb. 28	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Dec. 1-Feb. 15		No open season	No open season	Mar. 5-Apr. 5	19
	20	Maine[1]	Oct. 16-Nov. 30[1]	Nov. 25-Nov. 30[5 1]	Oct. 1-Mar. 31[1]	Oct. 1-Oct. 31[4]	No open season	Oct. 1-Oct. 31		No open season		20
	21	Maryland	Dec. 1, 1931[1]		Nov. 10-Dec. 31	Nov. 10-Dec. 31[1]	Nov. 10-Dec. 31[1]	Nov. 10-Dec. 31[1]		Nov. 10-Dec. 31	Nov. 10-Dec. 31[1]	21
	22	Massachusetts	Dec. 2-Dec. 14[1]	No open season	Oct. 20-Feb. 15[1]	Oct. 20-Nov. 20	Oct. 20-Nov. 20[1]	No open season	No open season	Oct. 20-Nov. 20[5 1]		22
	23	Michigan[1]	Nov. 15-Nov. 30[5]	No open season	Oct. 15-Jan. 1[1]	Oct. 25-Oct. 31[4]	No open season	Oct. 10-Oct. 20[4]	Oct. 10-Oct. 20	Oct. 25-Oct. 31[5]	No open season	23
	24	Minnesota	Nov. 15, 1930	No open season		Oct.-15-Jan. 1[4]	Oct. 15-Nov. 20	Sept. 16-Oct. 1[1]	Sept. 16-Oct. 1	Oct. 15, 1930		24
	25	Mississippi[1]	Nov. 15-Feb. 15[5]			Oct. 1-Dec. 15[1]	Nov. 20-Jan. 15[4]	No open season		No open season	Jan. 1-Mar. 31[5]	25
	26	Missouri	Dec. 1, 1933			June 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 10-Dec. 31	No open season	No open season	No open season	Dec. 1-Dec. 31	26
	27	Montana	Oct. 15-Nov. 15[5 1]	No open season			No open season	Sept. 16-Sept. 25	Sept. 16-Sept. 25	No open season		27
	28	Nebraska	No open season			Oct. 1-Dec. 31	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	28
	29	Nevada[1]	(1)		Nov. 1-Dec. 31		(1)	(1)	(1)	No open season[1]		29
	30	New Hampshire	Oct. 15-Nov. 30[1]	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 28	Oct. 1, 1935	No open season	Oct. 1-Nov. 30[1]		No open season[1]		30
	31	New Jersey	Dec. 17-Dec. 21[5]		Nov. 10-Dec. 14	Nov. 10-Dec. 15[4]	Nov. 10-Dec. 15[1]	Nov. 10-Dec. 15[1]	Nov. 10-Dec. 15	Nov. 10-Dec. 15[5]	No open season	31
	32	New Mexico	Nov. 10-Nov. 20[5]			Nov. 10-Nov. 20[4]	Nov. 1-Dec. 31[4]	Nov. 10-Nov. 20	Sept. 1-Sept. 5	No open season	Nov. 10-Nov. 20	32
	33	New York[1]	Oct. 15-Nov. 15[5 1]	No open season	Oct. 15-Jan. 31[3 1]	Oct. 15-Nov. 15[3 1]	No open season[1]	No open season		Oct. 24, 31, Nov. 2, 9[5]		33
	34	Long Island	No open season		Nov. 1-Dec. 31[1]	Nov. 1-Dec. 31[1]	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	No open season		Nov. 1-Dec. 31[5]		34
	35	North Carolina	Oct. 1-Jan. 15[5]		Nov. 20-Feb. 15	Sept. 15-Jan. 1[1]	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Dec. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	35
	36	North Dakota	No open season	No open season			No open season	Sept. 16-Oct. 16[1]	Sept. 16-Oct. 16	No open season		36
	37	Ohio	No open season		Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Oct. 1	No open season	No open season		Nov. 15-Nov. 25[5]		37
	38	Oklahoma	Nov. 15, 1931			May 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 20-Jan. 2[1]		No open season	No open season	Nov. 15, 1931	38
	39	Oregon East	Sept. 15-Oct. 20[5]	No open season		Sept. 15-Oct. 15[4]	Oct. 1-Oct. 31[1]	Sept. 10-Oct. 20	No open season	Oct. 1-Oct. 31[1]	No open season	39
		Oregon West	Sept. 15-Oct. 20[5]	No open season		Sept. 15-Oct. 20[4]	Oct. 15-Oct. 31[1]	Oct. 15-Oct. 31[1]	No open season	Oct. 15-Oct. 31[1]	No open season	
	40	Pennsylvania[1]	Dec. 1-Dec. 15[5]		Nov. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Nov. 30[4]	Nov. 1-Nov. 30	No open season		Nov. 1-Nov. 15[5]	Nov. 1-Nov. 15[1]	40
	41	Rhode Island	No open season		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31[3]	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31		Nov.1-Dec. 31[5]		41
	42	South Carolina	Aug. 15-Jan. 1[5 1]		Nov. 28-Mar. 1[1]	Nov. 28-Mar. 1[1]	Nov. 28-Mar. 1[1]	No open season			Nov. 28-Mar. 1[1]	42
	43	South Dakota	No open season[1]				No open season	No open season[1]	No open season	No open season[1]		43
	44	Tennessee[2]	Dec. 20-Dec. 31[5 1]		(1)	June 1-Jan. 1[3]	Nov. 25-Feb. 1[1]	No open season		No open season	No open season[1]	44
	45	Texas	Nov. 16-Dec. 31[5 1]			Oct. 1-Dec. 31[3 1]	Dec. 1-Jan. 16	No open season	Sept. 1-Sept. 4[1]	No open season	Nov. 16-Dec. 31[5 1]	45
	46	Utah[1]	Oct. 20-Oct. 30[5]				No open season[1]	No open season[1]	No open season[1]	No open season		46
	47	Vermont	Nov. 10-Nov. 20[5 1]	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 28	Oct. 1-Oct. 31[4]	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Oct. 1, 1931		Sept. 15, 1932		47
	48	Virginia[1]	Nov. 15-Dec. 31[5 1]		Nov. 15-Jan. 31[1]	Sept. 1-Jan. 31[1]	Nov. 15-Jan. 31[1]	Nov. 15-Jan. 31[1]		Nov. 15-Jan. 31[1]	Nov. 15-Jan. 31[1]	48
	49	Washington	(1)	No open season	(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)	49
	50	West Virginia	Dec. 1, 1930		Oct. 15-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Nov. 30[1]	Nov. 1-Nov. 30[1]	Oct 15-Nov. 30		No open season	Oct. 15-Nov. 30	50
	51	Wisconsin[2]	Dec. 1, 1930	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 1[3]	Oct. 1-Jan. 1[1]	No open season	Oct. 5-Oct. 8[1]	Sept. 21-Sept. 24[1]	No open season[3]		51
	52	Wyoming	No open season	No open season[1]			Aug. 15, 1939	Sept. 1-Oct. 1[1]	No open season	Aug. 15, 1939		52
CANADA	53	Alberta[2]	Nov. 1-Dec. 14[5 1]	Nov. 1-Dec. 14[5 1]				No open season	No open season	No open season		53
	54	British Columbia[1]	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[5 1]	Sept. 1-Dec. 15[5 1]			(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)		54
	55	Manitoba[1]	Nov. 21-Nov. 30[5]	Nov. 21-Nov. 30[5]			No open season	Oct. 15-Oct. 22	Oct. 15-Oct. 22	No open season		55
	56	New Brunswick	Sept. 15-Nov. 30[1]	Oct. 1-Nov. 30[5]				No open season				56
	57	Northwest Territories[1]	Sept. 1-Mar. 31[5]	Sept. 1-Mar. 31[5]				Sept. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Dec. 31			57
	58	Nova Scotia[2]	Oct. 16-Nov. 15[5 1]	Oct. 16-Nov. 15[5 1]	Nov. 1-Feb. 28			No open season		No open season		58
	59	Ontario	Sept. 15-Nov. 25[1]	Sept. 15-Nov. 25[5 1]		No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	59
	60	Prince Edward Island			Nov. 1-Feb. 1			Oct. 15-Nov. 15		No open season		60
	61	Quebec	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 10-Dec. 31[5 1]	Oct. 15-Jan. 31			Sept. 1-Dec. 15				61
	62	Saskatchewan	Nov. 15-Dec. 14[5 1]	Nov. 15-Dec. 14[5 1]				No open season	No open season			62
	63	Yukon	Aug. 1-Nov. 30[5]	Aug. 1-Nov. 30[5]				Sept. 1-Mar. 15				63

MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS[6]
(The seasons here shown are those when migratory game birds may be hunted with

OTHER GAME
(Season closed in States and Provinces

OUTDOOR AMERICA

		State	Migratory Game Birds[6] (The seasons here shown are those when migratory game birds may be hunted without violating either Federal regulations or State laws)						Other Game (Season closed in States and Provinces not mentioned)					
			Duck, Goose, Brant, Coot	Wilson's Snipe or Jacksnipe	Woodcock	Rail, Gallinuve	Dove		Antelope		Mountain Sheep		Ptarmigan	
United States	1	Alabama	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Dec. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 20-Jan. 31[1]	1	Wyoming	No open season.[1]	Alaska	Aug. 20-Dec. 31[5 1]	Alaska	Sept. 1-Feb. 28
	2	Alaska	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15				2			Idaho	No open season[1]	Washington	[1]
	3	Arizona	Oct. 16-Jan. 31[1]	Oct. 16-Nov. 30		No open season	Sept. 1-Dec. 15[1]	3			Wyoming	No open season[1]	Manitoba	Oct. 1-Oct. 20
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	4			Alberta	Sept. 1-Oct. 31[5 1]	Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Dec. 31
	5	California	Oct. 1-Jan. 15[1]	Oct. 1-Jan. 15		No open season[1]	Sept. 1-Sept. 30[1]	5			Br. Columbia	Sept. 1-Nov. 15[5 1]	Quebec	Nov. 1-Jan. 31
	6	Colorado	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1, 1930	6	Bear (Generally defined as a fur animal; no close season in States not listed)		Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Feb. 28[1]	Yukon	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
	7	Connecticut	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 20-Nov. 19	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	7			Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 15		
	8	Delaware	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15[1]	8					Sage Hen	
	9	District of Columbia[1]	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 10-Dec. 10	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	9	Alabama	Nov. 1-Feb. 28				
	10	Florida	Nov. 20-Jan. 31[1]	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	No open season	Sept. 15-Nov. 30[1]	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	10	Alaska	Sept. 1-June 20[1]			California	Aug. 1-Aug. 15
	11	Georgia	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Dec. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 20-Jan. 31[1]	11	Arizona	Oct. 16-Nov. 15			Idaho	Local seasons
	12	Idaho	Oct. 1-Jan. 15[1]	Oct. 1-Jan. 15[1]		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	12	California	Nov. 15-Feb. 28[1]			Montana	Sept. 16-Sept. 25
	13	Illinois	Sept. 24-Jan. 7	Sept. 24-Jan. 7	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Sept. 30	13	Georgia	Nov. 20-Feb. 28			Nevada	[1]
	14	Indiana	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 15-Nov. 14	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	14	Idaho	Sept. 1-May 31[1]			South Dakota	No open season[1]
	15	Iowa	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 15-Nov. 14	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	15	Louisiana	Oct. 15-Jan. 5			Utah	No open season[1]
	16	Kansas	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 1-Oct. 15	16	Michigan	Nov. 15-Nov. 30			Washington	[1]
	17	Kentucky	Nov. 1-Jan. 31[1]	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	17	Minnesota	Nov. 15, 1930			Wyoming	Aug. 11-Aug. 18[1]
	18	Louisiana	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Dec. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Dec. 1-Jan. 31	18	Mississippi	Nov. 1-Feb. 28				
	19	Maine	Sept. 16-Dec. 31[5]	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	19	Nevada	Nov. 15-Mar. 15				
	20	Maryland	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 10-Dec. 10	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 10-Dec. 15[1]	20	New Mexico	Oct. 10-Oct. 31				
									New York	Oct. 15-Nov. 15				
	21	Massachusetts	Sept. 16-Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 16-Dec. 31[1]	Oct. 20-Nov. 19	Sept. 16-Dec. 15	No open season		North Carolina	Oct. 1-Jan. 15				
	22	Michigan[1]	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 15-Oct. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	21	Oklahoma	No open season[1]				
	23	Minnesota	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Oct. 1	22	Oregon	Unprotected[1]				
	24	Mississippi[1]	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Dec. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 20-Jan. 31[1]	23	Pennsylvania	Nov. 1-Dec. 15				
	25	Missouri	Sept. 24-Jan. 7	Sept. 24-Jan. 7	Nov. 10-Dec. 10	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	24	Texas	Nov. 16-Dec. 31				
	26	Montana	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	25	Virginia	Oct. 1-Jan. 31				
	27	Nebraska	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Nov. 1	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Sept. 15	26	Washington	[1]				
	28	Nevada	Sept. 16-Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	27	Alberta	Sept. 1-June 14				
	29	New Hampshire	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[1]	No open season	28	Br. Columbia	Sept. 1-June 30[1]				
	30	New Jersey	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 15-Nov. 14	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[1]	No open season	29	New Brunswick	Apr. 1-June 30[1]				
								30	Quebec	Aug. 20-June 30				
	31	New Mexico	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	31						
	32	New York	Sept. 24-Jan. 7	Sept. 24-Jan. 7	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 24-Nov. 30	No open season	32	Caribou					
	33	Long Island	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 24-Nov. 30	No open season	33						
	34	North Carolina	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Dec. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[1]	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	34	Alaska	Aug. 20-Dec. 31[1]				
	35	North Dakota	Sept. 16-Dec. 1[1]	Sept. 16-Oct. 16	Oct. 1-Oct. 16	No open season	No open season	35	Alberta	Nov. 1-Dec. 14[1]				
	36	Ohio	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 15-Nov. 14	Nov. 1-Nov. 30[1]	No open season	36	Br. Columbia	Sept. 1-Dec. 15[5 1]				
	37	Oklahoma	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	37	Manitoba	Nov. 21-Nov. 30[5]				
	38	Oregon	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15		Oct. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	38	Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Feb. 28[1]				
	39	Pennsylvania	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 15-Nov. 14	Oct. 15-Nov. 14	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[1]	No open season	39	Saskatchewan	Nov. 15-Dec. 14[1]				
	40	Rhode Island	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Nov. 19	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	40	Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 15				
	41	South Carolina	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Dec. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 20-Jan. 31[1]	41						
	42	South Dakota	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	42	Elk					
	43	Tennessee	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	No open season	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 1-Dec. 15[1]	43						
	44	Texas	Oct. 16-Jan. 31[1]	Oct. 16-Jan. 31[1]	No open season	Sept. 1-Oct. 31[1]	Sept. 1-Oct. 31[1]	44						
	45	Utah[1]	Oct. 1-Dec. 31[1]	Oct. 1-Dec. 31[1]		No open season[1]	No open season	45	Idaho	No open season[1]				
	46	Vermont	Sept. 16-Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	No open season[1]	No open season	46	Montana	Oct. 15-Nov. 15[1]				
	47	Virginia	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	47	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Dec. 15[5]				
	48	Washington	Oct. 1-Jan. 15[1]	Oct. 1-Jan. 15[1]		Oct. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	48	Virginia	Dec. 15-Dec. 31[1]				
	49	West Virginia	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	49	Washington	No open season[1]				
	50	Wisconsin	Sept. 16-Dec. 20[1]	Sept. 16-Dec. 20	Oct. 15-Nov. 14	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	50	Wyoming	No open season[1]				
	51	Wyoming	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16		No open season	No open season	51	Br. Columbia	No open season[1]				
Canada[1]	52	Alberta	Sept. 15-Dec. 14[1]	Sept. 15-Dec. 14[1]		No open season[1]	No open season	52						
	53	British Columbia[1]	Sept. 15-Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 15-Dec. 31[1]		No open season		53	Mountain Goat					
	54	Manitoba	Sept. 15-Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	No open season	No open season	No open season	54						
	55	New Brunswick	Sept. 15-Dec. 31[1]	Oct. 1-Nov. 30[1]	Oct. 1-Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 15-Dec. 31[1]		55						
	56	Northwest Territories	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		Sept. 1-Dec. 14		56						
	57	Nova Scotia	Oct. 1-Jan. 15[1]	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Dec. 31[1]		57	Alaska	Sept. 1-Dec. 31[1]				
	58	Ontario	Sept. 1-Dec. 15[1]	Sept. 1-Dec. 15[1]	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15[1]	No open season	58	Idaho	Oct. 6-Oct. 31[1]				
	59	Prince Edward Island	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		59	Alberta	Sept. 1-Oct. 31[1]				
	60	Quebec	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15		60	Br. Columbia	Sept. 1-Nov. 30[1]				
	61	Saskatchewan	Sept. 15-Dec. 31	Sept. 15-Dec. 31		No open season		61	Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Mar. 31				
	62	Yukon	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		Sept. 1-Dec. 14		62	Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 15				

DAYS EXCEPTED

All hunting is prohibited on:

Sundays.—In all States and Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Rhode Island, Texas, Wisconsin, and Quebec.

Mondays.—For waterfowl in Nevada and locally in California and North Carolina.

Tuesdays.—For waterfowl in Nevada and on the Susquehanna Flats and Chester River in Maryland and locally in California.

Other Days.—For waterfowl in Nevada and locally in California, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and for other game in Oklahoma.

Days When Snow Is on the Ground.—In New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, and locally on all game except waterfowl in Maryland.

[1]Write the states and provinces affected for "Additional Provisions and Exceptions." [2]Laws or regulations of 1929 not received. [3]Local exceptions (see "Game Laws for the Season 1929-30"). [4]Certain species. [5]Males only.

[6]Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed on the band-tailed pigeon, swan, wood duck, eider duck, bobolink (reedbird, ricebird), auk, auklet, bittern crane, fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, heron, jaeger, loon, murre, petrel, puffin, shearwater, tern, and all shorebirds (except woodcock and Wilson's snipe or jacksnipe) in the United States and Canada, except that eider ducks may be taken during the respective open seasons on waterfowl in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Yukon Territory, Northwest Territories, and north or Quebec-Cochrane-Winnipeg National Railway in Ontario; and band-tailed pigeons in British Columbia, Sept. 15-Sept. 30.

Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Rifle and Pistol Cartridges

THE first semblance to fixed ammunition was styled the "Envelope" cartridge, and consisted of a tissue paper envelope filled with the proper charge of powder and glued around the conical shaped missile.

While these cartridges were very crude when compared with the ammunition of the present day, much more time was saved when reloading the muzzle loading rifles and pistols than when the powder was carried in a flask and the charge measured out, for when using the envelope ammunition all that was necessary was to pinch off the end of the paper and drop the charge in the muzzle, and of course seating the bullet with the ram rod in the usual way.

These cartridges were used extensively during the civil war, in the old Springfield muskets and the revolvers of the several calibers, 31, 36 and 44.

The first metallic cartridge was the pin fire brought out by Lefaucheau of France.

Shortly after this pin fire was on the market, another style was introduced, but I cannot recall the inventor's name or nationality, but I believe the cartridge was made in America.

Anyway it was a peculiar looking thing, and different from any other cartridge, past or present.

This cartridge was made of copper. The base had no flange, but was rounded out with a hollow protuberance in the center which contained the fulminate, and stuck out through a hole in the rear of the chamber. The front end was slightly bell shaped, like the muzzle of a blunderbuss. The ball was round and did not protrude beyond the tip of the case.

Owing to the shape this cartridge could only be used in revolvers, as it must be seated from the muzzle, and I just this minute recall that it was made especially for one make of revolver called "The National."

I only saw one of these revolvers, and the five or six cartridges that fitted the cylinder. This weapon was owned by a friend who had inherited it from his father, and when I asked him if the pistol shot straight, he said, "I haven't an idea, for I've never fired it."

Of course, boy like, I wanted to try it, but my friend said he couldn't get any more cartridges. On further inquiry I found that the revolver had been bought some fifteen years previous, and had never been fired. After much persuasion on my part my friend Stone consented to let me fire one shot, but much to our disgust, not one of the cartridges exploded.

I wonder how many of our readers remember this make of revolver and type of ammunition.

Just before the close of the civil war the "rim fire" cartridge was introduced, and was made in several calibers, though it was several years before breech loading rifles and revolvers came into general use.

The cartridge styled 44 Flat, which was adapted to Henry and Winchester rifles and Colt revolvers was the most popular, and I believe was about the first rim fire cartridge in general use in this country.

Smith and Wesson had been working for a number of years on a revolver to compete with the Colt 31 caliber, but it was not perfected until the rim fire cartridge became established, and I am of the opinion that the first 32 caliber rim fire cartridge was made for Smith and Wesson revolvers.

The 38 short adapted to revolvers and Ballard and Remington rifles was the next to come out, then came the 41 short adapted to the various makes of pistols, such as the Colt single shot derringer, Forehand and Wadsworth, and the Remington double barrel derringer.

This cartridge was deadly at short range, as the bullet weighs 130 grains while the powder charge is only 13 grains.

The 22 caliber bullet breech cap was first developed in Europe and was adapted to the 22 caliber Flobert single shot rifle, which at that time was made with a smooth bore barrel.

This cartridge contained no powder, and the ball was propelled by the force of the fulminate.

The demand for any rim fire cartridge with the exception of the various 22 calibers has fallen off since the advent of the center fire ammunition, and many have been eliminated.

The 22 extra long adapted to single shot rifles is practically off the market, and with the 22 short and 22 long rifle, the 22 long might as well be thrown in the discard, and I am surprised that the ammunition companies still continue to make cartridges of that type.

The 22 long rifle cartridge is really a wonder, for it is accurate up to 200 yards.

There is very little demand for the 25 caliber rim fire cartridge, and the 32 extra short is now a thing of the past.

In 1875 I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., and while there I haunted a shooting gallery where the rifles were of a type that I have never seen before nor have I since. I have not met anyone during the last few years who recalls having seen one of these old time gallery rifles.

The ammunition was certainly unique and consisted of an ordinary percussion cap and a pellet about the size of our present BB shot.

While the sighting length of the barrel was about 24 inches the pellet was inserted about half way down, so only traveled about 12 inches. No powder was used and the propelling force was that exerted by the fulminate in the cap. These rifles were quite accurate at the gallery distance, and the ammunition certainly was economical.

The range of the little 22 caliber ammunition is remarkable. I have seen shots made that were I to mention them, I am afraid I would be immediately elected to membership in "The Liars' Club," but I will say that I have frequently seen ducks killed at a distance well over three hundred yards, with a 22 short smokeless cartridge. These shots were made with a Marlin rifle, with an eighteen inch barrel.

I do not want the readers of this article to get the idea that the shots were taken at single ducks, for such is not the case, for in each instance there were several hundred ducks, and the shots were made to frighten them, and start them moving, so the kills were accidental.

It seems incredible that a bullet weighing 30 grains expelled by a powder charge of only 3 grains should exert a killing force at 300 yards.

The 22 long with a bullet weighing 3[illegible] grains and a powder charge of 5 grains, shows a muzzle velocity of 1067.57 feet per second and develops a muzzle energy of 88.59 foot pounds.

The 22 long rifle has a bullet weighing 40 grains with the same powder charge as the 22 long, shows a muzzle velocity of 1012.32 feet per second and develops a muzzle energy of 91.04 foot pounds.

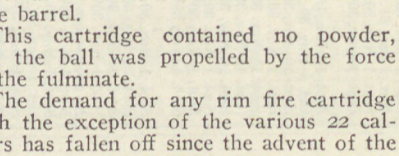
The Winchester special 22, known as 2[illegible] W. R. F. has a bullet weighing 45 grains, a powder charge of 7 grains, muzzle velocity of 1118.54, and a muzzle energy of 125.04 foot pounds.

Of these three cartridges the 22 long rifle is the most accurate and is, by far, the most popular.

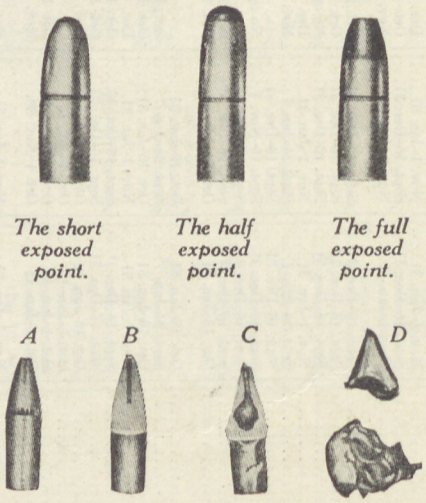
The above figures are for cartridges loaded with Lesmok or black powder, those loaded with smokeless powder show a decided decrease in velocity and foot pound energy.

This decrease, however, shows only in cartridges which were originally intended for the use of black powder, as the smoke

Soft Point Bullets



The short exposed point. *The half exposed point.* *The full exposed point.*



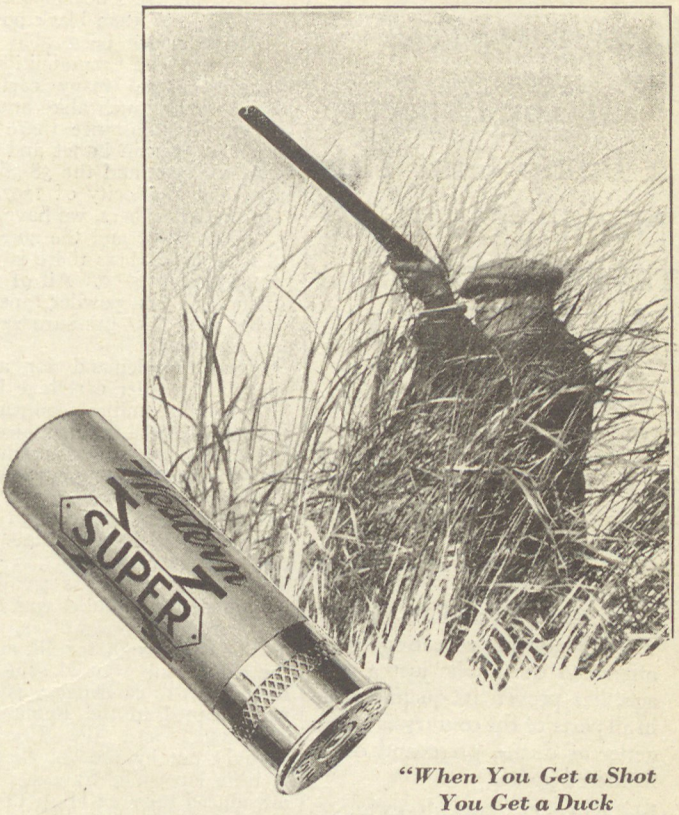
A—The open-point expanding bullet showing the position of the cannelure.

B—Sectional view of bullet showing the depth of the open-point cavity.

C—Laboratory photograph illustrating how the trapped air causes expansion as it enters soft tissue.

D—Actual bullet taken from a big bull moose that was killed with one shot.

Change to Super-X this Fall!



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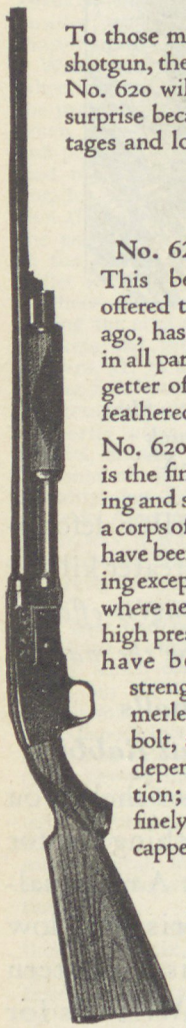
If You Expect to Buy a Pump Gun This Fall, Nothing Can Equal the STEVENS-BROWNING *for* Value!



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less powder used is of a low pressure type similar to that used in shot cartridges.

The high pressure smokeless powder used in cartridges adapted to the modern military and sporting rifles develops a higher velocity and energy than black powder.

I have never been able to determine just why the ammunition companies brought out so many cartridges which were so very much alike and of the same caliber. For instance there is the 38-55, with a 255 grain bullet and a muzzle velocity of 1321, and the 38-56 same weight bullet and a velocity of 1397.

In the 40 calibers, we have the 40-60, 40-65, 40-70, 40-72 and the 40-82.

In the 45 calibers there is the 45-60, 45-70, 45-75 and 45-90. All of the above are of the old black powder type, but are now loaded with low pressure smokeless powder, as well.

When the demand for a high power smokeless powder cartridge became insistent, the ammunition companies got busy and added these to their already long list, and among the first to become popular was the Winchester 30-30 adapted to the Winchester repeating rifle model 1894, and the Savage .303. Not enough difference in general effect to necessitate cartridges so similar.

The 30 caliber was small enough, but with a soft point bullet was fairly effective on deer, antelope, wolves, etc., but was hardly big enough for elk and moose, still the rifle crank wanted something smaller, so the 6 m/m cartridge was developed and was adapted to the Remington-Lee military rifle, and the Lee-Straigt Pull, brought out by the Winchester Company. A little later The Savage Arms Company introduced their 22 High Power, but these extreme small calibers have not been popular among the real, "honest to goodness" big game hunters, for while they developed plenty of velocity, there was not enough weight in the bullet to exert enough shocking force; besides this, the bullet was very easily deflected.

I have known of one of these small caliber bullets to be deflected several inches by striking a small twig of mesquite.

Another bad feature is, that frequently the bullet will fly into small pieces on impact, instead of mushrooming as intended, causing a wound which is not vital, allowing the animal to get away so far that he is not brought to bag.

A number of the older big game hunters still favor the large caliber black powder cartridge with the heavy lead bullet, claiming that it is more effective than the smaller high velocity type, and this point is well taken, for it is a well known fact that any animal knocked off its feet by the impact of the heavy bullet is more apt to "stay put" than if struck with one of the smaller missiles which does not knock him down, even though the bullet mushrooms properly, and there is many a deer and elk lost in heavy timber on this account.

It requires considerably more of an effort for an animal to get up on his feet after being knocked down by the impact of a heavy bullet than it does for him to run several hundred yards.

Mr. Cyrus Thompson, of Belleville, Illinois, who has for a number of years taken an annual big game hunt, generally in the moose country in Canada, still clings to his old Winchester, model 1886, 50-110.

The late Dall DeWeese, of Canon City, Colorado, swore by the 40-70-330, which in his estimation was the best of all the 40 calibers.

When our government decided that the old Springfield single shot musket and the 45-70 cartridge were out of date, the Krag-Jorgenson 30 caliber repeating rifle was adopted, and we thought we were "fixed" forever, but it was not long before another change was made, and the rimless 30 caliber model 1903, and with the same weight bullet showed a decided increase in velocity and about 400 more foot pounds energy.

Still we were not satisfied, and the result was that the model 1903 cartridge was replaced by the model 1906, which is designated as 30-06, and is made with bullets of different weights, as 150, 180 and 220 grains, the 150 grain bullet being standard for the present service cartridge.

The 30-06 has proven so satisfactory it has almost become standard with the big game hunters of this country.

When high velocity smokeless powder was perfected and the small caliber arms were adopted by the military of different countries it was found that the ordinary lead bullet was too soft and would strip instead of following the grooves so this necessitated a harder metal and the result was the, so-called, steel jacket covering the lead missile.

This new projectile was all right for military purposes but would not do for big game, because this small bullet traveling at high speed would frequently go entirely through an animal without shattering a bone, resulting in the wounding of game which could not be brought to bag, consequently the ammunition companies brought out the soft point bullet, which when striking a bone would mushroom and cause a shock similar to that of the heavy ball of the black powder cartridge, also the expansion of the bullet causes quite a loss of blood.

However, this soft point was not always satisfactory, for, at times when a bone was not struck the bullet would fail to expand.

To overcome this defect, The Western Cartridge Company, after considerable experimenting, developed the open point expanding bullet, which appears to be about the last word for a big game missile.

In construction it is a jacketed bullet having a long sharp point with a cavity in this point extending back about 3/8 of an inch. This cavity acts as a pocket to trap air at the instant of impact, and as the bullet continues to penetrate the air pressure increases causing a greater expansion and finally an explosion. There is a groove at the shoulder which allows the point to blow off when the maximum penetration has been reached.

Unlike the original soft point bullet, it is not essential that a bone be struck to obtain the desired result, for this new bullet will expand and explode in soft tissue.

After the advent of the high power cartridge with the metal jacketed bullet, riflemen found that they were having considerable trouble on account of metal fouling which was difficult to remove, so to obviate this considerable experimenting was done with the result that the Lubalioy coated bullet was the next improvement, and this has done away with any metal fouling.

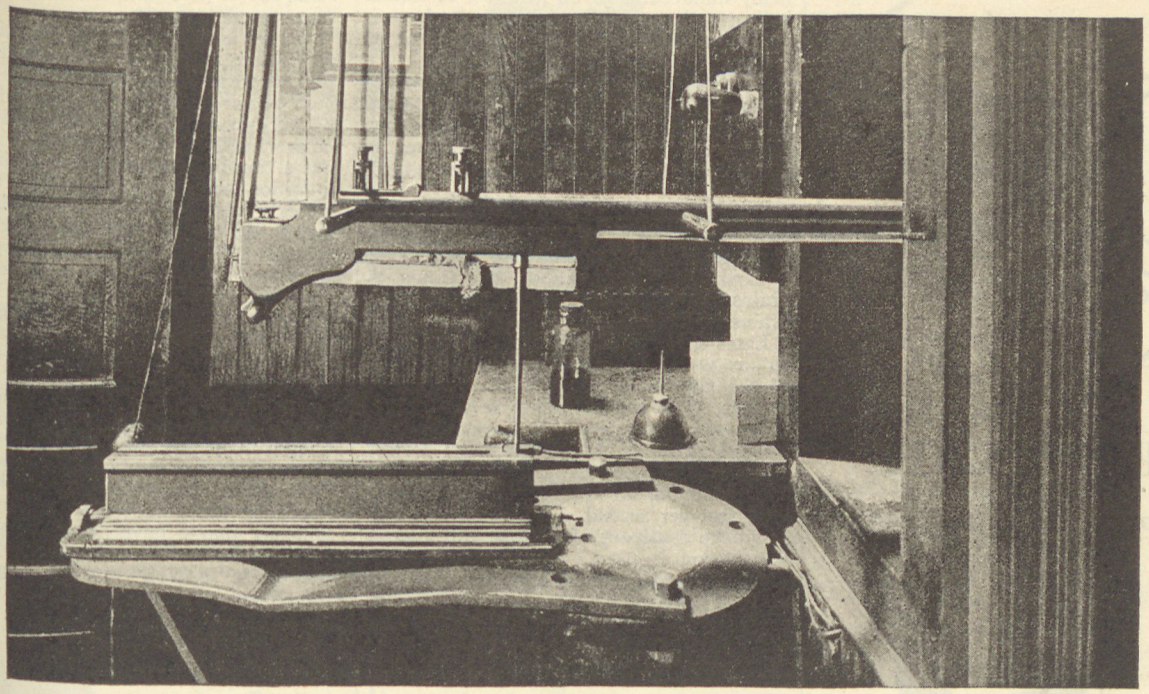
Another bad feature was the corrosion caused by the mercury in the primer, but this has now been overcome by the use of a non-corrosive substance in the priming mixture.

The Designation of Cartridges

JUST a few days ago I was asked why some cartridges were designated as 25 caliber, others as 25-35, 40-70-330, 250-3000, etc. I had to admit that this different way of describing cartridges was rather confusing, and I endeavored to explain the whys and wherefores for the different designations.

Originally the caliber of any firearm was designated by so many balls to the

No. 5 OF A SERIES OF TALKS ON AMMUNITION QUALITY



RECOIL GUN IN POSITION FOR ACTION

Recoil

THE ideal shotgun powder would be that which gave the shot charge the highest velocity and killing power without any recoil. Unfortunately this ideal can never be fulfilled because it would contradict a physical law. Sir Isaac Newton's Third Law of Motion explains Recoil:

"Action and reaction are equal and opposite."

Expressing this in a simplified formula:

WEIGHT OF THE SHOT *times*
VELOCITY OF THE SHOT =
WEIGHT OF THE GUN *times*
RECOIL VELOCITY OF THE GUN

It can be seen from this that if the weight of the shot charge and the weight of the gun are kept the same, then any increase in the velocity of the shot has to be accompanied by an increase in the Recoil Velocity. It can also be understood that a shotgun load which appears to have a lighter recoil must necessarily have a lower muzzle velocity than a shotgun load which appears to have a heavier recoil.

The Recoil Velocity can be very readily calculated by transposing the equation:

$$\text{Recoil Velocity of Gun} = \frac{\text{WEIGHT OF SHOT CHARGE } \textit{times} \text{ VELOCITY OF SHOT CHARGE}}{\text{WEIGHT OF THE GUN}}$$

Rather than make extensive calculations, however, ballistic experts have developed a special apparatus that actually measures the recoil. This apparatus is called a pendulum gun and is illustrated in the accompanying photograph.

The gun weighs 50 pounds and is freely suspended from crossed wires 5 feet long. The pointer under the gun pushes back a small indicator as it recoils. Thus is measured the exact distance the gun kicks back, and an additional control is exercised to assure the shooter's comfort as well as safety.

Du Pont powders are used by all of the principal ammunition manufacturers. They have selected du Pont powder because their ballistic qualities contribute so largely to the superiority of the ammunition, and the consequent success of its users. To maintain these standards of excellence, the ammunition companies will continue to load those powders ensuring the best ammunition possible for a specified purpose.

The du Pont Company with its experience of 127 years and its present resources can supply to ammunition companies the type and quality of powders required to maintain the reputation of ammunition manufacturers and the confidence of the shooters.

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pound, but after the advent of the first cartridges the caliber was named by so many hundredths of an inch, as, 22 caliber indicates that the diameter of the bore is .22 of an inch, 44 caliber means .44 of an inch, and so on.

Some years ago the English ammunition companies designated the caliber of their cartridges in thousandths of an inch, and this tendency has been partly adopted in America. For instance the English 45 caliber cartridge is designated as 450.

Early designations of cartridges not only gave the caliber, but the weight of the powder and bullet, such as 40-70-330, being a cartridge of 40 caliber, containing 70 grains of powder and a bullet weighing 330 grains.

Later the weight of the bullet was omitted, as 32-40. Again the name of the maker of the rifle or pistol is used, as 44 Winchester, 38 S. & W. (Smith & Wesson.)

We also have two departures from the general rule, as 22 Savage High Power, and the 250-3000, the latter being of 25 caliber having an approximate velocity of 3000 feet per second.

On the continent of Europe still another designation is used. The diameter being given in millimeters instead of inches; thus we have the 6.5 mm., 7.62 mm., 9 mm., etc. One millimeter is equal to .0394 of an inch. Thus the 6.5 mm. is the same size as the American 256 caliber, the 7.62 is the same as our 30 caliber and the 9 mm. is the same as our 35 caliber.

All of us who have been partial to the 22 caliber rifle know how difficult it has been to keep the bore clean, even with the best of care, and we have found through bitter experience that a rifle barrel may be practically ruined if left over night without a thorough cleaning, so when the ammunition companies announced that they were bringing out a new cartridge which would do away with the "bugbear" of eternal vigilance, we all became very much interested and at the same time were a little skeptical, but it is a proven fact, and hundreds of shots may be fired (using this new type of cartridge) without cleaning the rifle, and the barrel will be found in perfect condition.

This improvement is in both the priming mixture and the bullet, which in the cartridge made by the Western Cartridge Company is coated with "Luballoy."

To those of our readers who have been bored by these articles on ammunition, I will say that I have about exhausted my fund of information on the subject, so I will write "FINIS" and try to give them something new and more interesting in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

This series of articles by Bob Limbert, crack revolver shot, has proven to be one of the most popular ever run in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Address Mr. Limbert, care of* OUTDOOR AMERICA, *or Stanley, Idaho.*

Revolver Practice as Applied to Police Work

IN the preceding article I stated I was going to explain some of the tricks used in disarming. To one who has never seen it done it does not seem possible for a person with a gun pressed against his side and with the other fellow's finger on the trigger to take it away from him before he can pull the trigger.

In this like many other stunts possible to do with a gun there are certain principles one must put into practice before he can do it. The principle in this, as in the quick draw, is to get your elbow in such a position that you do not have to move it when you flash your hand toward the gun. In other words the movement of your forearm is quicker than your opponent's senses can flash the information to the brain and cause his muscles to react in a trigger squeeze in his hand. This may sound to you a little far fetched but it is an actual fact just the same.

Just supposing a gun is pressed against your ribs and you have your hands in the air. If you can get your elbows lowered, as if you were tired of the strain of holding them over your head, until they are in such a position that you do not move them when you snap your hand downward you can with a little practice disarm an opponent every time. All you have to do is to look down, locate the cylinder and then snap your hand down and grasp the cylinder and your opponent will be unable to cock his gun. If the gun be cocked you flip your little finger in between the hammer and the frame. It is much harder to do against a cocked gun than it is against one being used double action. Once the gun is grasped grab the barrel and bend it upward and over towards your opponent.

By doing so you can catch his trigger finger in the guard and either break it or else force him to his knees where you can bring your knee up with a jerk and catch him on the chin. In performing this stunt something over two hundred times I was only beaten twice during the past winter. Be very careful about the finger twist as it is extremely dangerous. In practicing it go through the motions slowly until you know just what you want to do and then do it like the snap of a steel spring. You will find that once you grasp the idea you can do it every time. Practice will make you perfect.

Another stunt which cost the lives of many men on our old frontier was the gun man's roll. In this, you hand your gun to a possible opponent with the butt reversed and lying across your hand with the forefinger or trigger finger ever so slightly crooked inside the guard. As he reaches out to take the weapon you jerk your hand back and spin the gun and as the gun spins into your hand you squeeze it off using it as a double action. After a bit of practice you will find that all you have to do is to have your forefinger nail just under the trigger and you can do it like a flash. Unless your opponent has his gun dead on you you can beat him every time.

In my exhibition work I place a glass ball on the grip of my gun as it is held this way and then spin the gun, shooting and breaking the target before it has fallen eight or ten inches. It is needless to say

that in practicing these various stunts with a gun you should do it with an empty gun. Look at your gun to see it is empty and then take another look to see that you didn't make a mistake the first time. This little caution will save you a lot of grief sooner or later. Be more than careful around a crowd for you will find people do the strangest things imaginable. One of the favorite seems to be to slip a loaded shell into a gun to see how it fits and then leave it there. I have had this happen to me twice with guns which I positively knew were empty when handed out for inspection. Especially is this true if you happen to be using a .22 caliber gun. Never take chances with a loaded gun.

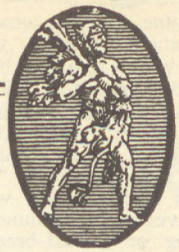
For police officers the practice of shooting in the dark is invaluable. No matter how good a target shot you happen to think you are, you are going to get the surprise of your life when you try rapid fire shooting in the dark. Never will I forget my first experience in this. It happened in Chicago one night when I was the guest of the Oak Park Revolver Club. The members had been stepping into a darkened room and shooting at a life sized black silhouette of a man at about fifty-five feet. I had been sitting back watching the fellows and chuckling to myself at the scores they were making when they asked me to try it. Loading up my .38 Special I stepped into the room and—br-r-r-r-r-r—my gun was empty and we strolled down to see my score. Two lone hits out of six shots. I couldn't believe it and insisted there was something wrong as there were a number of bullet splashes on the target. We painted the target and I tried it again with a score of two and an edge shot which might have gone through the clothing had the target been dressed. Of course after a little practice and not shooting quite so fast I did much better. Try it once, you'll be surprised.

If you as a police officer get into a gun battle with an opponent don't try to be brave and stand out where you will make a good target. On the contrary, throw yourself on your stomach, in a gutter, behind a pole, a stairway or anything else which will afford the slightest protection. It rattles your opponent especially if you are pumping lead towards him at the same time. A man lying prone and facing a target head on offers about one sixth the vulnerable target that he does standing up.

Here is another thing, if you happen to suspicion a crime being committed in an alley or street and it is necessary for you to close in on the criminals do so from the side which places your shooting arm towards the middle of the street. This allows you to take protection in a doorway and to shoot with only your head and arm exposed and makes your opponent step out in the open to fire back unless he is left handed in which case he has an equal chance with you. Try this once on a street with an empty gun and you will be surprised at the advantage it gives you.

If you be compelled to shoot at a man who is running don't do it while you are running yourself. Stop and take deliberate aim, and then you will stand some chance of hitting what you are shooting at. If you have to shoot in order to frighten a running person do not shoot into the sidewalk or pavement as your bullet is apt to glance and hit somebody. Shoot into the air. A falling bullet does not have force enough to harm anybody. Should it be necessary to strike a man with your gun don't attempt to turn it around and grasp it by the barrel. Use it as is and strike a slashing blow across the face of the man opposing you.

For detectives' use and others who are



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compelled to come to close quarters the Colt's Arms Company make a .38 Special caliber revolver with a two inch barrel that is an ideal pocket gun for quick action. This gun with its short barrel is made purposely to carry in an outside coat pocket without showing as would a gun with a longer barrel. It is called the "Detective Special." It is also an ideal weapon to wear under a vest or a summer weight suit in a spring or a half-breed spring holster as its short barrel allows it to clear quickly and enable you to get it into action. Many officers in the large cities whose duties continually take them into places of danger use it as an auxiliary gun for use in case of trouble. Its small size and light weight adapts it especially to this use. Do not think that because it has only a two inch barrel it is not accurate. I find no difficulty in grouping my shots within a four inch circle at thirty feet which is close enough shooting for all practical purposes. If I were a police officer whose duties took me into the tough sections of a big city I would not be without this gun.

While I am writing this I think it is well to mention that a revolver having the sights filed so that there is a square or right angled front sight facing the shooter is not suitable for police work because this sort of a sight often catches in the clothing or even the holster and prevents quick drawing. This is the reason police guns have the rear sight cut into the frame and the front sight oval in shape and welded onto the barrel. This prevents their getting out of adjustment. Don't fool with the sight of a gun of this type unless it is to slightly enlarge the rear sight so as to enable you to sight quicker.

While I am on the subject of revolvers as applied to police work I think it is well to mention that an unnecessary display of your gun makes you look like a "sap-head." Don't lose your head and flourish it around. If you know you are up against a bad actor or even surmise it draw your gun so as to have it handy and if he is a man with a known bad record point it at him and go boldly up to him. As you get within arm's length draw your elbow back until the side of the weapon rests against your body and then "frisk" him with your other hand. In this way he cannot knock your gun out of your hand and you can push him away and shoot if he tries to start something. Keep your gun close against your body *always* when you come within arm's length.

You will find that if you have made up your mind to shoot and to go through with it in case of trouble it radiates itself to the sub-conscious mind of your opponent and sort of chills his blood, dampening his instinct to take a chance so that he will quietly submit to arrest. Those of you fellows who have faced a drawn gun close up in the hands of a determined man will understand just what I mean.

In a case of necessity always bear in mind that the crook is a notoriously bad shot and a gun pointed his way gives him the creeps.

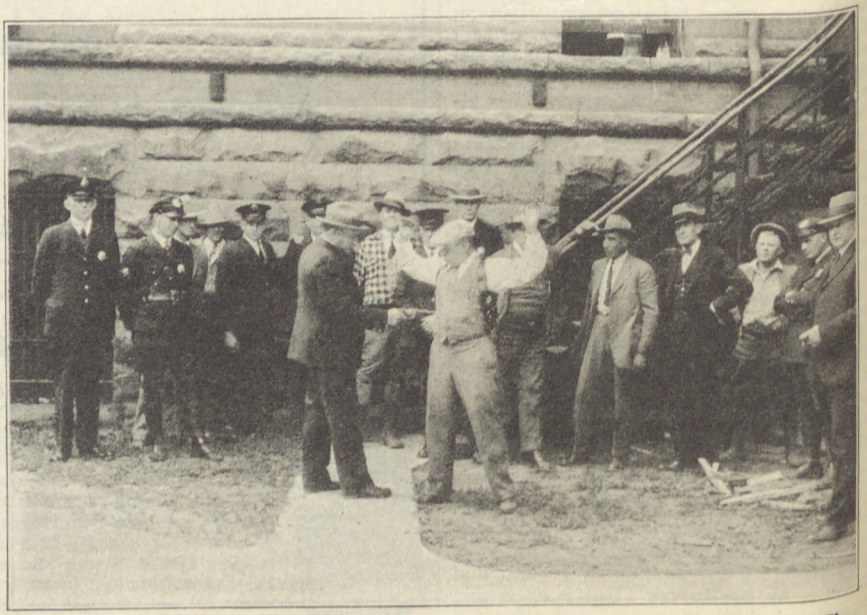
I also want to state that while an automatic is a fine gun it is not as suitable to police work as a revolver because it is not as dependable. It will not function with imperfect ammunition. If it is one of the hammer models it is about ten times slower in getting off the first shot; a misfire practically puts you out of commission and the mainspring is kept under a continual tension if it is carried cocked with the safety on.

In case you find a revolver which you have reason to believe was used at the scene of a crime handle it carefully for the preservation of finger prints. Wrap it up in your handkerchief or a piece of paper and do not under any circumstances allow others than your finger print man to handle it unless they know what they are doing.

One of the commonest methods, but one which seems little known to the officers outside of the large cities is to search the roofs in the immediate vicinity of a crime for revolvers which have been thrown up after being used. Crooks sometimes even carry a piece of cord which they tie onto their gun and give it a couple of whirls and then let go allowing it to go to the top of the highest roofs just as might a stone from a sling shot.

While I am on this subject I might mention if you get into a mix up with a man and have to club him work on his wrists, elbows or the point of his jaw. Never hit over the head unless it is a case of extreme necessity because a head blow is liable to be fatal.

As mentioned in the previous articles, I gave entertainment programs consisting of bird and animal imitations, movies, rope spinning and shooting before many of the local Walton League Chapters throughout the middle west and eastern states. In many



In this picture Limbert is about to disarm the officer before he can pull the trigger. The officer is holding the gun against Limbert's body which is wrong. He should hold the gun close to his own body.

of these places the local secretaries had me give pistol instructions to their local police. In many cases I was surprised to note how little many of the men knew about handcuffing a prisoner and often the practically obsolete types of cuffs being used. The sensible cuff to use is the one in which the swinging arm turns completely around passing between the divided arms of the opposite side. In a cuff of this kind you can set the arm on the last notch and then by striking your man smartly across the wrist the arm spins completely around and snaps into place locked where a slight squeeze sets it snug.

There is much more which might be said in regard to the principles of revolver practice for police departments. What has been said here both the editor and myself feel will be and has been invaluable to police officers, especially those of the smaller towns and cities.

Questions and Answers

Do you prefer the shoulder holster or the belt holster?

For officers who might be compelled to make a quick draw the belt man would have the best of it. The shoulder holster is the holster however for sheriffs and plain clothes men because it allows the gun to be packed without its being conspicuous and yet allows it to be gotten at readily. Get the kind where the whole gun is encased in a leather holster split down one side.

Of what are the so called "glass balls" used in exhibition shooting made?

A composition of half resin and half plaster of Paris. Melt the resin and add the plaster and after mixing add enough lampblack to color the whole black.

Where can the Quick Draw Shoulder Holster be obtained?

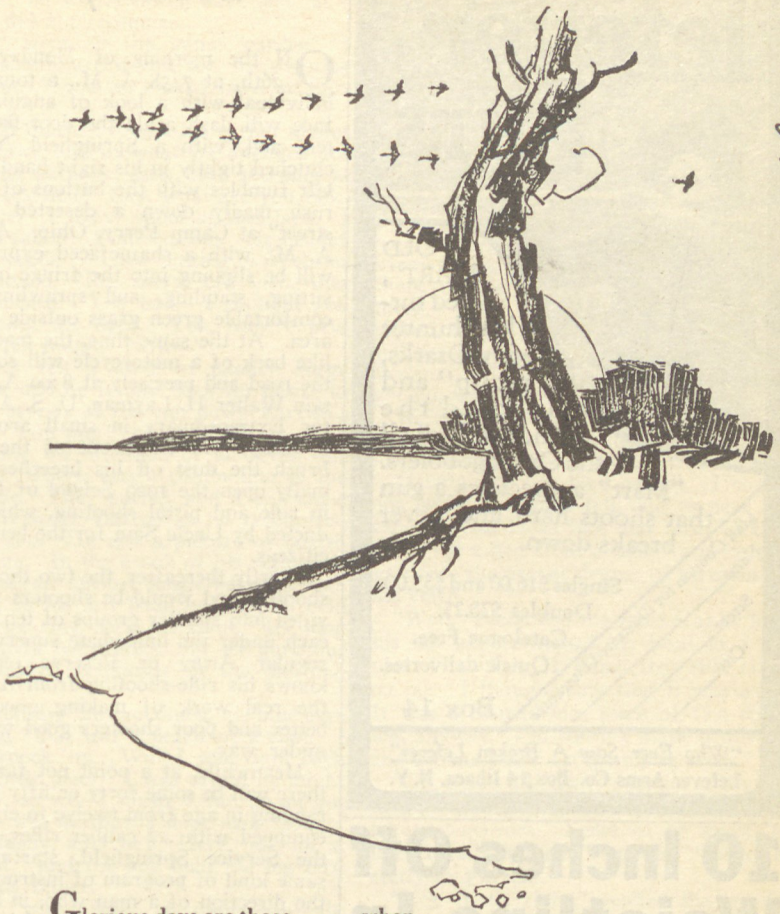
Write Heiser Saddlery Co. of Denver, Colo., mentioning OUTDOOR AMERICA.

What do you think about giving guns to boys?

Let them have them by all means but before you turn them loose by themselves give them intelligent instruction and caution. The average boy of today knows more than his father did at the same age on account of educational facilities. During the past winter in my talks before many of the various League chapters I have been surprised at the number of boys in the audience who owned guns and went hunting both alone and with their "dads."

A number of letters containing checks have been received by me asking that I buy this or that and send it on to the person who sent the check. In every instance these checks have been sent back with the information as to where they could secure the desired article. During the past few months I have traveled from Idaho to the east and along most of the Atlantic coast with the result that the receiving of my mail has been very uncertain. If any have sent checks and not heard from them I wish they would notify their banks to stop payment for fear the checks may have miscarried.

Many requests have been received asking if it is possible to secure this series of articles in book form. It is not, but back copies may be secured through OUTDOOR AMERICA at 25 cents per copy. The series started last August, skipped September and has run continuously to date.



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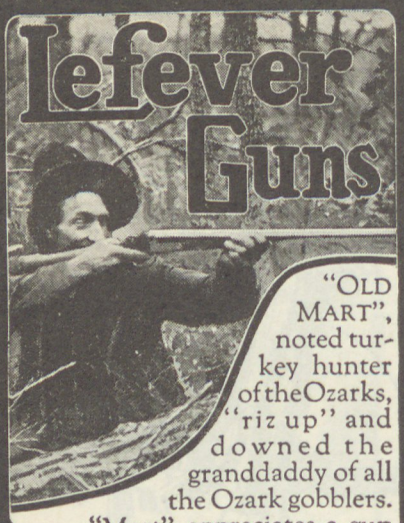

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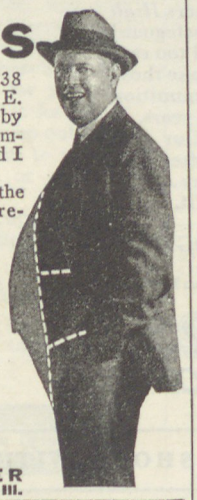

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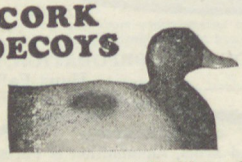

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Ready on the Firing Line!

ON the morning of Monday, August 26th, at 7:58 A. M., a tousle-headed individual with a look of anguish on his face will dash aside the door-flaps of his tent and, with a Springfield Army rifle clutched tightly in his right hand while his left fumbles with the buttons of his shirt, rush madly down a deserted "company street" at Camp Perry, Ohio. At 7:59:30 A. M., with a shamefaced expression, he will be slipping into the fringe of a group sitting, standing, and sprawling on the comfortable green grass outside the tented area. At the same time, the machine-gun-like bark of a motorcycle will sound down the road and precisely at 8:00 A. M., Captain Walter H. Layman, U. S. A., Instructor Extraordinary in small arms marksmanship, will climb out of the side car, brush the dust off his breeches and formally open the 1929 School of Instruction in rifle and pistol shooting, which is conducted by Uncle Sam for the benefit of his citizens.

Shortly thereafter, the two thousand-odd shooters and would-be shooters will be divided into smaller groups of ten or twelve, each under the immediate supervision of a regular Army or Reserve officer, who knows his rifle-shooting from A to Z, and the real work of making good shooters better and poor shooters good will be well under way.

Meanwhile, at a point not far removed, there will be some forty or fifty youngsters ranging in age from twelve to eighteen and equipped with .22 caliber rifles, instead of the Service Springfield, starting on the same kind of program of instruction under the direction of a man who, in addition to being a rifle-shooter, has a knowledge of boy and girl psychology which makes the Junior Camp at the National Matches a wonderful holiday for every youngster who is fortunate enough to attend.

Here are laid the foundations of real shooting and competent handling of firearms for the young ones. Later those who are big enough and good enough are entirely welcome on the larger .22 caliber range to take part in N. R. A. Matches. In fact, two of these young Nimrods last year shot their way onto an American International Small Bore Team. In addition to shooting for junior championship medals, the kids have an opportunity to qualify for the badges of the N. R. A. Junior Rifle Corps.

The firing line at Camp Perry is long—just about two miles as a matter of fact. These two schools are away up at the right end of the line. Jump aboard one of the buses which run, shuttle-car fashion, from one end of the firing line to the other and travel down to the extreme left end of the line. There you will find a third group engaged in the business of learning many new things about their profession; for, to this group, shooting and its allied subjects are not just a pleasant hobby or a healthful recreation.

They are real business, for here we have the Camp Perry School for Police Officers. Guardians of the law from Massachusetts and Southern California do their daily dozen with blue-coats from Oregon and South Carolina. Pistol and revolver shooting, smoke and tear gas bombs, sub-machine and riot guns, jiu-jitsu, all come in for their share of attention in the Police School.

All of these doings are the opening guns in a three weeks' program of activities which has come to be recognized by the rifle and pistol shooters of the United States as the greatest event of their year. The schools occupy a period from Sunday, August 25th, to August 31st.

On September 1st, the Annual Matches of the National Rifle Association get under way and continue to September 8th, culminating on that day with the firing of the annual International Small Bore Team Match against Great Britain and Canada. On September 9th, the National Matches which are held under the direction of Congressional legislation are begun. These events wind up the National Match period on Saturday, September 14th.

The School of Instruction at Camp Perry is open to any citizen of the United States. Wooden-floored tents, cots, and bedding are furnished without charge by the War Department. A National Match grade Springfield rifle is issued to every man and National Match grade ammunition is issued at the firing points, all without charge. To men who are members of the National Rifle Association, the railroads extend a special rate on round-trip tickets which costs only three-fourths of the regular fare, or, in the case of men who want to drive their own cars to Camp, it may be said that Ohio roads are the kind that bring joy to every automobile driver.

An important part of the Camp from the civilian shooter's standpoint is the section known as Squaw Camp. Squaw Camp is set up around the Ohio State Rifle Association Clubhouse near the shore of Lake Erie, and here the shooters with families may house the wife and kiddies in comfortable tents near enough to the lake for the youngsters to romp in the water while Mother looks on or perhaps takes a hand in a friendly bridge game up on the Clubhouse porch, and Dad is free to shoot to his heart's content. If the shooter makes his reservation early enough, he can obtain a comfortable tent with wooden floor, side walls, and electric lights for about $1.50 a day which includes the necessary cots, bedding, writing table, chairs, etc. If it takes him too long to make up his mind, he may have to be contented with a tent which will have the wooden floor and electric lights but no wooden side walls.

As far as food is concerned, there is the dining-room at the Clubhouse, numerous cafeterias and the central mess, which is run by the Army personnel at the Camp. Eating at the competitors' mess will cost from $1.25 to $1.50 per day, depending on how keen appetites become, whet by Lake Erie air and the activities of the range. Eating at the Clubhouse or some of the cafeterias will cost a little bit more, running from $1.75 to $2.25 per day.

Shooters may report at Camp Perry any time during the National Match period and may leave at their convenience. Of course, if a man wants to receive the benefits of the School of Instruction, he should arrange to be on hand on the opening day, August 25th. It will be noted from this fact that, although the Camp is run by the Army, the only sort of discipline which is enforced is the discipline of common sense, enforced by the competitors themselves, in regard to the ordinary rules governing the safety of the shooters and the decent conduct of all those attending the Camp.

A civilian rifle team may be sent to Camp Perry by each state. This team consists of a captain and twelve members, the expenses of which are paid out of War Department funds. The teams are selected by competition, and any rifleman who is interested in the possibility of going to Camp Perry and having his transportation and meals paid for should communicate

(Continued on page 54)

Out of the Weeds

(Continued from page 38)

one. That was a ring neck! Guess I'm getting pretty good, eh?"

Parrish had finally touched the match to the fuse, and Webster blew up. He stopped in his tracks, and faced his partner. "Say, what the hell are you talking about? I shot that bird! Do you get that? I shot it! You know it, too. I doubt if you ever saw it. You didn't shoot until after I did. The bird hit the weeds before your gun ever came up. No, boy, that's one bird you don't get away with, and don't put your hands on it either, or I'm liable to lose my temper."

"Say, now, Webster, I guess I know what I did. That bird never wobbled until after I let go. I had it right on him, too."

"Listen, Parrish, you've talked me out of two birds now, and you're not going to do it again. I shot that bird, and that's that. Do you get that?" queried Webster in a menacing tone.

"Aw, fer gosh sakes, Frank, you don't mean t' say—"

"Listen, brother," came a voice from behind, "I saw who shot that bird, and it wasn't you," and he looked straight at Parrish. "You can be glad it wasn't, too."

The men had been so intent in their argument that they had not noticed the approach of the stranger.

"Yes," went on the newcomer, "I saw who shot the bird, and I'm placing you under arrest." He lifted his coat lapel, showed his authority, and placed his hand on Webster's shoulder.

"What am I under arrest for?" asked Webster in surprise.

"You're under arrest for shooting a ring neck hen. I guess you know that they are protected."

For the first time in his life Webster found himself afoul of the law. Ordinarily he was a strong advocate of game rules and regulations, but just now he felt, somehow, that Parrish was the real cause of his position. If it had not been for the mental condition that Parrish had forced him into, he would never have shot at a bird he did not recognize.

"Yes," went on the game warden, "I guess I should arrest you, too, for shooting *at* the bird," and he looked hard at Parrish.

Parrish quickly forgot his earlier claims to the fowl, and in what he intended for convincing surprise, said, "Me shooting at a ring neck hen! Say, what are you talking about? I didn't shoot at that bird. I shot at a rabbit. I missed him. He headed for the woods." Then turning to Webster he continued, "I'm sorry, old man, that this happened. Too bad. I thought you knew about the hens. Yeh, they're protected. It's tough. Now—"

Webster felt a wave of passion surge over him, and he fought back the desire to jam the barrels of his gun down Parrish's throat. "You pup!" he growled.

Suddenly the attention of all three was diverted. There was a commotion in the tall weeds. They parted, and a boy came forth. Webster started as he recognized his own son. He was a picture of boyish enthusiasm. In the crook of his right arm he carried an ancient single-barreled shot gun, and in his left hand he proudly held up a large ring neck pheasant. Its long tail feathers were gone, but its gorgeous colors showed brilliantly in the morning sun.

"Gee, daddy," he exclaimed, his blue eyes sparkling, "that was a peach of a shot. I saw ya knock 'im. We—I was right back of ya a little piece. I was afraid he might get away, so we—I mean, I ran up an got 'im. He was deadern a door nail, though. He's a dandy, ain't he? Here, put 'im in your coat," and the boy held the big bird toward his father.

"Why, why, Billy, I didn't—ah—ah, thanks son. We were just discussing this very bird."

"Say," exclaimed the warden, "what are you guys tryin' to pull off here. I saw that bird, and it wasn't no cock, either. You just wait till I go down and have a look. Don't try to walk off, for I know who you are, and I can get you any time."

For perhaps ten minutes the exponent of the fish and game laws searched the weeds, and finally returned empty handed.

"There's something phoney about this. I was sure that that bird was a hen," he exclaimed looking searchingly at Billy.

"Maybe ya thought it was a hen, 'cause it didn't have no tail feathers," suggested Billy wisely.

"Well, I don't know, but I'd a sworn it was a hen. I don't remember seein' any colors except brown. Maybe the sun was in my eyes a little. By gosh, though, I still think there's something queer about this thing. Wish I'd have gone down and picked up the bird first, and talked to you fellows afterward. Say," and he looked at Webster, "there wasn't two of them birds got up, was there?"

Webster felt, also, that there was something wrong, but since the situation was to his advantage, he decided to make use of it.

"I only saw one bird get up. I shot at one bird. One bird fell, and as near as I can tell, this looks like that bird. I think I can tell a hen from a cock," and he tried to infuse the proper degree of sarcasm into his voice.

"Well," exclaimed the warden as he lifted his hat and scratched his head in a perplexed manner, "I guess that this is one on me. I thought sure that it was a hen. It was a blamed nice piece of fast shooting, anyway. I'm sorry I made a mistake, and I hope you'll accept my apology."

"Oh, that's all right," exclaimed Webster in a pleasant manner. "We all make mistakes sometimes. Some of us make 'em intentionally though," and he looked directly at Parrish.

"Yes, that's right," replied the warden. "You want to watch these fellers that shoot at winged rabbits. Well, I'll be going along. I hope you have good luck. Better stick around that new partner there of yours; he's a pretty clever little lad, and,

(Continued on page 53)

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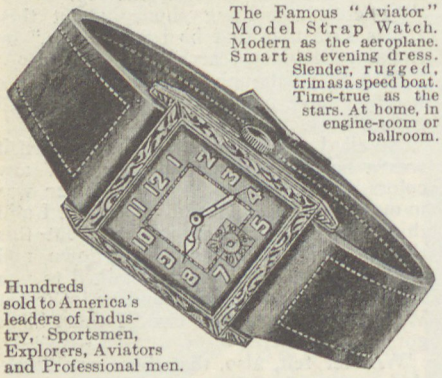

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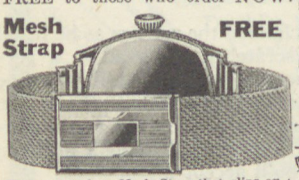

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Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 39)

THE Annual State Casting Tournament for the State of Illinois was held at the pool of the Lincoln Park Casting Club in Chicago on July 4th, and July 7th. All the casters were in prime condition to break a few of the State records, but the weather seemed to be against the boys both days.

The results of the events are as printed below.

DRY FLY ACCURACY—
Won by Charles Zeisler (1st).....Lincoln Park Casting Club
P. S. Gilbertson (2nd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club
F. R. Steel (3rd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club

ACCURACY FLY—
Won by E. H. Burlingame (1st).....Chicago Fly Casting Club
Howard Chatt (2nd).....Illinois Casting Club
P. S. Gilbertson (3rd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club

¼ OZ. ACCURACY—
Won by F. C. Klienfeldt (1st).....Chicago Fly Casting Club
Howard Chatt (2nd).....Illinois Casting Club
E. Lambert (3rd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club

DISTANCE FLY—
Won by Geo. Chatt (1st).....Illinois Casting Club
Howard Chatt (2nd).....Illinois Casting Club
Alex Olsen (3rd).....Chicago Fly Casting Club

FISHERMAN'S DRY FLY—
Won by F. R. Steel (1st).....Lincoln Park Casting Club
F. C. Klienfeldt (2nd).....Chicago Fly Casting Club
W. B. Sturgis (3rd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club

½ OZ. ACCURACY—
Won by Howard Chatt (1st).....Illinois Casting Club
Bert Naugle (2nd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club
E. J. Davis (3rd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club

⅝ OZ. ACCURACY—
Won by E. Lambert (1st).....Lincoln Park Casting Club
Bert Naugle (2nd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club
M. D. Cooley (3rd).....Lincoln Park Casting Club

HOWARD CHATT

The all-around championship, entitling the winner to the Insull Trophy, was won by Howard Chatt of the Ill. Casting Club.

It will be noted that the members of the Lincoln Park Casting Club took three firsts, three seconds and six thirds. The Chicago Fly Casting Club took two firsts, one second, one third and the Illinois Casting Club two firsts and three thirds.

CASTERS' QUESTIONS

What advantages would ensue if the distances in the one-half ounce accuracy were reduced? The longest to eighty-five feet?

1. Greater accuracy—as most casts beyond 85 feet are more or less "guesses," except for a very few casters.

2. The event will be more practical as few ever cast beyond 80 feet in actual fishing.

3. Considerable time will be saved in casting the event.

A correspondent complains, The Dry Fly Accuracy at unknown distances is a most skilful and interesting event, but some casters make it very tedious as they use so many false casts and consume valuable time. Why can't something be done about it?

Your criticism is well founded as many have often mentioned this drawback. Ten false casts should be the maximum allowed between rings, except between the 5th and 6th rings when five would be enough, and an allowance of five false casts would be allowed in case a caster encountered difficulties. It is expected that the coming business meeting will consider limiting the number of false casts between rings.

Join a Casting Club and become a scientific angler. Learn to fly or bait cast and gain an added pleasure in fishing.

There are forty clubs now affiliated with the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs.

Join the one nearest you.

Out of the Weeds

(Continued from page 51)

I would imagine, a pretty good shot." He gave Billy a knowing smile and disappeared into the woods.

"Yeh," began Parrish, after the warden had gone. "Yeh, that was a pretty good shot. I don't see yet, though, how—"

"Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Webster in disgust. "You make me sick, you four-flusher. You've got about as much sporting blood in you as a jelly-fish. Go on take your lousy quail, and get the hell out of here before I lose complete control of myself. From now on Billy and I will hunt together, and we won't need any help, either."

"Why, Frank, I hope you ain't sore about those quail. Why, there wasn't any question about who shot them, was there?"

"No, not any question at all, as far as I am concerned. I *know* who shot 'em."

"Oh, come on dad," interrupted Billy, "we're missing a lot of good shooting. Let 'im go jump in the lake." And he looked defiantly at Parrish.

Parrish was about to carry the conversation farther when the two Websters turned their backs, and headed into the swamp.

"Say, young fellow," exclaimed the father after they were out of hearing, "where did you get that bird, and what happened to the one I shot?"

"Well, ya see, dad, me an' Spider was out here early this morning. We couldn't miss the first day. You know how it is. I shot the cock when we first came into the swamp. Spider got one, too. We was in the woods back there sorta lookin' fer a shot at a squirrel when you an' that chicken thief came out of the weeds. We saw ya shoot the hen. We saw the game warden, too. Spider knows 'im, an' Spider says, 'Billy, he'll arrest yer dad, sure as shootin'. We better do somethin' an' do it quick.' We sneaked into the swamp. Spider picked up the hen an' beat it. He told me to bring the cock out like you'd shot it. He pulled the tail feathers out before he left. Said it might look a little more like a hen. Ah—daddy, do ya s'pose—I mean if we didn't tell no one, of course—do ya s'pose you could fix it with ma so's I could get a gun—could ya?"

Webster said nothing for a moment. A smile played about his lips. He realized that he was dealing with a Webster, and that a Webster usually got what he wanted in the end.

"Gee, son, you're giving me a tough proposition to handle. You know your mother as well as I do. We'll find some way out of it, though. Perhaps, it will be necessary for me to buy a new gun for myself, and maybe you could use it or something like that. Watch out, now; here's signs of quail!"

Our Woods

By William G. McLean

WHEN all the trees have disappeared
Then man will pass away,
When woods are gone, the earth is seared
And man must rue the day.

OH trees—the oldest things that live,
Upon this changing ball,
The worth to man—of all you give
Has ne'er been written all.

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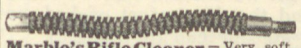
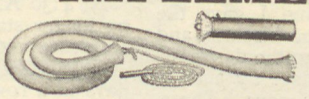


Marble's Rifle Cleaner — Very soft, flexible brass gauge cleaner that follows the twist and rapidly removes all lead, copper, rust or powder residue. State caliber of gun. Price. 50c. For shotgun, 75c.



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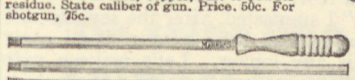

Marble's Shot Gun Cleaning Rod— 3 Sections of ⅜ in. solid light metal with heavily threaded joints. Light as wood and stronger. End knob holds rag. Threaded to fit all standard cleaners. In bag, $1.00.

Marble's Anti-Rust Wick — Just saturate wick with Nitro - Solvent Oil and leave in barrel when not in use. Keeps all rust out. Removing cleans your gun, ready for use. One oiling of wick lasts a year. For Rifles or Shot Guns, 60c. For Revolvers, 30c. State caliber or gauge.

Marble's Nitro-Solvent Oil— Acts both as oil and powder solvent. Safe, sure, effective. 3 oz. can, 30c; postpaid, 40c.

Marble's Revolver Rod— Pocket outfit. Nickel plated hollow handle forms case for 3 brass sections, tips and any cleaner. Has steel roller bearing swivel. Length, 10½ in. Price $1. State caliber.

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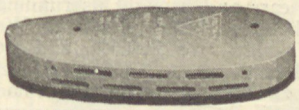

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Beans, Beans and More Beans

(Continued from page 15)

and some coffee," I suggested, suddenly remembering a few extras that I had bought at the last minute.

There was nothing to do but to heat some beans and call them "dinner," so that was what we did.

Elderly showed up presently, and I recalled that we had brought dog biscuits for him. I dared not mention this fact for fear Stub might become desperate and rob Elderly of his only means of sustenance. Elderly, I knew, would never eat beans. While Stub was not looking, I gave the hungry dog a handful of the biscuits, and he disappeared with them into the darkness. Presently he returned and set up such a fuss that I gave him some more. These, too, he took away; and at the time I thought nothing of it.

After dinner we sat around the campfire for an hour or so, and I played the ukulele, having discovered that I had some extra strings. Stub sang, but he insisted that he sang only so he couldn't hear the ukulele, which was most impolite, I thought. He complained continually about how cold his back got, and that when he turned around to warm his back, the other side of him got cold. So presently we went to bed.

"Say, how the deuce! Are you in, yet?" Stub's impatient voice cut the silence of the night. "How do you get in this thing without pulling your clothes up around your neck? That's what I want to know!"

I was having difficulty myself, so I could offer him no help. It is a hard job, I have found, to get into one of these bags with one's clothes on. "I don't know," I admitted, "and I can't remember what Mr. Edlemonk says—"

"Oh, hang Mr. Edlemonk! Look here—I'm all inside except my shoulders, and I can't cover them up without taking my arms out!"

He evidently found a way out of this difficulty, for he became silent. But after a few minutes, he broke out with, "Say, what did you do—put my bag on a rock pile? I can distinctly feel seven rocks under my back! Consarn!"

Then silence spread over us again. The fire died down to a bed of coals, and Stub said nothing more except to remind me that our boat was gone, and again to remind me that we would have to eat beans for an indefinite period of time. It became monotonous, lying there in that quiet blackness. I began to wish that there was a little noise.

My wish was fulfilled by a slight, crackling sound in the bushes, and this noise was immediately followed by a whisper from Stub. I sat upright in bed, wondering what to do; and my mind pictured a giant bear, a cougar, a—

"Bart!" Stub's hoarse cry was chilling. He was between me and the maker of the sound, and although I had none but the highest hopes for Stub's safety, this thought was a little comforting.

"Hey! Hey—get away!" he yelled. "Bart, he's after me! I can't get out—take him off! Chase him away, Bart!"

And then, still in his sleeping bag, Stub came tumbling over on top of me. "He—he's right here!" he cried. "He tried to get under my bed! What is it?"

In the dim light from the fire I suddenly recognized in this beast none other than Elderly, himself, and I could see him pawing about where Stub had lain a moment before. "Elderly!" I ordered, "beat it!"

I did not see the expression on Stub's face, but I am sure there was one. He rolled back to his place without a word.

"Bart," he said shortly, "those blooming bumps are gone!"

This struck Stub as being almost supernatural, but my brain immediately suggested a reason for this occurrence. I was about to tell him what those bumps had been, but I caught myself in time; and thinking of Elderly's dog biscuits and the large number he had demanded for dinner, I kept silent. No doubt the poor beast had decided that his biscuits were not safe under Stub's bed.

When night was well on its way toward morning, I discovered that it was useless to try to evade all the twigs, pebbles, and rises and falls in the ground beneath me, and I dropped off to sleep.

At 4:30 A. M. we decided that we could no longer stand the discomfort of bed, so we arose and ate our can of beans.

This menu was repeated and repeated for days in a row.

"Stub," I suggested, after the seventeenth can of beans had been consumed, "I can't stand this any longer. Let's make a raft and paddle ourselves to shore. It's only a mile or so."

On this idea of mine we set to work immediately, and after considerable effort we had a number of logs at the water's edge. We had no axe, so the logs were mostly half-rotten, fallen ones. And to add to this, we had no rope of any sort. Mr. Edlemonk advised the use of creepers as rope, but when we had the logs tied together and Stub had stepped out on it, we discovered that creepers were not sufficiently strong.

After I had pulled Stub out of the lake and we had his clothes hung over tree limbs to dry, I busied myself with dinner. I was much pressed for plans for the meals, as I had tried almost every sort of bean dish I could invent. We had eaten fried beans, cold beans, boiled beans, and bean soup. We had dined on beans and coffee, beans without coffee, beans with water, and beans without water. We had put salt on our beans, sugar on them, and had tried mashing them and frying them like hot cakes, but the delusion had not been complete. My only plan was to start the series all over again. This I did in spite of Stub's strong protests.

It was on the consumption of, as I recall, the twenty-first can of beans that the staccato *put-put-put* of an outboard motor came to our ears and brought us running down to the beach in wild excitement. We waved Stub's shirt, we shouted, and we ran back and forth on the beach to attract the attention of this boat. Other craft had passed us by without recognizing our signs of distress, so we took no chances with this one. The boat came toward us without a deviation, and we presently recognized the man in the boat as old Pa Perry, from whom we had rented our boat. Not only that, but we were astounded to discover that he was in the boat we had lost.

"Ah!" he cried as the boat struck the shore, "yer here! We've found ya! Where ya been?" Another man stepped out of the boat and the two of them examined us as though we were specters.

"Oh, we've been here all the time," said Stub.

"We drug the lake fer ya, boys—down where we found yer boat. We been a-searchin' high an' low fer ya!"

Our boat, he explained, had come drifting down to the foot of the lake about two days before. Seeing that it was empty, they had been sure we were drowned, and had it not been that a forest lookout reported a fire on Bartoo island—our campfire—they would have given up the search.

So thus it was that our camping and fishing trip ended. We gathered together our belongings and left Bartoo Island to itself.

"Well," Stub remarked with a sigh when we reached shore and had treated ourselves to a beanless dinner, "that's over with. Nobody'll ever catch me going on a camping trip again, by golly!"

"It isn't all Mr. Edlemonk says it is, I guess," I was forced to admit.

We packed our equipment into the car, paid Pa Perry for the use of his boat, and made ready to leave the scene of our misfortunes. Elderly had the place of honor on top of the luggage in the rear.

"Sorry ya had such a bum trip, boys," said Pa Perry as we started the motor. "Another week an' the fish'll start bitin' like all's afire. Cutthroats, ya know! Big, fightin' sons-a-guns!" He paused. Stub said nothing and neither did I. "S'pose ya've had plenty a campin' out, ain't ya?" He smiled.

"Cutthroats?" rumored Stub. "Where?"

"Why, ya go up the lake around Bartoo or farther north."

We both thought for a few minutes. I looked in Mr. Edlemonk's book to see what he said about cutthroat trout, but he only said they belonged to the salmon family and were true trout—which didn't tell me a thing about whether you boiled or baked them.

"Cutthroats," said Stub again. "Say, will you save us a boat for next week-end?"

Ready on the Firing Line

(Continued from page 50)

with the Adjutant General of his state. A National Guard team from each state is also sent to the National Matches together with the teams from the various branches of the regular services, the U. S. Coast Guard, the Officers' Reserve Corps, and the American Legion. When they are all assembled, including the men who have gone to Camp as individuals, they are between twenty-four hundred and three thousand shooters living under canvas at the Camp.

Not the least enjoyable part of a vacation spent at the National Matches is the opportunity to make friends with shooters from all over the United States and to benefit from the ideas which may be picked up around the various company streets and in the houses on Commercial Row.

Commercial Row is one of the National Match institutions. All well-known arms and ammunition manufacturers, makers of special sights, reloading tools, hunting clothes, etc., send exhibits to Camp Perry in charge of competent representatives. These exhibits are gathered together in a row of little, one-storied, frame houses which long since received the popular name, "Commercial Row." If there is anything new in the shooting world, you will find it on Commercial Row. If there is anything that you want to know about any manufacturer's product, you can get the answer on Commercial Row.

If you don't feel too much like hitting the hay after a day of strenuous activity, drop around to the Row and enjoy an evening's pow-wow with gun-cranks from all over the country, for long after the rest of Camp is dark, the lights shine out on Commercial Row, evidence of the fact that much valuable shooting information is being bandied back and forth in a friendly manner.

It is doubtful whether any sporting event in this country brings together as many competitors as the National Rifle and Pistol Matches. It is certain that no event offers

as much to a competitor for so little expenditure of money. In the matches of the National Rifle Association, one competitor in every five receives a cash prize. Nor is the civilian required to match his skill against the Regular Army shooter, nor against the National Guardsman.

All matches are divided into three classes so that the civilians compete among themselves, the National Guardsmen with each other and the Regulars in a class of their own. In addition to the cash prizes, gold, silver, and bronze medals are awarded and silver or bronze trophies are given in all important competitions.

Some of these trophies are among the oldest athletic awards in competition in the United States. The Wimbledon Cup, for instance, has represented the long-range championship of the United States since 1875. The old silver cup presented to the riflemen of America by Princess Louise of England, in 1874, on behalf of her mother, Queen Victoria, is covered so closely with the names of long-range champions that it would seem impossible to engrave it further. There are already fifty trophies competed for annually at the National Matches and the list is being added to almost every year.

If a man is not fortunate enough to win himself a gold, silver, or bronze medal among the competition awards, targets are always open on the various ranges on which he can shoot for a souvenir medal so that he will have a decoration of some sort to pin on his manly chest and display with pride to the home-folks. Then, for the man who likes hunting, there is a well-equipped running-deer range which is generally kept busy from sunrise until dark and affords a good deal of sport as well as much good practice.

The fellow whose pet is the handgun need not feel he will be out of place at Camp Perry because the School of Instruction covers the pistol and revolver and there are a large number of pistol and revolver matches which take in all the conceivable types of guns and kinds of firing. Every year, indeed, there is quite a large group of men at Camp Perry who are exclusively pistol shooters. So it will be seen that the National Matches are both varied and comprehensive and entirely enjoyable as well.

The Izaak Walton League of America, for the past few years, has been taking a special interest in shooting as a local activity and is encouraging the formation of Izaak Walton League rifle clubs. The fact that the entire Headquarters of the National Rifle Association goes to Camp Perry affords the members of the League a fine chance to talk matters over and clear up problems through direct contact with the Association.

More detailed information in regard to the School of Instruction, the National Matches, and the general activities of the Association, including membership, may be obtained by writing to The Secretary, National Rifle Association, Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

Prepare

The Ithaca Gun Company annually reminds our readers that if they haven't already had necessary alterations or repairs made to their guns, which are to be used this fall, the guns should be sent to the plant which made them or to some competent gunsmith *at once*, because about 90% of the good fellows who use guns wait until the last minute before getting their guns fixed up and often have to borrow a gun or postpone a hunting trip because the gun cannot be returned in time for that first hunt. ADV.

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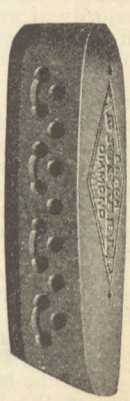


BLACK DIAMOND
Adjustable RECOIL PAD

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

SEPTEMBER is the coronal of the seasons, that towards which all the months are staging. July shows signs of ripeness, but September is ripeness: it proclaims to all nature-lovers, "I have arrived."

The Gray Wolf O' the Northland

IN that splendid pamphlet "Pike, Pickerel and Muskellunge" (Field Museum) the author seems to resent the fact that I have given the muskellunge the rather poetic names of "gray wolf," and "wasser-wolf," but with no thought of having my "handle" fastened to the fish permanently. I don't know who first called the trillium, "wake-robin," and it has many other loving aliases, but we are not complaining because of the fact. Says the writer of the above pamphlet, after setting forth that either the first name or most popular name should be generally employed: "Many writers of books on this group have refused to accept this view and have tried to secure the use of unfamiliar or, even, newly made names." Ouch! Never touched me though, for I have never "tried to secure the use of unfamiliar names, or even newly made names."

If under the urge of poetic fancy I want to call the 'lunge a wasserwolf or a gray wolf, as the case may be, I am going to do so. If I happen to think of any original, more or less descriptive, but always loving appellation for the muskellunge, bless you, I am going to employ it. Just the same, if I were writing a pamphlet on the pikes, I would not give a description of the wall-eye therein; even if I went on to say, as is the case, that the wall-eye is not a pike at all, but a perch. Why in the name of clarity, bring in the wall-eye? Furthermore, why attach the "pike" to wall-eye just because it is the habit to do so? The muskellunge as wasserwolf—and he is the "water-wolf"—is just as great game, just as difficult to capture as though we all called him *Esox immaculatus.*

August is not the best month for muskellunge fishing, but because the great majority of us are allowed our "two weeks off" when the hot sun blazes down upon "blooming" lakes we perforce must do our fishing in "dog days." When the season first opens, or in late September, when the Autumn winds have whipped the water clean of "bloom," and the fall turnover has taken place, then is 'lunge fishing at its best. If I had my choice of time, I would select Autumn, for to my way of thinking, the chill of early frosts has pepped up the gray-fighters (there goes another name!).

A purely how-to article is anathema to me. I run from it as I do from a cocksure preacher of truth—his personal brand. I am not so interested in the tackle used—e'en though I am an "angling editor"—as I am in the battle itself and the surroundings of the fisherman. Oh, I know the importance of tackle, and debate long and earnestly with Tom, Dick and Harry over it: we always end up as we began, each positive his own selection is the best. Nothing but a smashed rod will change an angler's opinion, and not always will that work the miracle.

I well remember some years ago—so long ago in fact that I'll not say when—I wrote a tackle-maker to send me an outfit for muskellunge, and he sent me a salt-water rod and reel, heavy enough and stout enough to fight a shark, with the ingenious remark,—"We believe this tackle will hold ordinary muskellunge." When I became a bit better versed in the sport I thought the firm was having fun at my expense, but later on I discovered that what they knew about 'lunge fishing was just nothing at all. I suspect they imagined a 'lunge to be some variety of fresh water shark.

Today I seldom vary my tackle one iota when questing muskellunge from that I employ in bass casting. Why should I? A good modern casting rod will hold any 'lunge that ever arched a dorsal fin, providing the wielder thereof is able to direct the battle, and has a sufficiency of good, reliable line. One should not plunge into 'lunging without new lines, and see to it that he never uses a line the least bit weakened by service, for if he did a 40 or 50 pound muskie would be pretty sure to seize the opportunity to swim away with all the fisherman's terminal tackle. Perhaps, next to the rod, the line is of utmost importance; though the reel should be large enough to handle 60 or 70 yards of line without crowding, and I think the winch should be of the level winding persuasion.

Oh, I know there are expert casters who will promptly say they want to roll their own and spool their own; well, let 'em, but as for me and my house, we will use the level-winder, lazily, and rejoice. I know of nothing which adds more to my pleasure than the knowledge that I need pay no attention to the reel-spool, assured that the mechanical device will lay the line more perfectly than I possibly can "by hand," leaving me free to enjoy the scenery,—*if I can take my eyes from the* battling 'lunge long enough to see anything. Fact is, when a gray ghost o' the North (there goes *another* name!) takes hold, an earthquake or cyclone would not distract the angler's attention from the matter in hand. I do not know anything that will hold a fellow enthralled as will the fight of a muskellunge. What the fish will do next, no one knows, not even the fish himself. I think for quintessence of fightingness the 'lunge has everything wearing gills pushed out of the water.

I have already touched upon the importance of terminal tackle, or, if I failed to do so it was an error. Nothing is of greater moment than the hook, for it is the hook which holds, or doesn't hold, the fish. Here is the point: be sure to have a good wire gimp or snood, say 7 inches long at least, for this battler of the northern lakes has the disagreeable habit of getting the line between his open jaws and it is all day with the line. If we are to believe the rank and file of 'lunge fishermen, the gray wolf deliberately plans to bite the line in two. I doubt it. I think it is an accident, but it is an accident which spells tragedy always. Perhaps tragedy for both the angler and anglee. The 'lunge which goes away with a mouth full of hooks, can't have a sweet time of it. That's one reason why I urge strong lines, good hooks, well protected with a gimp; I can find no virtue in using light terminal tackle. It is not being a good sportsman, from the fish's viewpoint. I find myself sleeping but poorly when some good fish breaks my line. A night-fish is a worse steed to bestride than a night-mare.

While I enjoy casting lures—"plugs"—for 'lunge, and I do like still-fishing with live-bait, for pure unalloyed pleasure forever commend me to old-fashioned trolling with modern tackle. I want a rod-holder, and I want to go alone. A boatman is all right, but he should be a deaf and dumb one, if you get what I mean. Too much talking in the country loved by the 'lunge is profanation. Oh, when a good one misses, or breaks away, I can find a few words to say, though speech then is utterly inadequate. I presume some of the fel-

Good tackle is necessary to "stand the gaff."

lows will give me a "nausty look" when I say that I like an old-fashioned "Skinner fluted spoon" for my trolling, but I can not help it, I do. I just can't help but feel that old man Good Luck dwells in a "Skinner." When the gray wolves are particularly shy, not to say coy, I bait my spoon with a big chub or green frog, a trick I learned fishing for the great pike, close relative of the 'lunge. Trolling deep, with all the line out possible, so the hook is as far to the rear as it can be, will bring a strike when all other methods fail. One should propel the boat with the least fuss and furore possible. There is no more shy and suspicious fresh water fish than the 'lunge.

I have already mentioned live-bait fishing and, properly conducted, it is truly enjoyable and handsomely remunerative. One must pick out a "pike day" for the fishing, if he can pick. When the southwest wind blows strongly, cuffing the waves until they foam with rage, setting the boat a-dancing wildly, then essay 'lunge fishing with good large sucker minnows, lacking which, chubs. The gray wolf likes 'em large. "What's the use eating small minnows when you can get a small sized fish?" he asks, plunging ravenously for the sucker. I do not know, but somehow he seems to have an especial liking for a good sucker. It may be my faith, but I think it is his preference. You understand, the dancing waves keep the bait in motion, and anyway, I think the roving spirit seizes the 'lunge when a sea is kicked up. Try the method some hilariously windy day and see if it does not result in a good specimen.

What was that, Theresa? Please repeat? Oh, you said, "But you've been writing a how-to article all this while, and you said you had no use for 'em." I thought that was the substance of your remark. Have you forgotten, Theresa, what Emerson said about consistency being the bugaboo of little minds? I have not been writing a "how-to" article, that is, exactly, you know. I have been trying to explain how to get the most enjoyment out of fishing for 'lunge, and one must talk tackle a bit. You know, and I know, Theresa, so two of us know, it is fishing and not the fish that makes angling the greatest, most blessed sport in the world. As the well-beloved R. L. S. said, "To journey is better than to arrive." Tackle is important, for there is very real joy in owning good tackle; but it is not all found in the tackle either.

I enjoy 'lunge fishing because it is a deliberate sport. One must take time for it. You just can't go out in the morning, remarking as you leave camp, "I'll be back at nine o'clock with three muskellunge." 'Deed not. Lucky will you be if you do not come back many a morning empty handed before you bring in a specimen. I do not know but that you can consider yourself fortunate if you get one at all.

Whether or not you get a good fish is immaterial. Just to be out on a northern lake, where silence broods and the loon calls, that is joy enough. Of course we all want to get a record-breaker, but the catching of such a fish is only incidental after all. It is the catch you carry home inside of you that matters. It is better to make that sort of catch, than to get the largest fish of the season and fail to garner the intangible from lake and river.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

SPRING SPAWNERS

Dear O. W.: Knowing you are familiar with the streams of northern Wisconsin, I am writing to ask if the rainbow in such rivers as the Brule spawn in the spring. I have read that in the East they have changed their habits to correspond with the eastern brook trout. How about their habits?—G. M. Q., Wis.

Sir: You of course know the rainbow spawns at different periods of the year in different sections of the United States, depending perhaps upon temperature of the water. In Wisconsin they are spring spawners, there being no signs of a change in this respect insofar as I can learn. I too have read that they are changing their habits in the East, a matter I am coming to doubt. The finding of immature eggs in a female in midsummer is not rare, other species of fish occasionally manifesting the peculiarity. Rainbow begin spawning, in hatcheries, along toward the last of February, in nature somewhat later, on through March and April. In all the rivers emptying into Lake Superior they will be found ascending as soon as the ice goes out; great lunkers they are, too. That is why it is a crime for us to allow the construction of dams near the mouths or on those streams, without some sort of fish-ladders. The day will come when we will see and correct our error. The rainbow is truly a magnificent fly-fish, an unequalled fly-fish in my estimation. I have been studying them for a quarter century, and the more I know of their habits, their sporting proclivities, the more I love them.—O. W.

ANOTHER DOG FISH

Dear O. W.: I am sending you a photograph of a fish I caught on an artificial minnow while angling for bass in Florida. He took savagely and put up a great battle. I could not get his name, save that a negro called him a "mud trout." I am greatly interested in your questions and answers. Some time ago you told us that a little minnow resembling a wall-eye was a darter; now I had always supposed they were immature wall-eyes, but wondered why they never grew any larger. They are savage! I have seen two of them attack a sucker minnow six times their size, snapping and biting like tiny dogs, until they killed it.—J. P., Pa.

Sir: It is exceedingly difficult to identify a fish from a photograph, or even the most careful and particular description; however, I will hazard a guess that your bothersome gentleman is a "dogfish," though not identical with the dogfish of the north. Called variously mudfish, bowfin, Grindle, John A. Grindle, lawyer, poisson de marais, etc. Is of no value as food. Puts up a tremendous fight. I got one of 4 pounds once on a fly-rod, and believe me, before I succeeded in netting that baby I was well discouraged. Glad you find the questions and answers of interest and help. I do not claim to know it all, or be right over 49 per cent of the time.—O. W.

CATTY

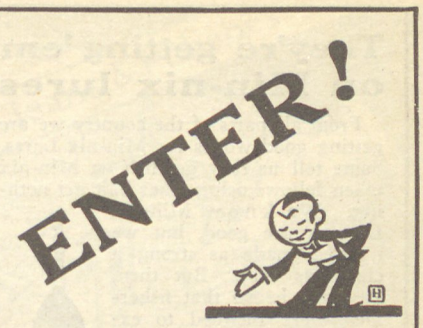
Mary—"The dictionary says a 'bob' is something used in angling."

Anti-Mary—"I suppose that's why you got yours, dear."

ANOTHER ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Dear O. W.: I am interested in dry-fly fishing and must have some information. Shall I use divided wing flies or what type? I have trouble floating those I possess. Will you give me a list of best flies, say $25.00 worth? What is a good box for carrying them? What size fly? I have a bass rod 9½ feet long, of 6 ounces, but will get a shorter one when I have gained some skill.—P. H., Wis.

Sir: It is utterly impossible to reply to all your questions, in the confines of a single letter. Perhaps I can not do better than advise the purchase and careful reading of some such book as Gill's "Practical Dry Fly Fishing," or Camp's "Fishing with Floating Flies." There are better and more complete treatises, but these are moderately priced and good. I am partial to the divided flies myself, though perhaps a matter of personal like. No fly will float unless treated with some dry-fly preparation, even then they are not supposed to re-



HORROCKS-IBBOTSON

Fish Stocking Story Contest 42 Prizes

To stimulate further constructive action in bringing back to America one of her greatest outdoor heritages of sport and healthful recreation.

Write about *your* experience or ideas concerning the stocking of streams or lakes. Take any angle of the subject you prefer. Illustrate with photographs if possible. Re-kindle your own enthusiasm—foster the great work sponsored by the League—take *action* in the cause that interests every true sportsman and American—

And win a prize!

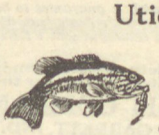
This is doubly worth while

ENTER!

Secure entry blanks at any sporting goods dealer who sells Horrocks-Ibbotson Fishing Tackle—or send the handy coupon.

Do It NOW

HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO.
Utica, N. Y.



MAIL!

Horrocks-Ibbotson Co.,
Tyler St., Utica, N. Y.

Kindly send me entry blank and rules of your Fish-Stocking Story Contest.

Name .....

Address .....

They're getting 'em on Min-nix lures

From all parts of the country we are getting good words for Min-nix Lures. Some tell us they get fish on Min-nix when fellows using other bait get nothing. We know Min-nix Lures are good, but we never made as strong a claim as that. But then, we have heard that fishermen were inclined to exaggerate.

Why don't you try a Min-nix Crab and tell us what you think of it? Try your tackle man and select the finishes you like best.

Metal crab shown ⅜ oz., 3 in., cast or troll, bass, pickerel, muskies, 5/0 O'Shaughnessy or 1/0 treble. Bright nickel, yellow, oxidized bronze, red and white. Assorted bucktails. $1.00 ea., postpaid.

MIN-NIX

739 Clinton Ave. So., Rochester, N.Y.

D.W. King & Co., Call Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

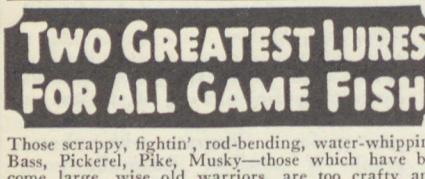
Pacific Coast Agents

TWO GREATEST LURES FOR ALL GAME FISH

Those scrappy, fightin', rod-bending, water-whipping Bass, Pickerel, Pike, Musky—those which have become large, wise old warriors, are too crafty and cunning to strike at ordinary baits!

You've got to tempt 'em and fool 'em with lures that are made to look, act, wiggle and swim like live, natural minnows—and other water animals they feed on!

The Original Injured Minnow



Weight, ¾ oz. Length, 3½ in. No. 1505 Price, $1.00

With slow short jerks this "Bass Getting" wonder represents an injured minnow—lying on its side—just able to make a little fuss on the surface—right up where you get all the fun—where you can see, hear and feel each strike! No other lure like it! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 1518, and new luminous day and night finish No. 1521!

The Famous Pikie Minnow

Weight, ¾ oz. Length, 4½ in. No. 700 Price, $1.00

The greatest of all lures—for salt water or fresh! Recognized everywhere as the most deadly killer of all game fish! Even the large old educated fish can't tell it from a live minnow! And how it gets 'em is nobody's business! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 718!

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to be satisfactory in every respect—At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

If you get some good fish pictures—send 'em in! We'll make it worth your while if we can use them!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY

329 S. Randolph St. GARRETT, IND.

Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT.

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

main any great length of time upon the surface without being lifted and dried in the air. I think you will find the English or Scotch type of fly fully as rewarding as some of the newer products; at least such has been my experience. I would not stock up too largely with dry-flies at one time, preferring to work along, purchasing as the season changes. Lists of favorite flies are of questionable value, therefore I am not advising which to procure. I always want some of the Duns—Pale Evening and Whirling Blue; Wickham's Fancy, some of the Hackles, Brown and Gray; Royal Coachman, then quite a selection of others. There is no best fly. Any of the flat boxes, with clips to hold the flies, are good. I would not get larger than No. 10 for average fishing, from 10 to No. 16. Your rod should work all right if not too stiff. I doubt the wisdom of getting a shorter one for dry-flying; the method calls for length and casting power.—O. W.

THE BEST FLY ROD?

Dear O. W.: I want to know which fly rod you consider the very best. I understand the Cross rods are not what they were under the old management. Am thinking of an English rod, and would like your opinion.—B. S. K., N. Y.

Sir: There is no such thing as a "best" fly-rod. I mean this, the rod I consider "best," is "best" for me and may not please the other fellow at all. Rods possess individuality, if you please, even in the same makes and grades. When purchasing a rod for a life-time, one had best try out several, until he finds the one that suits him, "fits" him. I can not agree that the Cross rods are not what they used to be. I have one from the present plant and it is all that could be desired in a heavy type rod, you see I wanted it for bass fishing on large streams. Any well known firm, a firm with a reputation to sustain, can be trusted to do their best for you, providing you tell them exactly the type of rod you want. I can see no great advantage in the English rods. Inch for inch and dollar for dollar I think the American rods are a better buy.—O. W.

FINGERS WERE MADE FIRST

Dear O. W.: I have noticed any number of articles on rod-finishing, including your own in an early spring number, but I have never seen my method of applying varnish given. You all say "use a brush." Here is my way: Wrap a piece of adhesive tape around each ferrule where it adjoins the rod, so as to prevent varnish getting on the ferrules, warm the varnish and be sure to work in a warm room. Then dip the first two fingers and thumb in the varnish and actually work it into the rod. I never use over two coats, and usually wait three weeks before putting on the second coat. I do not know why it is, but I can put a better finish on a rod in this manner than any I have ever seen, and I do know that anyone who sees my rods exclaims over their remarkable finish.—W. M. K., Wash.

Sir: Thanks for your method of applying varnish, though I can't see how one can do a good job with his fingers, let alone the sticky business. I can realize the varnish must be warm all right, as in any varnishing such is the case.—O. W.

ARE YOU ONE?

A harmless lunatic leaned idly over the gate of the asylum fence watching a fisherman continuously casting into the stream and retrieving his lure; finally the following dialogue took place.

"What you doin', mister?"
"Fishing."
"Catch anything?"
"Not yet."
"How long you bin fishin'?"
"Eleven hours."
"Come on IN!"

ON THE RIGHT TRAIL

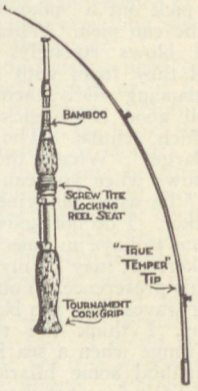
Dear O. W.: I am a boy 15 years of age and can't afford an expensive outfit, but would like to know what you would recommend for bass and perch in a hole about ten feet wide, with some rock and sand. The fish take horse flies readily, but I want sport.—E. M., Fla.

Sir: Yours is the sort o' letter which breaks my heart. It is so impossible to answer you as you manifestly want me to, to go into the whole matter of angling science. It would seem to me that a medium priced fly-rod, together with a simple click reel and enameled line, would fit you up about right. Of course you will want some leaders and hooks for use with your "horse flies." I'd try taking those fish on a light fly-outfit using insects for bait. Of course I'd get some artificial flies, a few, like Royal Coachman, Black Gnat, Silver Doctor, and Scarlet Ibis, and try the fly-fishing. A few, two or three, spinners might come in well. I've just touched the high spots, you see. More power to you.—O. W.

Angler's Cabinet

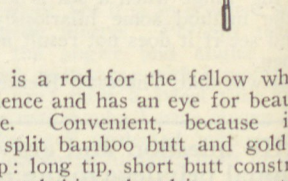
(HERE is a new departure! From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—EDITOR.)

A Steel Rod You'd Like to Steal



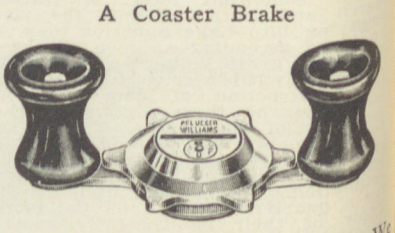
Here is a rod for the fellow who likes convenience and has an eye for beauty and elegance. Convenient, because in two pieces, split bamboo butt and gold plated steel tip: long tip, short butt construction. I have used this rod and it sure acts right, and as for looks, well, it has the modern flapper pushed clean off the street.

Flies What Are Flies



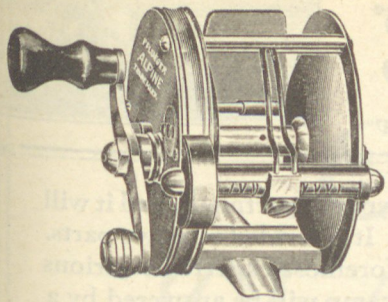
There will be flies on you, Brother, if you investigate this one. These flies are tied by a fisherman for a fisherman, dressed with silk bodies on taper, turn-down eye-hooks. When snelled, attached to proper sized snells. Some hair flies, tied by a man who knows what fish want. Look this number up, and you will be surprised; that is, if the maker is not out fishing.

A Coaster Brake



Here is a drag handle that works. We can't go into the thing here, but you take off the handle from your big trolling reel and substitute this, then a quarter or half turn, forward, or away from you, retards the line-drum. You can graduate the pull to a nicety, too. It is made with single as well as double handles, as for the lighter salt water fishing many prefer the single handle drag. Great for heavy trolling, and no salt water fisherman should be without this convenience—no, necessity.

A Salt-Water Reel

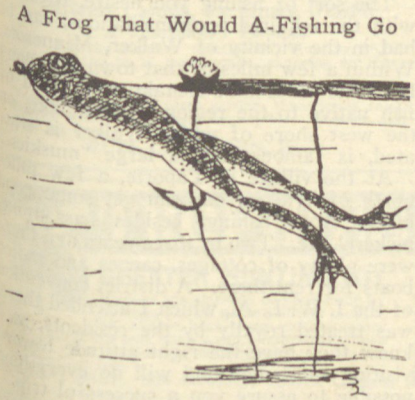


There are reels and reels, and this is one of them, but for a well built, heavy salt-water reel it is hard to beat. Quality and workmanship is written large all over it. Level winder, so that the line will be properly spooled. "Heavy?" Certainly, but we want such a reel heavy, to stand up under the abuse we give it. Has a leather "thumb-break" so as to save wear and tear on that dear old member.

Some Hair Flies

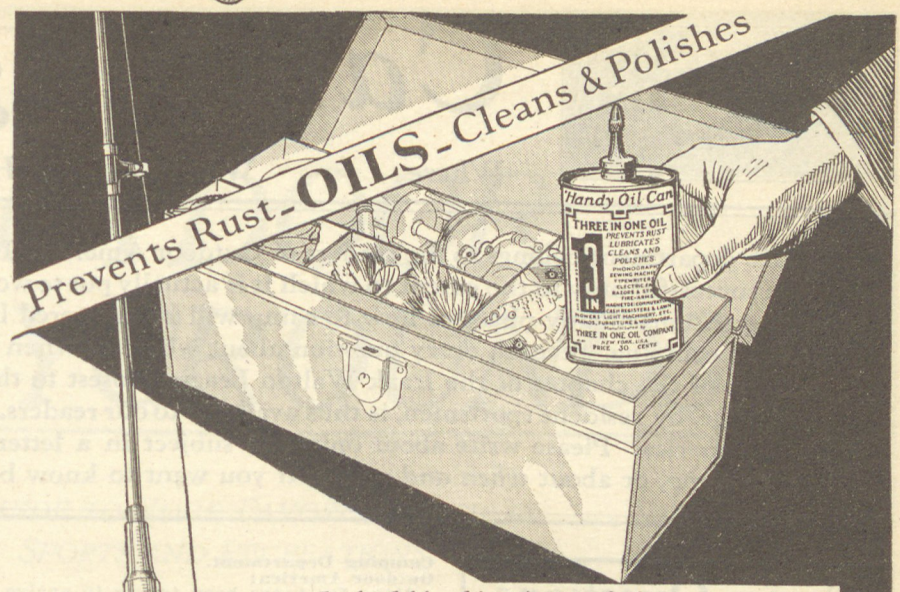
The reader may remember a request for the tying of the Rockworm fly some months ago, and from the far West came a raft of letters, all giving the name of a man who knew just how it should be dressed and dressed it that way. In time came to the editor's desk a sample fly, with some others, and, well, we know what a Rockworm fly is now! If you want some good hair flies, tied differently, you can get 'em.

A Frog That Would A-Fishing Go



A new fly rod lure has reached us in the succulent appearing form of a tiny frog which ought to prove most effective bait. It has the balance, poise and buoyancy of a live frog; is so made that the head floats above water and it will please the aesthetic and scientific angler by having but one hook.

Let Outdoor Smith advise you how to fill your Anglers' Cabinet



In the fishing kit, 3-in-One finds good use for all three of its great primary purposes.

Oils reels perfectly and keeps the joints of rods from sticking.

Prevents rust and tarnish on reels and the nickeled parts of rods and spoons.

Cleans and polishes all rods. Keeps bamboo rods flexible. Also waterproofs and preserves lines and dry flies.

Drives away Black Flies, Mosquitoes—Rubbed on hands and face, 3-in-One keeps away these fisherman pests.

Three highest quality oils—*animal, mineral and vegetable*—are scientifically combined to produce 3-in-One. The equal of their blended properties is not found in any single oil. Get a Handy Can for your kit right now.

At sporting goods, hardware, drug and other stores everywhere.

Manufactured since 1894.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 130 William St., New York, N. Y.

FREE: *Sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request them on a postal*

3-in-One

N186

You've heard that before if you've done much fishing—you'll hear it whenever you ask bait advice of fishermen who know.

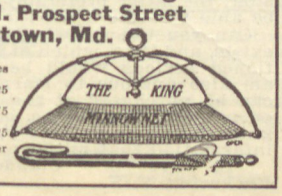
KING MINNOW NETS

You'll be glad many times that you added a King Minnow Net to your equipment. Handy—light—sure—the King Minnow Net is unconditionally guaranteed for one year.

W. H. REISNER Mfg. CO.
354 N. Prospect Street
Hagerstown, Md.

Size	Prices
2x2 ft. sq.—21 inches long folded—	$2.25
2x3 ft. sq.—31 inches long folded—	$2.75
4x4 ft. sq.—40 inches long folded—	$3.25

Get one from your dealer or write direct.



WHEN YOU HIT THE TRAIL TO THE OPEN—

Take goods advertised in OUTDOOR AMERICA. Put equipment problems up to your magazine. Tell advertisers you saw their ad in our pages.

Frog Wiggler 10¢ Little Egypt Wiggler 75¢
Shimmy Wiggler 10¢ Oriental Wiggler 10¢
Shimmyette Fly Rod Wiggler 50¢
Bass, musky or fly rod Pork Rind Strips 45¢ jar

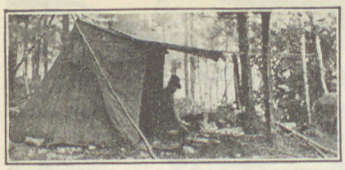
AL. FOSS
2891 East 79th Street CLEVELAND, OHIO

Catch Big Ones

The fastest running spinner in the world. Low in price, unequalled for results. Plain 25c; weedless 30c, 9½ in. long. At your dealer's or direct. Circular Free.

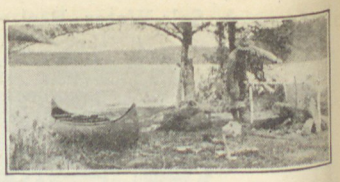
CHAS. H. STAFF, *Prop.*, Dept. A.

PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
PRESCOTT — WIS.



Camping

Where When How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

My brother and I are planning a bicycle trip to the West Coast.

What do you recommend for sleeping equipment, clothing, etc.? Could we omit tents without discomfort? What do you advise for mosquitoes, etc.? Where can we obtain a list of public camp sites?

Everett W. Whytock.

Providence, R. I.

For sleeping equipment, light air mattresses and two double blankets. You'll save weight and space by using a double mattress and making your beds up together. By using a light paraffined tarpaulin or other light waterproof covering you can omit a tent, but this is far from comfortable on rainy mornings and evenings. Suggest you take along a silkolene tent, cruiser style. It won't weigh over six or seven pounds and will be worth it in bad weather and in case of mosquitoes. Sleeping outside in the mosquito season isn't so much fun! For mosquitoes the only remedy is a netted ten mosquito proof tent at night. In the day time you'll have to take 'em. Face preparations are good if you want to go to the trouble. The only way to find out is to try them. You can get public camp site lists by writing to the chambers of commerce in the state capitols of the various states in most cases.

RICHARD ROWLAND

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

My small son and myself are driving out into North Minnesota for a fishing and camping trip, and want to know what to take besides the level winding reel and 5½-foot casting rod we already possess.

C. I. P.

Pennsylvania.

It is exceedingly difficult to answer your question—you leave so much to the imagination. You have one casting rod and reel, and want to know what other paraphernalia you should take. I imagine you have some lines and plugs. I would want to go prepared with a good selection of plugs for the short rod outfit, a half a dozen or so. You can safely leave the selection to your local dealer, or wait until you get out there and find what is most popular. Also I would want a good, general purpose fly rod, single action or automatic reel, enameled line, some flies, with some of the feather fly-rod lures so much in use these days. Some spinners would come in handy undoubtedly. This selecting an outfit is enough to try any man's soul.

O. W. SMITH

Camping Department.
Outdoor America:

Have for years been trying to evolve a satisfactory camp lamp, one that an outdoorsman can throw in his back pack, which would give a real light when lighted, and yet not be messy to handle, go out in the wind, nor be expensive to make or burn. Can you tell me of one?

Sam Miller.

Columbus, Ohio.

There are many good camp lights on the market, but I am glad of this opportunity to explain a homemade product of my own.

Get an ordinary tin cup with handle, an ordinary three-quarter inch wide lamp wick, a box of ordinary household PAROWAX, a bit of soft wire, and a little thread.

Sew the lamp wick down the side to make it tubular. Cut it off just one inch longer than the cup is deep. Then bend a piece of the wire in such a shape that it will, when inserted inside the tubular wick, hold the wick upright in the center of the cup. Then, fill the cup with melted PAROWAX. Light the wick and "let Nature take its course."

You now have a huge candle, which will light up a camp, and do it well. Second, you can put it out, throw it in your pack, and it will not spill, as the wax gets hard. Third, an extra piece of wax can be added at any time, to keep it burning. Fourth, you have a flame so large that no ordinary wind can blow it out. Fifth, you can burn anything in your lamp, in an emergency, from bacon grease to cold cream. Sixth, it is not cumbersome to handle nor difficult to clean. Seventh, it burns the contents of the cup, instead of running down the side as does a candle. Eighth, it is cheap.

DARRELL FOSS.

Where to Camp

Province of Ontario

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I wish to take a two weeks' camping trip into the Province of Ontario this summer, either the first two weeks in July, or else the last two weeks in August. I want to do some bass fishing and if possible I want to strike a place where I can be sure of some **real** trout (stream) fishing. I want to go in a general northerly direction from Toronto, Coburg, or Kingston; the latter preferably, and I want to be able to drive a car all the way.

Can you tell me whether such a place exists, and if so, which of the above mentioned periods would be the better? I am also anxious to learn whether food can be purchased at the place, whether or not one can rent a boat, whether a guide would be necessary, and any other information that might prove helpful.

Claude L. Wallace.

Rochester, N. Y.

The place which will suit you best is Mattawa, Ont., on the Mattawa river. The spreads Lak Tallon and Champlain will furnish you good musky and bass fishing, and Antoine Creek excellent trout fishing. There are several other trout streams not far from Mattawa that will also give good trout fishing. You can get all supplies you want there, and I would advise you to have a guide who knows the country. The most capable in that region for all around purposes is Jean McIsaac, a breed Algonquin Indian. The main outfitter is Phil La Mothe.

OZARK RIPLEY

Minnesota

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Will you tell me of some places in northern Minnesota that can be reached by good automobile road, where I can obtain a furnished cabin accommodating five people, in which we may do our own cooking. In connection with same I would want a boat with an outboard motor. I would like to have this located on good fishing water for bass, pike and muskies.

John M. Fox.

Gary, Indiana.

The sort of fishing you desire, together with the required accommodations, can be had in the vicinity of Walker, Minnesota. Within a few miles of that town are many beautiful lakes that contain every kind of fish native to the region. Leech lake, on the west shore of which Walker is situated, is famous for its large "muskies."

At the village of Laporte, a few miles north of Walker, one can get some good brook trout fishing, besides bass, pike, pickerel, etc. Two or three years ago there were plenty of cottages, canoes and motor boats for rent there. A district convention of the I. W. L. A., which I attended there, was treated royally by the residents, so I know they have the right attitude toward visiting sportsmen and will do everything possible to assure you a successful trip.

These are "Upper Mississippi" waters and the country is very different from the rugged, rocky type that prevails in Northeastern Minnesota, and for which the Superior National Forest is famous. But there is plenty of wilderness and evergreen timber, so one need have no fear that his privacy will be invaded by uninvited visitors. Once off the main highways, the cottager can have a very near approach to absolute seclusion.

MURDO GIBSON

P. S.—Walker is on Trunk Highway No. 19—about sixty miles north from Brainerd, Minn. Brainerd is at the intersection of Highways Number 2 and 27.

(Continued on page 63)

RESORTS CAMPS

OUTDOOR PLAYGROUNDS

THE GUIDE TO YOUR FAVORITE OUTDOOR SPORTS AND RECREATIONS

HOTELS GUIDES PROPERTY

ELEPHANT BUFFALO

SAFARILAND LIMITED

Nairobi Kenya Colony
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OUTFIT BIG GAME EXPEDITIONS

By special appointment to T. R. H. the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York

Write for pamphlet which gives full information

RHINO LION

Attean Camps, Jackman, Maine

A Sportsman's Paradise

Ideal for the summer vacationist. Hunting 36,000 acres, fishing in 17 trout ponds, canoeing on rivers and streams.

CABINS WITH CENTRAL DINING ROOM

Vegetables from our camp garden, three jersey cows. Cabins with baths, rates reasonable. Booklet and Map on request.

RUEL C. HOLDEN, Prop.

TROPHIES

GREATER HUNTING JOY

Prolong the pleasure of your hunt by having your big game skilfully mounted. Moose, bear, sheep, caribou, goats and all others look alive when mounted by Jonas Bros. Art Taxidermy catalog showing famous mountings free.

JONAS BROS., 1026 Broadway, Denver, Colorado

HUNT BIG GAME in Idaho

Will take small party into Sawtooth and Salmon River Country. Elk, Deer, Bear, Mt. Sheep and Goats. Season opens on everything October first.

Also good fishing. Write or wire soon.

J. A. Hathorn, 117 E. Bannock, BOISE, IDAHO

Packer, Guide, Cook, Good Pack String.
References furnished.

The Trail to Prosperity Is Through OUTDOOR AMERICA Ads

130,000 OUTDOOR FOLK
STUDY THESE ADS

DRY FLY FISHING in BRITISH COLUMBIA

Anglers may enjoy this engrossing sport in the inland streams and lakes of the province, March to November. All fishing grounds are easy of access by motor or rail. Salmon-fishing with fly or by trolling in coastal waters, early spring and at best July to October. Big game and game-birds abundant. Competent guides and outfitters at all points. Comfortable stopping-places. Some of the most sporting golf courses in the world. An ideal resort for fisherman, hunter or vacationist. All particulars from **Bureau of Provincial Information, Victoria, B.C.**

Hunt in the "Famous Jackson Hole"

Open season Sept. 15th to Dec. 1st. Bear, Moose, Elk, Sheep, Deer, Antelope. We guarantee shots at big game. Write us for information and early booking dates.

Mounted Game heads for sale
PLUMMER HUNTING CO.
Big Game Guides & Outfitters
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TIMAGAMI

Wabi-Kon Camp
LAKE TIMAGAMI
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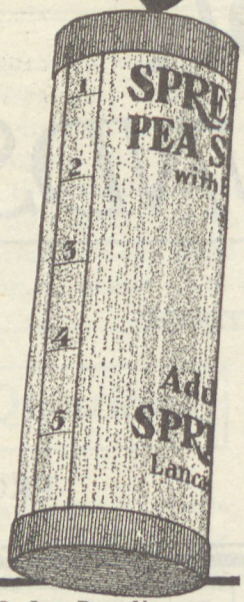

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MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER

From the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods.

DEAR Waltonians:

Midsummer is here and I have not left my last winter's campsite. Moreover, I am not at all anxious to leave it. Its advantages are many and important; its faults few and comparatively trivial.

Chief among its good, summer features is its freedom from mosquitoes. In this respect I never before saw a northwoods camp so favored. Although we have had a good deal of hot, thundery weather, I seldom see more than ONE mosquito, during any one day. This pestiferous bloodsucker attacks me about four o'clock in the morning, just when the squirrels start scampering over my bed tickling my nose with their whiskers.

After that mosquito is squashed, the only insects that annoy me are the stable flies and an occasional horsefly, or a deerfly, that leaves a passing animal to investigate the strange smells of a human habitation. As I go stark naked during all the hours of sunshine, these must be swatted on sight.

That I succeed in keeping the fly population so close to the zero mark is a source of wonder to the few visitors who call here. A local trapper ate and slept here during the last ten days of June. He affirms he neither saw nor heard a single mosquito within a hundred feet of my fireplace. I believe he told the truth.

Yesterday, however, I established a record. Although it was a blazingly hot day and, in late afternoon, heavy thunder clouds threatened an imminent downpour, I didn't see either a mosquito or a stable fly, between dawn and midnight. And I was awake, and nude, the whole time.

While the foregoing is unusual enough to be interesting, as an oddity, there would be little excuse for giving it so much valuable space, if the facts could not be utilized to help others in the selection of tolerable campsites. I believe they can.

In former issues of OUTDOOR AMERICA, I have given a good many hints for avoiding flies and mosquitoes, but never before have I had such factual evidence to prove their soundness. Of course, I don't pretend to know all the reasons why mosquitoes shun this particular spot, but I do think the following conditions have much to do with it.

First—and perhaps most important of all—my camp is fully a hundred yards from the nearest water. I believe that ninety per cent of all northwoods mosquitoes remain within fifty feet of water, or wet moss. Second: My camp is on the sunny (dry) side of the ridge. Third: Old buildings, fallen (decaying) timber, sand beaches, grass and Mountain (Bush) maple are favored by mosquitoes. There are none of these near this camp. As for carrion flies; they would starve here. All dirty water and garbage is put into a deep hole, of the smallest possible diameter, and immediately covered with earth. Whenever I hear a bluebottle fly buzzing, I look for the bait that attracted it. Generally, I find something inconspicuous—like the dripping from a recently cleaned fish—that I could not have found unaided.

MY four Red squirrels are a constant source of interest and amusement. They are fearlessly tame but totally uncivilized. To the casual observer, they look a good deal alike but each one differs from the others as much as do individual members of a human family. The two females are as pugnacious—when near the food dish—as the males. They could hardly be more so. But one of them has a gentle attitude toward me while the other is as fiery tempered as a terrier. If I tease her a little too long she growls, gnashes her teeth, hisses, chatters and sometimes springs at me quite viciously. The others have bitten my finger, but I believe they did not realize what they were doing. Their instinct is to bite off, at the point of attachment, anything they want to carry away. This lady, however, knows quite well what she is doing and is brutally frank about it. "Let go that bacon rind, at once, or I will force you to," she says. And it is no idle threat; she means every word of it. Nevertheless, when I don't tease her, she is no worse behaved than the others, and I like her just as well.

One of the males—the first one that ate from my hand, last winter—is a cool, matter-of-fact type. He endures my stroking—while he eats my food—but there is no affectionate nonsense about him. The other male is the boldest, most intelligent, most unprincipled and most attractive of the thieving quartette, although any one of them would rather steal a small piece of bacon than accept a bigger and better slice from my hand. He is the scamp that wakes me every morning. His audacity amuses me, even when his actions are most exasperating. Often, when I am eating, he insists on having his share, and the only way I can keep his dirty feet off my plate is to push some food close to "his" edge, or else give him something he can carry away, to gnaw at his leisure.

Like all other wilderness squirrels I have tamed, these had to be taught to relish "groceries." At first, bacon was the only thing they wanted from me, but they also enjoyed bacon grease, and that is the medium I use to train their tastes to an appreciation of cereals and breadstuffs.

Commencing with a little "mush" in a lot of grease, I gradually change the proportions, until in a week or so, the greedy little rascals are eating and enjoying a lot of "store grub" that contains but a trace of fat.

It would be easy to continue this squirrel chat indefinitely, but space limits forbid. At any rate, it is but one of the infinite number of interesting and instructive things one may observe in the wilderness. The span of human life is much too short to gain more than a superficial knowledge of even the commonest forms of forest wild life. Reference is often made to the "long summer days and the long winter nights in the woods," but during my two years of solitary camping, I have never experienced one of them. On the contrary, time rushes past at an appalling speed and I find a whole season here much shorter than a single month in town.

Camping

(Continued from page 60)

Minnesota Again

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am planning a camping and fishing trip into Minnesota in September or early October. I expect to be there ten days or two weeks and there will be two in the party.

Will you kindly advise me of some good places and the best time to go this fall?

Ernest Mitchell.
Monett, Mo.

Of the numerous localities in Northern Minnesota, that would admirably serve your purpose, I advise you to choose between the Park Rapids region and the Gunflint Lake country. Both are beautiful and offer plenty of opportunity for wilderness camping and excellent fishing. The former is near the source of the Mississippi; the latter near the east end of the Superior National Forest. Good automobile roads lead to both places and your choice should be determined by your preference as to scenery and forest conditions. The Gunflint Lake region is rough, rugged, rocky and not nearly so well settled as the Park Rapids vicinity.

The two hundred mile drive along the "North Shore Road," from Duluth to Grand Marais, and from there to Port Arthur, Canada, is nationally famous and well worth taking, for the scenery alone. From Grand Marais to Gunflint Lake (on the Canadian Boundary) the "Trail" runs through an absolute wilderness, hilly, wooded and altogether delightful, especially so in October, when the leaves add gorgeous tints to the prevailing greens of a forest, largely coniferous.

If you go to Grand Marais, ask for Pat Bayle, State Forest Ranger. He knows the Gunflint Lake country as you do your home town and you may rely on any advice he gives you.

In case you decide on the Park Rapids trip, a letter to Robert Page Lincoln, care OUTDOOR AMERICA, will bring you suggestions from an expert fisherman, who knows, and loves, those "musky" and bass infested lakes, about which he intends to write a book.

MURDO GIBSON

Steel and Nipigon Rivers

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Having rather glutted myself in most lines of fishing, I am very anxious to run on to some good-sized speckled trout or rainbow stuff. I wonder if I may trouble you to give me your advice as to a good place in Canada to go for these fish?

Arthur W. Rogers.
Oconomowoc, Wis.

The Steel river in Ontario offers some nice rainbow trout fishing, the best point to go into it being at Jackfish Station.

My best bet on big brook trout is the Nipigon river, Nipigon, Ont., not a tremendous distance from you. I usually stay at the Nipigon River Camp and radiate from there. My best catches have been in the swift water close to the village. There are times when the stream does not produce all one desires of it, then I go out by launch to the Island of Ste. Ignace, 30 miles out in Lake Superior. If the winds are not high one finds excellent brook trout fishing along the rocky coast. These red-spots run in size comparable with anything the Nipigon river produces. The lake brook trout are called coasters, but they are nevertheless true brook trout.

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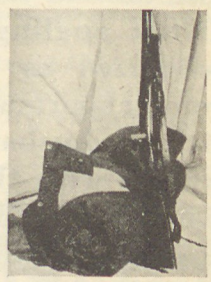

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ANNOUNCING—

To few people have come the opportunities for meeting outdoor people that have come to Marguerite Ives, editor of Outdoor America ★ ★ ★ ★ With Will H. Dilg, her husband, she labored unceasingly during the early years of the Izaak Walton League and its magazine, and as the League grew she came in daily contact with the great and the near great of the outdoor world ★ ★ ★ ★ She has fished the waters of America, has gone abroad in search of further angling thrills, is recognized as one of our premier sportswomen ★ ★ ★ ★ With her husband she waded streams with the most illustrious of anglers, met the most interesting of the outdoor clan ★ ★ ★ ★ Her opportunities for gaining a penetrating insight into the characteristics of these men have been no greater than her capacity for appreciating them ★ ★ ★ ★ Miss Ives has written a book, "Seventeen Famous Outdoorsmen," which is unique in the annals of outdoor journalism ★ ★ ★ ★ This book, in an age of biography, when we have come to realize that, after all, the most interesting things in the world are people, rounds out any outdoor library, comes at the right time to take its place among the really notable books of the outdoor realm ★ ★ ★ ★ The book will be printed October fifteenth, in a limited edition, with a foreword by Robert H. Davis ★ ★ ★ ★ It will be beautifully illustrated ★ ★ ★ ★ The first five hundred copies of the book will be personally autographed by Miss Ives ★ ★ ★ ★ Each book in this limited edition will be numbered ★ ★ ★ ★ A popular edition, unnumbered and unlimited, will follow it immediately from the presses ★ ★ ★ ★ There will be no advance in price for the limited, autographed edition ★ ★ ★ ★ This edition will be sold by subscription only, at the regular price of three dollars ★ ★ ★ ★ All orders must be entered by September tenth ★ ★ ★ ★ The book will be handsomely bound in cloth; gold stamped. We suggest that you enter your order at once, since the earlier, numbered copies are of course the more desirable ★ ★ ★ ★ The first order received will procure for the sender Copy No. 1, and this copy will include a personal note on the flyleaf from Miss Ives ★ ★ ★ ★ Please use the coupon below.

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

WITH THE TROUT FLY, *by Ladd Plumley. With thirty-five illustrations. Cloth, 12mo, 270 pp. Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York, 1929—$2.00.*

BUY THROUGH OUTDOOR AMERICA

IN addition to being a practical fisherman, the author for many years was Fishing Editor of an important sporting journal and held correspondence with thousands of brother anglers in every part of the world concerning the technical details in connection with his favorite sport. He, therefore, writes not only from his standpoint of the practical angler but also as one who has had opportunity to compare notes with many other devotees of the rod and fly. He thinks that if there is any greater enjoyment to be had in this world than fly fishing it would be difficult to find it.

The topics of Trouty Eyesight and Intelligence; Trout and Colors; Fly Rods, Reels, Lines and Leaders; The Fly; Casting the Fly; Wet Fly Fishing; Dry Fly Fishing; Clothing and Other Things; Fly Making, Leaders and Knots are given sympathetic and intelligent treatment and provide a safe guide for the beginner and a refresher for the veteran angler.

Mr. Plumley recommends that the reel be secured in the reel seat "so that when the rod is in the hand and the reel hangs below the rod the handle of the reel is toward the left and not toward the right." I do not recall seeing this recommendation in any other book on fly-fishing, and I know of but one angler (an expert) who follows this practice, and he goes still farther by using a quadruple multiplying reel.

These "wrinkles" may be new to you: Put a shawl strap or handle about your round aluminum rod case to prevent rolling from the platform of a car or deck of a boat; affix a small ring or loop of wire on the pillar of the reel in line with the guides to hold your fly hook when not in use. An extra screw-eye in the handle of your landing net so that it may be secured with two cords instead of one; a fly disengager of a sapling with a forked top to twist round the branch just behind the fly. There is a good model of a fly-tier's cabinet and some of the cuts to illustrate fly-tying almost fill the page.

In closing, the author says: "The fisherman never grows old; he may be able only to totter to the stream-side, but at heart he is always young, and no other sport makes the sportsman so forget his troubles." I think it is Doctor Bethune who instances one Henry Jenkins, angler, who lived to be 196 and at 150 "could dub a fly as well as any man in Yorkshire."

THE SPORT OF SHOOTING, *by Owen Jones, author of "Ten Years of Game Keeping." Illustrated. Second Edition. Decorated cloth, 8vo, 8⅞x5⅞, 281 pp. Longmans Green & Co., New York, 1928—$5.*

BUY THROUGH OUTDOOR AMERICA

THIS well-printed and illustrated volume is the outcome of the author's "own experiments and adventures in the school of experience and is primarily for beginners of various ages."

Though written from the standpoint of a British gamekeeper and relating exclu-

(Continued on page 67)

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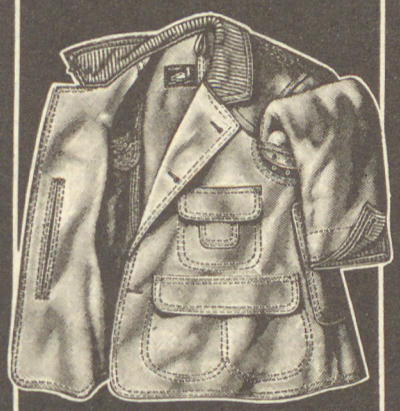

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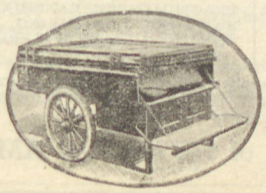

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Outdoor Literature

(Continued from page 65)

sively to the sport of shooting and the propagation and care of game in England, there is much in the book to interest the American sportsman, and especially him who may be so fortunate as to be asked to join a shooting party at the country house of some British friend, for everything necessary to know is here set down even to the amount of the "tips" to be given under varying conditions.

The illustrations are from photographs and include one of King George taking a rocketing pheasant while two loaders stand ready with the spare guns.

WALK, LOOK, AND LISTEN, *Sign Posts on a Naturalist's Highways, by Raymond T. Fuller, 12mo., cloth, picture jacket, 295 pp. The John Day Company, New York, 1929, $2.50.*

BUY THROUGH OUTDOOR AMERICA

THE specific purpose of this book is to suggest definite and easily accessible objectives for nature walks with children. It tells how to find an owl, a spadefoot toad, a fox, raccoon, flying squirrel, bat. It presents the teeming life of the pond as it may be seen through the microscope, the identification of evergreens and flowers, and the discovery of a hundred unknown beauties and curious aspects of the outdoors.

Full directions are given for an overnight hike and the building up of a home or school museum.

THE OLD-TIMER'S TALE, *by El Comancho—Illustrated with Photographs —114 pages—The Canterbury Press, Chicago, Illinois—1929—$1.00.*

BUY THROUGH OUTDOOR AMERICA

"EL COMANCHO, you are the only man I ever met that I envied!" Theodore Roosevelt once told the *old-timer* whose claim it is that "You will never find my moccasin tracks in a dusty trail."

To have won the envy of Teddy Roosevelt a man must have done a heap of tall living. El Comancho has! He and the West grew up together. The rip-roaring, wide open, Buffalo Bill Wild West helped make him what he is today, a unique figure, nobody else just like him, mountain man, frontiersman, plainsman, pioneer, naturalist, artist, writer—and how!

Moreover, he has helped make the West what it is today. And in the minds of hundreds of thousands of people who have read his stories, heard his lectures, tuned in while he was broadcasting or come into contact in any other way with his vivid, picturesque personality, the old West of the covered wagon, buffalo herd and Indian on the war path lives as seen through the keen and steady eyes of him whom the Indians called, "The picture-writer-man-who-goes-alone."

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R. C.

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

An Outboard Never Fails

A MOST interesting insight into the dependability and service of the modern outboard motor is revealed in the following story received from Clifford A. Rounds, Farmington, Maine.

"In company with two friends I had been camped about six miles above the town of Chesuncook on the west branch of the Penobscot River for about ten days. During this time we had been deer hunting and had succeeded in getting our deer apiece and dragged the last deer into camp one morning, then, after one last farewell meal that cleaned up every bit of food that was in camp, we loaded our game and our equipment into two canoes and started down the river. There was a fairly swift current in front of the camp and the river was entirely open. We had gone hardly around the first bend, however, when we struck ice. We worked our way down through it as best we could, finally getting a pole and letting one man stand in the bow of one of the canoes and break away the ice ahead of us. We worked along that way until after dark and then came to a camp where we decided to stop and spend the night.

We slept hungry that night and the next morning had only one deer heart for the three of us, and then leaving the canoes, game and all the dunnage we hiked into the town of Chesuncook. The motor boat that carries passengers up and down the lake was there and when we told our predicament to the owner of this boat he said that he thought he could break up through to our things all right, and so we got aboard.

There was a skim of ice on the lake that morning and we went through that as though it were open water, but when we entered the mouth of the river it was a different proposition, for there was between an inch and a half and two inches of ice and the motor boat would not break through.

We returned to the landing and loaded about six hundred pounds of rocks into the stern of the boat and tried again. This extra weight raised the front of the boat high enough so that we were breaking the ice in good shape when the owner stopped and climbed back in. He said that he had punctured a hole in the boat and that we fellows should break away the ice so that he could turn and then he would make a run for it and try and reach the landing before it sank.

We took the pick poles and broke away the ice and as soon as we were headed back and were well into the channel that we had made on the way upstream he opened her up a little. I think that is where he made his mistake, for I do not think the hole was all the way through the planking when we turned around, but about the time we had attained a good speed we hit a large piece of ice that we had broken out on the way up, and that finished it. In about three or four minutes there was from four to six inches of water over the floor of the boat and as there was at least a foot of space between the floor and the bottom you can see that the boat was settling pretty fast. While Clarence and the owner ripped up the flooring and started bailing, Dick and I unloaded the rocks from the rear end, and, believe me, no two men ever handled six hundred pounds of rocks any quicker than we did.

After the rocks were unloaded we went up on top of the boat and unlashed a canoe that was there and got it into the water. The owner got into that and, working his way up to the front end of the sinking craft, tried to reach down and stuff a flannel shirt into the hole, but it was too far down and he could not reach it. He finally succeeded in getting the paddle over the hole and working the shirt into it, but he had to stay there and hold it in place.

By this time it had occurred to us to signal for help and as Clarence had his rifle he fired the customary three shots distress signal. We bailed for a few minutes after that, and then as there had been no response to the signal and as he had only two more bullets in his rifle I fired another signal with an automatic pistol. I repeated this signal in about a minute and then things began to happen. We were in sight of the town of Chesuncook and we could see men running for the landing and soon saw a boat working its way up around the point with two men paddling as hard as they could paddle. About the same time we heard an outboard motor start on the other side of the lake and it was a welcome sight indeed to see the canoe that it was driving coming toward us.

I can hear that motor sing even now. On came the canoe breaking ice all the way. The motor was evidently wide open and the canoe seemed to fairly skim over the surface of the water, barely four feet of the stern touching.

In the meantime a motor launch had been started at the landing towing a boat. The canoe reached us first, however, and the owner of the launch asked the game warden who owned the canoe if he could tow us to the landing.

I had seen this little motor perform before but I looked on it as more or less of a plaything and did not think that it would "be there" when there was work to be done. The very idea of that little motor attached to a canoe towing our motorboat looked positively silly to me, for our craft was at least 30 feet long, and though we had bailed fast enough to gain on the water some we were settled pretty well down.

The warden took our bow line and after taking up the slack he opened up his motor part way. I was never so surprised in my life as I was when I saw the progress that he made. That little Johnson acted just as though it were perfectly free and unencumbered. In fact, we went so fast that the owner of the big boat had to tell the warden to slow down for he had to hold onto the launch with one hand and hold the paddle and plug in place with the other and he could not do it at the rate we were going.

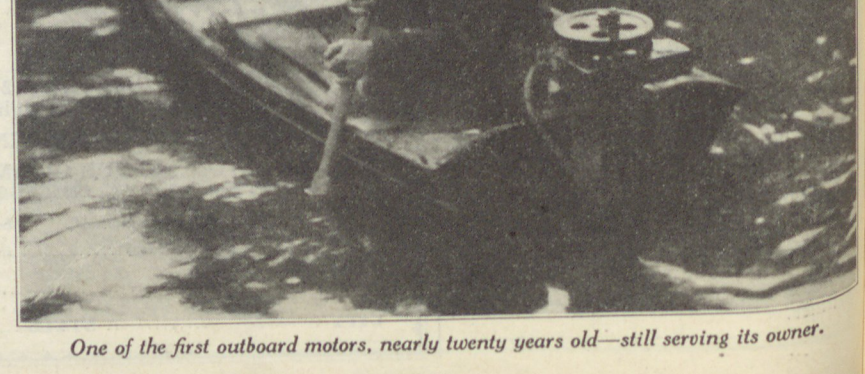
We soon made the beach and when the warden had run in as close to shore as he could he dropped our line and going around behind he bunted us until we were firmly aground.

It wasn't much work for a pair of horses and several men to haul the boat up onto the beach far enough so that they could get the hole patched and the same afternoon the launch was in service again."

BIG MEET IN TORONTO

The Canadian National Exhibition will sponsor two weeks of outboard motorboat racing at Toronto from August 23 to September 7 and approximately $8,000 in prize money, in addition to a number of valuable cups and trophies will be offered for competition. The exhibition has set aside $5,000 for prize money and private donations will add another $3,000 to the total.

The majority of the races will be open to entrants under the American Power Boat Association regulations and will be handled by L. L. Harrison, secretary of the outboard section of the National Yacht Club of Toronto. There will be an international regatta on September 4.



One of the first outboard motors, nearly twenty years old—still serving its owner.

KANSAS CITY-ST. LOUIS MARATHON

The Kansas City Outboard Motor Boat Club announce their second annual Kansas City-St. Louis marathon, to be held September 1st and 2nd. It is expected that the cash prizes to be competed for will amount to $3,000 or more.

CHANGE IN JOHNSON PERSONNEL

The Johnson Motor Company has just announced three important changes in officials.

The first of these is the promotion of C. L. Van Sickle from the office of Treasurer to Vice President and Secretary of the Johnson Motor Company. Mr. Van Sickle has been with the company since its very beginning, and has seen it grow from little more than an idea to its position of leader in one of the fastest growing industries in the country today.

Gates Harpel will succeed Mr. Van Sickle in the capacity of Treasurer. Mr. Harpel has long been identified with the company in the office of Sales Manager. He too has seen a long period of service with Johnson.

A. W. Dailey will take over the position of Sales Manager vacated by Mr. Harpel. Mr. Dailey has been associated with Johnson in various sales capacities for a period of seven years. Previous to his recent promotion he held the title of Assistant Sales Manager.

SPEED—NEW RECORDS

What speed will these popular little outboard motors attain this year?

That question is one that has given rise to much argument in yachting and outboard circles within the past few weeks—and one that has elicited comment from some of the most well known authorities in the marine field.

The president of one well known outboard motor company is confident that a speed of 50 miles per hour will be reached. In fact he has offered a total of $1,000 to the outboard pilot who succeeds in breaking the 50 mark with one of his motors.

Right on the heels of this announcement comes a bulletin from a large boating association which states that fifty miles an hour speed by outboards is very improbable during 1929. The bulletin says that, "Julius Herbst, driving over an ideal course, such as is seldom found in this country, was able to go only 44.54 miles per hour. Of the six one mile laps for the new record, not one heat afforded a speed of 45 miles per hour."

Now comes the news that H. G. Ferguson, driving "Blue Streak IV" at Balboa, California, has shattered every existing record by traveling for six mile laps at an average speed of 47.28 miles per hour.

In light of this phenomenal new speed, George Sutton, Jr., and Henry Clay Foster, yachting authorities writing in the New York Telegram, maintain that outboards will reach a speed of 59.29 miles per hour this year. "We are certain of the fraction," they say. "The miles will take care of themselves."

As a final comment comes Commander Eugene H. MacDonald, nationally known yachtsman and Commodore of the National Outboard Association. "I would not be at all surprised," says Commodore MacDonald, "to see outboards traveling 60 miles per hour by the end of this season. And Ferguson's new record seems to bear out this belief.

"Outboard motors have seen a phenomenal development within just the past few months. They are very apt to live up to even the wildest of guesses. The outboard industry has moved at a fast pace within the past few years—has seen a more remarkable growth, with the possible exception of radio, than any other industry in America.

"And it is moving faster every day. The fact that the world speed record has been broken exactly three times in 75 days proves that. And to say today that it is ridiculous to predict 60 miles an hour is the same as saying 20 years ago that it was ridiculous to predict we could dance in Chicago to music being played in New York."

MEET MR. CUDDY

THE National Outboard Association announces the appointment of William (Bill) T. Cuddy as Publicity Director for the Association. He has offices at association headquarters, 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

As a reporter and feature writer Mr. Cuddy has had many years' experience on such representative dailies as The New Orleans States, New Orleans Item, St. Louis Times and the Milwaukee Journal. He is particularly well known throughout the midwest for his humorous writings on topics of outdoor life while a staff member of the Milwaukee Journal.

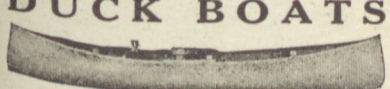
For the past five years Mr. Cuddy has been active in the publicity field handling industrial and theatrical campaigns of such prominence as the Fordson Tractor Division of the Ford Motor Company and as publicity representative in the midwest for the film celebrities of the United Artists Corporation. For two years he was advertising manager of the Saxe circuit of 41 theaters in Wisconsin. He comes to N. O. A. from the Dartnell Corporation of Chicago with whom he has been associated as editorial representative.

WORLD RECORD REPORT

Following are the details of the event in which H. G. Ferguson broke the world record with a speed of 47.288; taken from the referee's report as received from the National Outboard Racing Commission.

Date of Race: June 15, 1929.
Location of course: County Chanel, Balboa, California.
Organization conducting race: Southern California Outboard Assn.
Timers: G. M. Ball, R. E. Gray, J. W. Steele, E. Aarup, J. F. Pierce, A. L. Bobrick.
Names of Inspectors: Manufacturers' Committee.
Surveyor: Bill Convert.
Chairman local race committee: O. K. Hunsaker.
Class (A, B, C, etc.): Class D.
Crew division (I or II): Crew division 2.
Distance: One statute mile.
Time: 1:15⅘ — 1:15⅗ — 1:16 — 1:15⅗ — 1:17—1:16⅘.
Speed claimed: 47.288 M. P. H.
Name and racing number of boat: Blue Streak IV—C-1.
Name of driver and owner: H. G. Ferguson, Driver—Dr. Leo Baughman, Owner.
Make of Motor: Johnson Seahorse 32.
Name of boat builder: Lake Elsinore Boat Works, Elsinore, Cal.
Manufacturer's serial number of motor: 115012.
Yacht club of driver: Lake Elsinore Yacht Club.

ACME FOLDING DUCK BOATS



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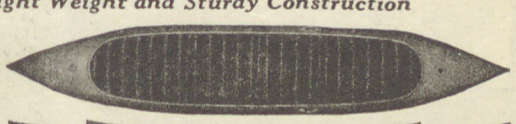

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

More About Trainers

BEFORE sending a dog to a professional trainer, the general run of sportsmen should take several things into consideration, after which they will not expect marvellous results in a short time; and, on this account, everything in the end will pan out more satisfactorily than by indulging in haphazard expectations or prophecies over mere youngsters which may or may not be prospects of ordinary or extraordinary ability. All young dogs, when starting in a trainer's hands, must be subjected to a tryout, to see if they are really worth having the fee for training expended on them. With some youngsters it is easy right away to determine their prospective future, and with others it takes time.

If a trainer, after a considerable length of time, turns down a youngster because it shows nothing, he is entitled to a tryout fee or the same amount he would have charged for a month's time of actual training. Many dog owners take offense at a trainer, if he turns down their youngster, when he is really doing them a favor by giving them an opportunity to secure a substitute before the open season on game arrives.

Many things militate against a trainer's giving a truthful answer quickly about a dog sent to his care. And, while on the subject, I must add that often a trainer discovers real potential ability in an animal, yet the animal is of a type which will not succumb successfully to the training regime for at least a year. So the trainer often hesitates for fear the owner will think he is stringing him along for an extra fee, or that he is confessing his inability to get results out of the prospect.

Delays in starting a dog in actual work as an owner demands are easily traceable, though owners never, in the majority of cases, appear to take them into account. The average dog sent to a trainer realizes he is in new hands and in new quarters and some do not adapt themselves to different environments as well as others. Dogs suffer, say what you will to the contrary, almost as much from homesickness as humans. The change of food and associations is hard for some dogs to overcome rapidly; and, until they do, they can not be put to work and trained as they ought to be.

The bane of most trainers' existence is such dogs. Before some arrivals will even eat in new quarters, they will nearly starve themselves into a condition which makes them incapacitated for ordinary work for quite a while.

The condition in which a dog arrives in a trainer's hands must not be forgotten. It is a matter of vast importance during its early career afield. A dog out of condition must be built up to the right stage before he can stand the necessary going a shooting dog must endure in a trainer's hands. The dog may look all right at home before it is shipped—fat and with a nice coat—but the instant it is put down for even a ten minute romp in heavy weeds or any high cover, its condition tells the tale. That animal will never get going right and absorb the necessary lessons of field education until he can stand the gruelling in the habitat of game birds with pleasure instead of suffering.

It is pardonable here to insert that few trainers of note give much attention to yard work, save that of teaching rudimentary commands. They know all too well that most of it has to be repeated when on game. For instance the demonstration of "steady" at command and sight pointing in a yard becomes an exploded myth afield with a capable, high strung dog during its first days when intoxicated with the scent and desire to hunt game.

By way of digression I am often amused at what many amateurs expect. They confess with genuine sincerity they are at a loss to understand the reason their dogs do not immediately hold point on game after they have taken them afield five or six times, though they had been taught perfectly with a lead and force collar obedience to every command. Bless their innocent hearts, they are so genuinely honest in admitting their perplexity! I have not the courage to tell them that, with a few very high class, young individuals, the most capable man in the world would feel himself mighty lucky if he were positive that some of these wire-edge prospects would commence to show natural steadiness as early as the fiftieth time they come upon game.

Another thing must insert itself here, and that is, owners must tell trainers what they most desire in their shooting dogs, particularly their personal likes and dislikes, though they may be at variance with those of the trainer. No matter how quaint may be the owner's predilections or ideas, he can boldly tell what he wants and this information will act as a guide to the man in whose care the young dog has been placed, and aid him quickly to determine whether the dog is of the sort that will please its owner.

Locality decides lots of things, and in these days somewhat on how dogs are handled. Send a dog to a Southern trainer, and unless you advise to the contrary—that you want him handled on foot because all your hunting is done walking—he will, nine times out of ten, develop the dog from horseback, because he can add to its range in this manner.

Misconceptions about what is "range" surely get a trainer into difficulties unless early specific advice is given him. With some people, good range means that a dog should confine itself to a little twenty- or thirty-acre patch, while, with a trainer, it means that the dog should reach out and stay out without coming in as long as there is a likely place forward to hunt.

Some mean that a "good ranging dog" is one that works about a hundred feet out, criss-crosses the distance and returns to the handler time and again. Many men demand such a performance in their dog, although it creates ultimately an automatic, pottering creature. If a man wants this sort, let him tell his trainer so in perfect frankness and that no other kind will suit him. Frankness is essential.

Left — Setter belonging to BenOverman, Mattoon, Ill., on single bird point in woods.

Right — Pointer also belonging to Mr. Overman, making a perfect body scent point.

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You should tell a trainer everything pertaining to your shooting conditions and in turn later he will advise you whether your prospect is of the sort that will take kindly to such work, or ever can be made just as you wish.

The term "good ranger" can be misconstrued on occasions if not translated properly in the mind of the one who has the handling. I knew one man whose idea of a good ranger was a dog that seldom got a hundred feet away and when he did he immediately backcast to his owner, repeating this all day in a zigzag fashion, which with some erroneously is supposed to be the orthodox method of covering ground for game birds with fine-comb precision.

With the unqualified instructions that his dog must be made a good ranger, one man sent it to a prominent handler. The youngster surely had natural going in him, as well as a tremendous sustained speed. All around, he was by nature just the reverse of what his owner liked and to make matters worse, the handler construed the instructions as anyone would, and promptly wrote him that there would be no trouble in making a good ranger out of the pupil because the significant outcroppings were in his every movement. Whereupon, he helped the dog add to its range until no country was too big for him to cover; and the other essentials of training were completed.

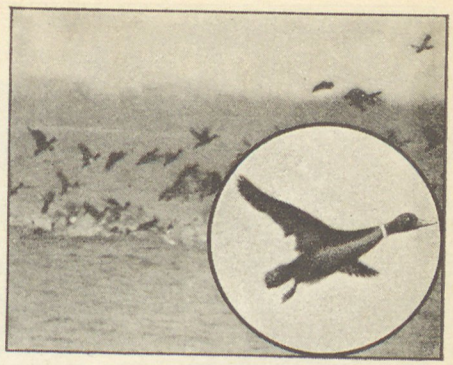
When the dog was sent home to the North, the trainer conscientiously believed he had done a thoroughly good job. After the dog's arrival, the open season being but a few days off, the owner could hardly wait to see the dog work, as well as show to his shooting companions his "great ranging."

The day the season opened the dog was put down in a shooting country of ten- and fifteen-acre fenced fields with minglings of woods and small thickets. Fancy the shock the owner had when his bunch of canine energy was turned loose in this restricted area after he had been taught to range, or, rather, had his range developed as the word "range" is inevitably construed. He ate up country with speedy abandon and was generally about five fields ahead of his master, waiting for him to turn up. Bird finding was his first and last name, and usually he was discovered frozen on a bevy when, breathless and in a frenzied state of rage, the owner arrived. Furthermore, despite his wide going he found three times the birds, and staunchly, too, on that shooting area, than had ever been found by any dogs before.

But even this performance never vindicated the trainer in the owner's eyes. His ideas of range had been violated; his instructions ignored, and the contents of the letter which he sent to the trainer berating him in the most violent terms for failing to teach his dog to range luckily escaped detection by the postal authorities. The culmination of the incident was in the sale of the dog to the trainer for eighty dollars. A year afterward the trainer sold it for seventeen hundred dollars! The dog was placed during his career twelve times in big circuit field trial events.

Relating the above episode was not meant to absolve the professional trainer from any of his obligations but, instead, to emphasize the necessity of his understanding just what an owner wishes in the way of work.

The obligations of a trainer begin the instant an animal comes into his hands, however small the fee he accepts for its care and education. He must have clean kennels, dip his dogs regularly to avoid parasitic diseases, but, under no circumstances, is he responsible in case of death from accident or sickness, or if, by chance,



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it becomes lost. A bird dog is a bird dog, and positively endowed with bird dog tendencies, and a trainer of many years' experience can tell the number of opportunities dogs find to get into trouble.

In case a dog is lost, the owner must be notified immediately. They do get lost, despite the most meticulous attention, and often they will dig out of the most hog-tight kennel yard, go on a self-hunting expedition close to a railway and get killed. The number of dogs hit by automobiles while carelessly crossing a road is past computing. The trainer can pretty well guard against such accidents while he is along, but he can do nothing but pray to the Almighty for the protection of exasperating self hunters that escape bonds, despite the best precautions, and get into trouble when they are out of sight.

If a dog dies from disease of any sort, a trainer should report at once. And it will not come amiss for him to take a photo of the animal to satisfy the owner. Rest assured, the trainer suffers more worry than you in the case of the dog's death. He has the care and feels responsibilities which no owner does. He is due the same fee during the dog's illness as if it were regularly at work.

The dependability of a trainer obtains in the manner he treats a patron during the try-out or early experiencing period. If the dog is a dub and always will be, though it hurts the owner to learn it, the trainer must frankly report it despite the fact that it means that he loses further fee from the dog. The tendency to predict a great future for a dog as long as a monthly fee is forthcoming from having it in a string, when the dog has no future, can not be too soundly condemned. Such things have their flare backs; and the guilty trainer always suffers in the end. This same pertains to progress. A trainer who reports true progress without foundation for it creates false hopes, and frequently causes an owner to place confidence in his dog as his future shooting companion when there is little reason for it.

The hardest patron with whom a trainer has to deal is the one who thinks he knows all about dogs and tries to impress a trainer with his canine sophistication, though he no more impresses him than the fellow who fancies he knows everything about navigation and so informs the captain of the ship in which he crosses the herring pond for the first time.

A dog owner will tell his trainer to work his dogs a certain amount each day on game. Men educated in dog lore leave all this to a trainer's judgment, whether the dog is strong enough for the labor only he can tell; or if everything is favorable for him. Reports—faithful reports—an owner should expect twice a month; not the kind to make him feel good when they are not warranted but an exact account of how the dog is deporting itself.

The matter of writing is irksome for a trainer at times. There is not the least doubt about it. He has to follow the game where it is abundant, and it is difficult to send mail. What of the tired feeling of a man who has plodded all day with high strung, untractable dogs? In places away from settlements food of the right sort frequently becomes difficult to obtain. Substitutes must be sought, and they bring on a slump in a dog's progress. When a trainer fails to report progress, though you most expect it at the time, give a bit of thought to this and other obstacles which occasionally occur.

To do justice to the public's dogs, a trainer must never accept a string too large for him to handle capably, though there are lots of temptations at times when customers are slow about paying bills, or else indulge in the peculiar American custom of trying to trade some old gun, for which they have no use, or other sportsmen's articles. It would be funny at times were it not so tragic, to learn how a trainer gets along on such little money coming in to him, when quite a lot is due. Evidently, some think that trainers have nothing to do but work for pay in the form of young puppies, second-hand guns, binoculars and the Lord knows what else. The average man would go broke quickly, if he had to live patiently on the slow paying customers with whom at times some trainers have to put up. Thank the Lord, for the trainers' sakes, some sportsmen are prompt in remitting and realize that handlers and dogs have to eat to live, the same as they do.

When a dog is returned to an owner as broken, it should be biddable, steady to wing and shot, in good working condition, and experienced according to the time it has been in the trainer's hands. No trainer can turn out a thoroughly broken dog in a season, nor can he insure a dog's remaining steady to wing and shot after it leaves his hands. It is up to the owners to keep them in control, in the same state as they came from the pro. handler, though, ninety times out of a hundred, they never do. And, as far as being experienced on game is concerned, no dog can be thoroughly entitled to such an honor until he has been hunted for several seasons.

Curing Water Shy Retrievers

THE warm periods of summer are best to cure the spaniel, Labrador or Chesapeake that shows an inclination to avoid water or actually refuses to enter it. Frequently, this condition is caused by making a willing youngster retrieve too often from cold water such articles as sticks or balls, until he becomes tired of it or, from continued immersion, his system is chilled all over.

Dogs that are kept in too warm quarters experience a shock from coming immediately in contact with cold water, ultimately actually feeling an apprehension for it.

When warm weather comes along, do not force the youngster into water. Let him accompany you on your jaunts and in play have him follow you daily in shallow water. Gradually he will grow to like it, and long for the plunge. If you go about it a bit slowly, teaching force retrieving, before long you will have a faithful, dependable retriever that will not fear water of icy temperature.

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He Knows

"HARD OF HEARING"

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a very fine Llewellyn bitch 18 mo. old—kennel raised—supposed to be partially broken for field and bench; has style, range and carriage and I would say is a good prospect—but she is slightly deaf.

Owing to her condition one can not yard break her well, as it seems a shame to enforce a command which she may not have heard.

Any suggestion will be appreciated.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SHADBOLT,
Caledonia, Minnesota.

Dear Mr. Shadbolt:

One of the best dogs I ever handled was deaf, and I see no reason why your dog would not develop OK. At present her pointing instinct has not yet developed, but as soon as you see the dog display any inclination to hold you may check it into pointing stanchly with a force collar. If you just think the matter over you can see that you can convey to the dog most of the ordinary commands by signals with the hands. You have apparently a good prospect, one well worth the trouble of developing, and its deafness ought not seriously interfere with its work. Would not bother about yard breaking, but would do all the training on game afield. Most cases of deafness are beyond cure.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A PERSISTENT CASE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

We have an Airedale dog six years old that has some kind of skin trouble which we call mange. He scratches constantly unless treated and this summer when I was away for four weeks and he was not treated, he got so bad the hair came out on his back. We have taken him to doctors, we have used different dips and lotions and mange remedies; in fact, we have tried everything we have ever heard about, including the cottonseed oil, sulphur, boric acid and alum and iodine remedy recommended by you in Outdoor America. Everything helps him, relieves the itching, etc., but nothing cures him.

We shall deeply appreciate your help as we consider this dog a member of the family.

MRS. STANLEY BULLOCK,
Wichita Falls, Texas.

Dear Mrs. Bullock:

From your letter I am unable to tell just what form of mange it is with which your dog is afflicted. Instead of using cottonseed oil in the ointment I prescribed for others, use castor oil. Also give the dog new bedding, so that by chance he does not have to lie where he has been before. Give him five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day. Give him well cooked beef or mutton with such vegetables as cabbage and beets. Report to me in 20 days. Ointment should be rubbed all over dog every third day until cured.

OZARK RIPLEY.

TRAINING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a young Gordon Setter, just a pup. I want, of course, to train him to hunt with me, but I don't know how to go about it. Where I go hunting, about all there is to hunt is rabbits, squirrel and quail, but am going up north with my dad after ducks and pheasants. I would appreciate it very much if you would give me a few pointers on how to train my dog. I am 15 years old.

WILLIAM SCHREIBER,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear William Schreiber:

Your dog will not be a satisfactory bird dog if you work him at all on rabbits and squirrels. The best thing to do is to confine him strictly to game birds, and unless he is a natural retriever you will have to teach him force retrieving for ducks. One of the recent issues of Outdoor America contains the proper instructions for this.

In order to develop in the animal a love of hunting give him every opportunity to go out with you and cultivate his natural instinct for seeking game birds. Then teach separately at first and then afterward in the field the commands used such as Come in, Steady, Stop, Drop and Heel. Instructions for such lessons were in late issues of Outdoor America and you can secure copies, or purchase one of the books on training from the book department. Any one of them will be of service. If you provide yourself with a lead and force collar you will facilitate your training efforts very much.

OZARK RIPLEY.

GIVE HIM TIME

Dear Ozark Ripley:

In the May Outdoor America I read with much interest Mr. H. C. Lin's description of his setter dog and the trouble he has with him with reference to his not pointing. I also have a setter whose actions afield are the same.

I have been using the method you advised for Mr. Lin's dog for about six days and can already see some improvement, but I am wondering whether this method will not slow down the dog.

I take him out afoot. At first he worked the ground in front on a run. Now he is taking it at a trot. Of course he may again work fast after I start working him without the cord, but I want to be sure that I understood your advice.

Sometimes when I steady him down he will stand all right but will begin to bark. How can I break him of this?

NIC L. LADNER,
Yorktown, Texas.

Dear Mr. Ladner:

Your dog with the handling you are following will come around O. K. and I would be in no great hurry to force him right. To point steadily there is not much danger of taking away his class or hacking him, if you do not overdo it at present. Quite a while will elapse before the shooting season, so I would give him much his own way until about the first of the season, then you can go after him in earnest.

His barking is due to over eagerness and nervous energy combined. I would keep a cord on his leash half the time at least, that he will know, or have the notion that you are the boss for the time. He will come back to his stride after he begins to work in earnest without the lead.

OZARK RIPLEY.

PINK EYE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Have been reading your articles in Outdoor America for some years and enjoy every article intensely.

I am wondering if you can aid me in a great misfortune. I have a very valuable Pointer pup, about five months old,

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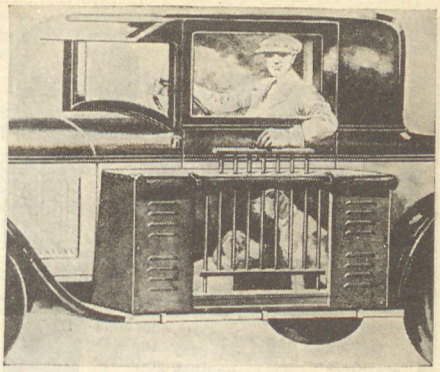

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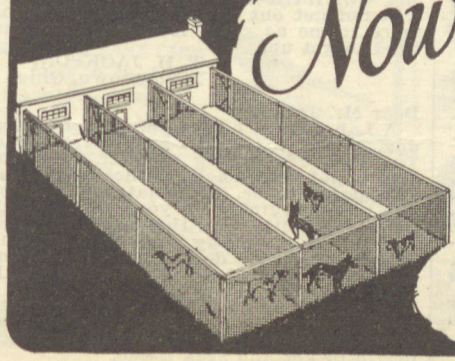

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which within the last days has developed in the left eye what I have formerly heard called pink eye. Do you know of any treatment to cure this?

VANCE A. BELDEN,
Box 1213, Oilton, Okla.

Dear Mr. Belden:

Wash eye out with an eye dropper, twice to three times a day, using a saturated solution of boracic acid. See that the solution is always kept clean and no dust or dirt of any sort gets into it. After ten days report condition to me.

OZARK RIPLEY.

JUST PLAIN MANGE

Dear Mr. Ripley:

Will you please tell me what is the matter with my Irish setter pup, about four months old? The hair is coming off his head and sides in small patches.

I also have a female police pup that I wish to have spayed; friends tell me that this sometimes causes eczema.

WILLIAM W. CONDIT.

Dear Mr. Condit:

Spaying cannot cause eczema directly, it develops most times from poor feeding, especially heating foods, and lack of exercise. I feel sure your dog has mange. Burn or disinfect all old quarters, then give warm bath every third day to which baking soda has been added, and after dog is dry rub in thoroughly the following ointment. Cottonseed oil, 1 quart, sulphur, four ounces, boracic acid, four ounces, turpentine, 2 tablespoons, coal oil, two tablespoons, iodine, one tablespoon. Dog will want to roll immediately afterward, give him a clean place to do it, repeat every three days until cured.

OZARK RIPLEY.

PERHAPS A WEE BIT OFF

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have recently gotten a pointer pup, he is marked white with a large light brown spot on his back and rump, whereas the remainder of the litter all have a rich liver brown color, as have the father and mother.

My father thinks that the light brown coloring of my pup shows a recessive "cur" strain characteristic and thinks it better to get rid of the dog as he doubts his future hunting capability. We have papers on neither the father nor mother of the pup.

Would you consider the light brown coloring of the pup as indicative of an outcropping of inferior blood lines, or would you consider this point immaterial as to the future worth of the dog in the field?

GEO. E. LEVAN,
El Reno, Okla.

Dear Mr. Levan:

The light brown spot on your dog shows a cur or other strain in him. At least it is suspicious of impure breeding. There is only one certain test of pure breeding, an authentic pedigree, and it is almost as cheap to get a registered dog as a scrub and in the long run pays better. I do consider the contrast in colors an indication of very inferior breeding, though once in a while this color matter crops out in the purest strains. The actual conformation of the dog and its performance are better points from which to determine purity of blood every time than color.

OZARK RIPLEY.

PERHAPS OVERTRAINED

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Labrador bitch 16 months old, she is supposed to be trained and will retrieve, but when I take her out she will not leave me but insists on staying at heel. I give her the command to "seek dead" when I have her in the yard and she will retrieve, but in the woods she will not get out and hunt, which means more to me as game is scarce here and hard to get up.

T. H. JACKSON,
Youngstown, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Jackson:

A Labrador is not especially a hunting dog, except for ducks and marsh birds. The lack of hunting instinct, however, should not be deficient to the extent that it appears to be. This latency may be due to overtraining on your part or lack of opportunities on the dog's part. I would keep on taking it out with me, and at the same time do not urge it to hunt itself, but instead let it naturally cultivate a love for the sport.

It may help, too, to take it out with another dog of some other breed such as a pointer or setter, which will arouse a desire to get and seek game.

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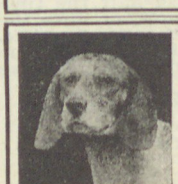

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Dear Ozark Ripley:
Can you furnish me with a full and complete description of an Irish Water Spaniel? Also where can I get the information as to what points one must have to enter shows?

H. E. METZNER,
Gwinn, Mich.

Dear Mr. Metzner:
To be positively accurate on the Irish Water Spaniel suggest you write to American Kennel Club, New York City, and also ask them regarding show points.

Percy Swan, Chico, Calif., is an authority on Irish Water Spaniels.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A GOOD RABBIT DOG

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I would like to have your advice as to what qualities constitute a good rabbit hound, and where can one be obtained?

JOSEPH L. WALSH, JR.,
Clifton, N. J.

Dear Mr. Walsh:
I consider a good rabbit hound one that will start, drive and trail until the rabbit is killed or holes.

Slow Fox hounds make best rabbit dogs, then come beagles.

You may get a good rabbit hound from Jesse Loftis, Donihan, Mo. He is where they are, and if he has none on hand he will secure one for you from the locality.

OZARK RIPLEY.

KILLING CHICKENS

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I am taking the privilege of asking you some questions concerning my 3-year-old wire hair fox terrier. The first and most troublesome trait is that of killing chickens and ducks; the second, running away. I keep her tied up, but occasionally she gets away, and immediately she pounces upon the chickens. I have tried whipping her, and I have tried tying the dead chicken, which she killed, around her neck, but she paid no attention to these corrective measures.

P. G. GIBLIN,
Sanquoit, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Giblin:
As soon as your dog kills a duck or a chicken, tie it on as before and soak it well in coal oil. Make the dog keep it around his neck for two or three days, and it will certainly cure him of this trick.

The best way to cure him from running away from home is to hide and waylay him a few times and administer a sound switching on the front legs.

OZARK RIPLEY.

GOITRES

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have three nice English Setter puppies two months old, and they all have swollen glands on their necks which look like goitres. I wish you would advise me if possible if they can be cured and what the remedy is. I have two bitches and one dog. The dog is troubled the worst. They have lots of pep, eat all they get and look for more.

J. E. McMACKIN,
St. Mary's, Pa.

Dear Mr. McMackin:
From your description it looks very much as though your youngsters were starting to have goitres. I would take them at once to a reliable veterinary, and have him treat them.

In case there is no veterinary in your district I would shave the hair off around the swollen glands and paint them occasionally with iodine. Feed the puppies meat stews, in which is placed some of the seaweed called dulce, which can easily be obtained from any grocer dealer at seaport towns.

OZARK RIPLEY.

NOTICE

The Illinois Fox and Coon Hunters' Association will hold their Annual Meet at The Huchins Pasture, four miles south of Pana and six miles north of Oconee, Ill., Sept. 2nd to the 7th, inclusive. Near Route Number Two Pavement. Free gate entrance and free camping.

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ENGLISH Setters—registered, Llewellyn Strain, six generations pedigree, bloodlines of Field and Show Champions Prince Rodney, Roy of Edendale, Mohawk, Gladstone, Whitestone, Tony Boy, six litters of beautiful puppies whelped May and June; mostly white and blue-beltons. Only the very best and guaranteed right. $25 and $35 each. E. B. McIntyre, Silver Spring, Maryland. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Pointer dogs. Eligible to reg-breeding. Morpheus-Doone, Queen's Daughter, King-C-Mount Rip Rap, sired by Majestic-Jake-Dough Boy Farris-Sister-Ebgess - John - Procter - Commanche Frank. Age 1 yr. Dr. J. A. Flinn, Jesup, Iowa.

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

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HIGH class broken English Setter dog. Also Irish Setter dog, rare pedigree. Bench type. Derby quality. Bird sense. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va.

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Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

ENROLLED English Setters, whelped April 4th, "as good as the best, better than the rest," $25.00. Cleo Warring, Sedan, Kansas. (3-10)

POINTER and Setter Pups, registered, proven strains, $25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-11)

SETTER Puppies. Eugene's descendants. Write for picture and information to Dr. Lawrence Scott, 311 E. 6th St., Waterloo, Ia.

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70 POLICE Puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.50, males $20.00. White pups $40.00. Bred females $60.00. References furnished. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-9)

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Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

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LIVE Muskrats—Black or Brown. Delivery beginning in October. Order now to avoid being disappointed. We are experienced and reliable. Write for terms and prices. Large contracts and foreign orders solicited. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. J-9, Chester, Penna.

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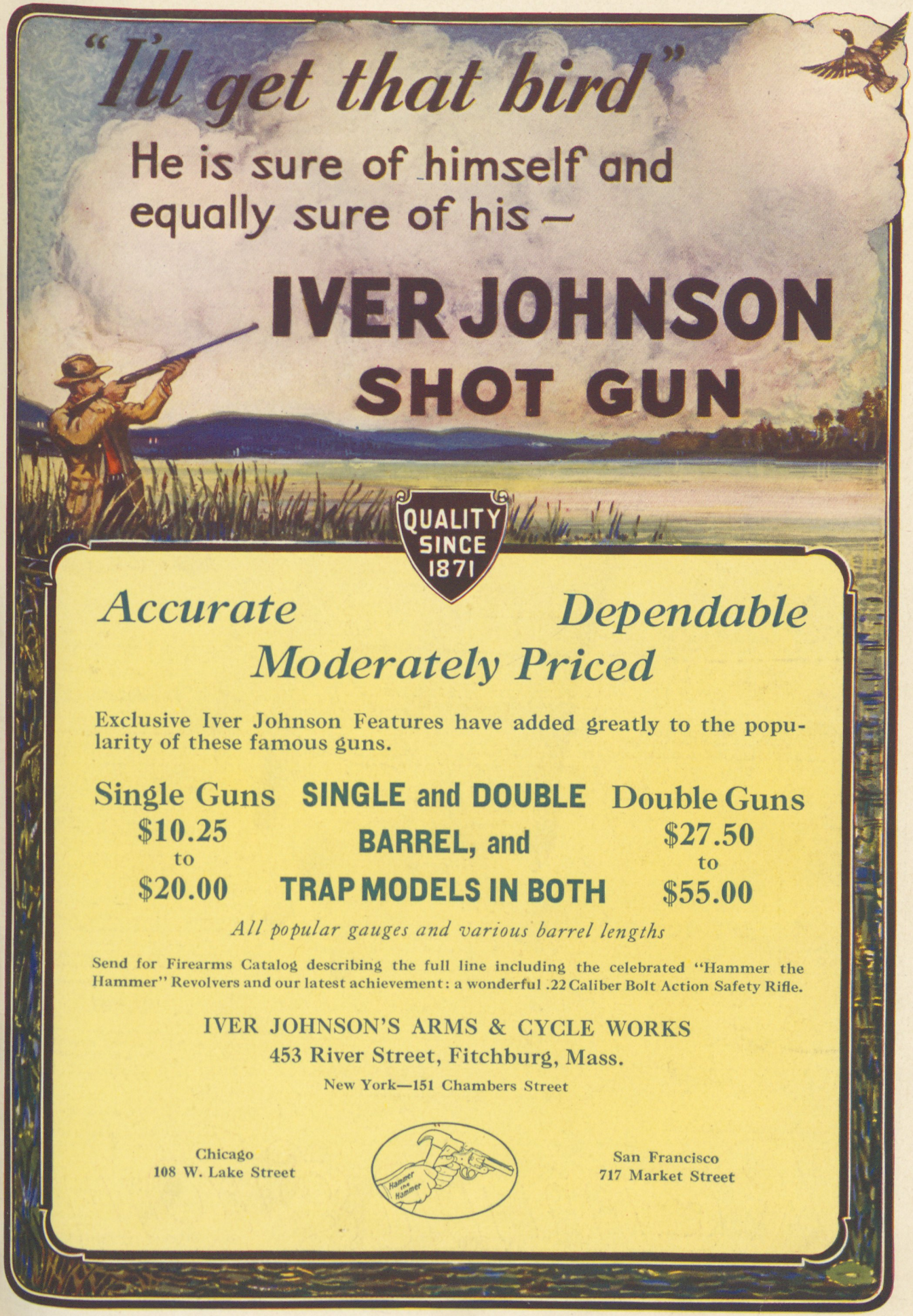

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